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BISHOP HEALY:
BELOVED OUTCASTE

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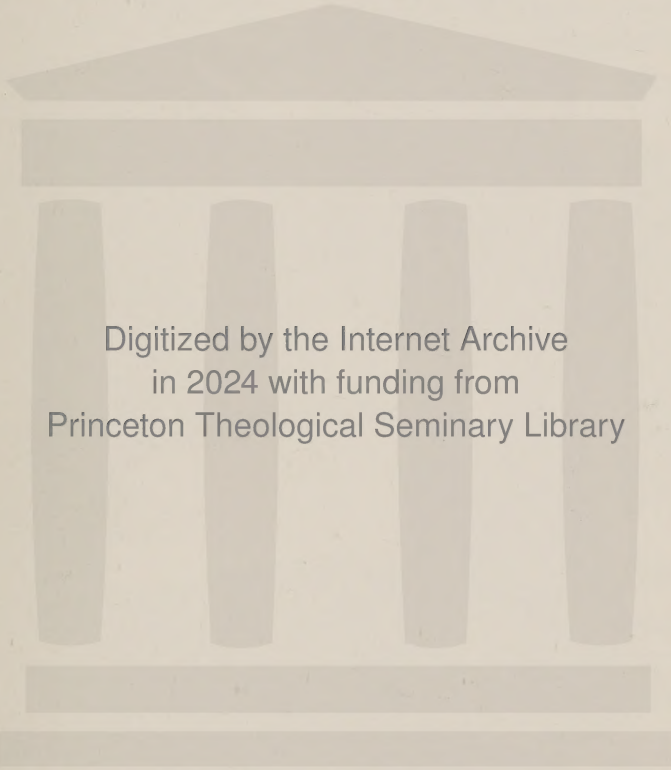
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BISHOP JAMES AUGUSTINE HEALY, D.D.

Second Bishop of Portland, Maine

1875 - 1900

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BISHOP HEALY: BELOVED OUTCASTE

The Story of a Great Man Whose Life
Has Become a Legend

by ALBERT S. FOLEY, S. J.

Spring Hill College
Mobile, Alabama

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Foreword

The idea of writing this biography came to the author during a question period after a lecture he gave at Howard University in Washington. One of the colored students, an erstwhile non-Catholic minister, asked the embarrassing question: "Why is it that no Negro priest can ever hope to rise in the ministry to become a bishop in your Church?" There was, in the history of the American Church, a great priest, whose ancestry and life certainly answer this question in large part. There has been little written about Bishop Healy and this is understandable for reasons which I shall attempt to make clear in the following pages.

Previously published studies have cast very little light on the many problems surrounding the life of Bishop Healy. There is only the briefest of mention in Father John T. Gillard's *Colored Catholics in the United States*. A few items of information are scattered through the three-volume *History of the Archdiocese of Boston* by Lord, Sexton and Harrington. A brief account of the family is given by Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon in her brochure *The Heresy of Race*. A private account is published in the *Woodstock Letters*, centering mainly on Father Patrick F. Healy, S.J., brother of the prelate.

The original documents in the Portland diocesan archives have not been studied for any of these works. With the kind permission of the incumbent bishop, Most Reverend Daniel J. Feeney, D.D., the present writer was accorded full access to Bishop Healy's records in Portland. More than four thousand of his letters were uncovered, most of them in letterpress copies, but many also in manuscript, as well as hundreds of letters received by the bishop from correspondents all over the world. In Portland also, much information was obtained through interviews with many scores of people who knew Bishop Healy personally. To these clergy and laity, as also to Bishop Feeney, go the author's deepest thanks.

Personal papers, diaries, sermons, journals, letters, and clippings about Bishop Healy were also discovered in the archives of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. The author owes special gratitude to Father Walter J. Meagher, S.J., of the history department for invaluable assistance in ferreting out archival material at the Cross, at Woodstock College, at Georgetown University, and elsewhere.

Thanks are also due to Monsignor Walter J. Furlong of the Boston archdiocesan chancery office for access to the archives of the archdiocese, a rewarding source of abundant information about the Boston phase of Bishop Healy's career.

A final source utilized to the fullest was the well-preserved set of records in the courthouse of Jones County at Gray, Georgia. Appreciation is hereby expressed to the local magistrate, Judge Annie E. Morton, whose interest in the project led to the uncovering of all of the documents concerning the Georgia background of the Healy family. The author's gratitude also is extended to Mr. F. M. Stewart of Gray, and to Mr. W. L. Towns of the Atlanta Office of the U. S. Department of the Interior, both of whom were of substantial aid in tracing the deeds for the Healy plantation. Special acknowledgment is due to Father Leo C. Brown, S. J., director of the Institute of Social Order at St. Louis University, for his cooperation with and co-sponsorship of this research and writing project. It was inaugurated, researched, and pushed to completion while the author was a staff member of the Institute of Social Order, 1950-1953.

The author assumes sole responsibility for the data and opinions published here, acknowledging with Pope Leo XIII that the human element of the Church must be set forth by scholars with great honesty, and that the first law of history is not to dare to say what is false and not to fear to say what is true.

Part One

GEORGIA BOY

Pioneer's Children

The search ended where the Healy story began, the story of a great bishop whose origins were clouded in mystery. Through the Georgia clay hills, serenely guarded by pine sentinels, the search led to the summit of the highest ridge overlooking the sleepy Ocmulgee River in Jones County. There like a four-cornered crown upon its brow, rested the hollow square of the family tomb, a granite-walled monument chest-high in the quiet grandeur of the woods.

Sealed within the blue stone sepulcher was the secret of the family. Two unmarked graves enclosed by walls of stout granite blocks held the secret that had long eluded discovery. There was no inscription to testify corroboration for the local folklore that this was the Healy grave, that here at peace lay the silent, enigmatic, unique pioneers, Michael Morris Healy and his mysterious wife. But it was, indeed, the plantation burial ground. Around the central tomb were a score of humble graves, sunken, overgrown, anonymous. In one of them doubtless rested one of the pioneer's children, his grave marked like the others with a stray piece of fieldstone at the head, another at the foot of the plot. Above them all, rising in megalithic and stoic silence to resist all inquiry, was the masonry-coped grave of the plantation's master and his shadowy spouse.

The broad lines of their story sprang into life as one looked over their once thriving domain. The chanting of field hands as they slowly trudged up from the bottomlands toward their primitive homes could be heard again, as well as the creaking of wagons, their heavy wheels knocking to and fro on their axles, the gee and haw of the drivers, interspersed with whip-crackings to spur on the mutinous mules, the eager clanging of the plantation bell calling all to supper, the respectful greetings from the slave column as they passed Marse Healy's abode, and saw him sitting on his sorrel horse with his younger son astride the pommel, and his two other boys on the

young colt at his side. Even the cry of the baby in the cradle, soothingly rocked by the comely young mistress of the plantation as she hummed a lullaby, seemed to sound again.

It seemed like a faraway dream. But the dream had been made reality by a vigorous young pioneer who had come to wrest a fortune from the hostile frontier of western Georgia more than a century ago.

From his native County Roscommon in Ireland, Michael Morris Healy had migrated to Georgia by way of Nova Scotia, thanks to the British army. A lad of sixteen when the War of 1812 broke out, Michael had joined the army too late for most of the fighting. After a siege of garrison duty in Nova Scotia, he had broken away to seek his fortune in this the thirteenth of the rebel colonies.

Thomas Healy, a distant cousin, had already settled down there. He had assured the young veteran of a chance for good land and quick money on the frontiers of the Creek Indian lands in western and southwestern Georgia. Michael, after a couple of years in Augusta, had followed Tom to Jones County. Settling in Clinton, the county seat, on February 26, 1818, he began to work at odd jobs to earn enough money for a little plot of ground. Georgia was somewhat unkind to the immigrants. It granted them no free land outright. It demanded that they live within its boundaries for two years before they were entitled to citizenship and ownership. Michael applied for his citizen's papers on April 3, 1818. He got ahead slowly in the hostile Protestant town. In 1821, he paid only thirty-seven cents in taxes.

The first windfalls, however, were not far off. In 1821, because of a treaty that temporarily terminated the Indian troubles, the western boundary of the organized territory for new settlers was moved from the Ocmulgee to the Flint River. The State of Georgia distributed the new lands by land lotteries. In the 1823 drawings, either through his own tickets or by astutely purchasing the winnings of others, Michael Healy, the land-hungry pioneer, secured titles for more than thirteen hundred acres of land. It would have been enough for a good-sized plantation. But because of the restric-

tions of laws against land monopolies, the holdings were scattered in six different counties.

In his tax report for 1825, Healy stated that while still living on a small seventy-five-acre parcel near Clinton, and owning only one slave, he owned lots in Habersham, Fayette, Henry, Newton, Houston, and Early counties. Some of these were still within the limits of the Lower Creek Indians' reservation, others dangerously near the Cherokee country. However, Georgia had ceded its claims to the territory of Alabama and Mississippi on condition that these Indians be moved west of the Mississippi. Healy held on to his lands in the hope that a boom would soon develop.

His quest for new lands continued. By paying his taxes promptly (a mere three dollars and a half in 1825, a few cents more than five dollars in 1826), the pioneer still hoped to strike it rich, to barter and swap his titles for better sites, and finally to make his down payments on enough Negroes to start planting on a large scale.

He had long since discovered the requirements for a successful plantation: a fertile stretch of rolling land along a river, a passel of slaves, an honest face for credit, a good head for business, and a reasonable proximity to a cotton market.

Clinton and its environs seemed to be a likely area for a killing in cotton. In 1829 it was a thriving market center on the stage route from the state capital, Milledgeville, to the former Indian outpost of Fort Hawkins, recently incorporated into the rival town of Macon on the Ocmulgee. The major drawback was that the better lands had already been snapped up, and the cost of overland transportation of the heavy cotton bales was cutting into the huge profits.

Clinton's rival town, Macon, just a score of miles to the west, was outdistancing the older town as a cotton market. Because of its river location and its promotion of cheap transportation by flatboat to Darien and Savannah, Macon had prospered. In 1828 its thirteen cotton warehouses on both sides of the river had received and shipped almost forty thousand bales of the fluffy cash crop.

Clearly, Healy saw, a plantation along the banks of the Ocmulgee near Macon would be a gold mine for much quicker wealth than

even the elusive gold mines of north Georgia that were drawing the eighteen-twenty-niners to an El Dorado in the state. The pioneer scouted upstream from Macon in search of a likely location. About seven miles to the north, on a site originally patented to Revolutionary War veterans as recompense for their services, Michael Healy bought a 385-acre parcel in 1829. He moved his few slaves from his Cedar Creek farm near Clinton and set up the beginnings of his plantation dream.

Through the invigorating months of the mild winter, Healy and his field hands tackled the forest in the twin operation of clearing the land and providing lumber for their temporary log houses. On the south side of a ridge about half a mile back from the river, he selected a site for his own dwelling. In a matter of a few weeks it was built. It was no elaborate colonial mansion. The rough unfinished timber of the pine woods furnished the walls, long forty-foot logs, notched and joined at the corners. When it was completed, the three-room log house rendered substantial shelter by the frontier standards of the day. The large dining-living room, twenty by forty feet in measurement, had two chimneys of field stone, a fireplace open beneath a simple corbelled arch. The chimney to the left of the entrance was a twin-faced one, the other face opening into a side bedroom about half the dimensions of the main room. To the rear was the cookhouse, a small kitchen conveniently close to the trickling spring just down the hill.

Further up the irregular ridge, the field hands built their own smaller cabins, a respectful few hundred yards from the master's, but not out of sight of his watchful eyes.

More trees fell to the relentless axes of the pioneer and his Negroes. Rail fences encompassed the livestock corrals, the pig pens, the saddle horses' paddocks. By summer, the plantation was producing live wealth on the hoof, food to feed them and the family from the fields and the gardens, and enough cotton to bring in cash for increasing the acreage and buying household furnishings and clothes.

The process worked with magic efficiency under the Georgia sun. By 1831 Michael possessed more than sixteen hundred acres

and held seventeen slaves. By 1833 he doubled the size of his Ocmulgee plantation while maintaining his holdings in other counties. Adding a few slaves every year, he soon built up his plantation to its maximum size and nurtured into full bloom its multiple productivity.

Meanwhile, into his life had come the mysterious Mary Eliza, his consort, his chosen partner in this frontier enterprise. Who was she, from where did she come? Was she from Santo Domingo, as one tradition said, brought in possibly by the French neighbors, the Dumas family, who took refuge in Georgia from the revolutions and slave insurrections of the early nineteenth century? Was she the natural daughter of a nearby plantation owner, as another tradition had it, whose lands came with her into the extending domain of the Healy place? Did Michael first see her in the slave markets of Macon and there decide to have her at any price? Was her family name Clark, as one source suggests, or was that a merciful invention to hide a deeper secret?

The records, scant as they are, clearly indicate that none of these traditions is correct. They show plainly that Eliza was a Georgia-born mulatto slave girl, a few months over sixteen years when Michael Healy took her for his lawful and sole wife. She had been born on a Clinton plantation, most probably that of the local cotton gin magnate, Sam Griswold, March 3, 1813. Griswold owned her sister Nancy who was married to a slave man on the Griswold estate. But Eliza was taken to wife by the immigrant Irishman, in spite of the fact that it was technically against the laws of the State of Georgia. There was no official record of the ceremony, but whether it was a common law union or not, the marriage was recognized by Michael Healy as his only one, and in the seclusion of the remote plantation, few neighbors ventured to pry into his personal affairs to that extent.

Michael had been captivated by the statuesque, light-skinned, industrious and intelligent girl whose only defect was her parentage. He was proud of her good looks, and he later had a daguerrotype

made of her to show to people up North when he went away on business trips.

Though he was almost twice her age when he married her by frontier process in 1829, Michael found her a good homemaker. Knowing all of the plantation arts and crafts, Eliza transformed the humble log house into a snug and comfortable home. She shared the risks of the venturesome undertaking that was still menaced by Indian raids and by the uncertainties of pioneer life. Her presence in the master's house greatly lessened the likelihood of danger from the slave quarters in the form of insurrection or rebellion. She was one of the main ties that bound the bondsmen loyally to their master almost as relatives in a large extended family.

The union proved to be a fruitful one. Ten children in all were born to the planter by the young wife. One after another they came: James Augustine on April 6, 1830; Hugh Clark on April 16, 1832; Patrick Francis on February 27, 1834; and Alexander Sherwood on January 24, 1836.

For the children, and for young James especially, the plantation was an ideal place to grow from childhood to boyhood. Given over to the special care of an alert slave boy, "Jeems" (as his father called him) was early initiated into the mysteries of the wide domain.

Before he was old enough to stand the long hikes over the hills, the boy was taken on ponyback by his guardian through the rich fields, over the pasture hills, along the winding forest roads, and up and down the tree-lined river bank. It was high adventure to hunt for birds' nests, to trap squirrels, and to feel the thrill of discovering traces of the wild animals that still roamed the woods.

"Jeems" acquired at a young age a familiarity with and mastery over the blooded horses that were his father's pride as a connoisseur of fine stallions and fillies. Under his father's cautious eyes he ventured out of the paddock on a well-broken colt when still unable to reach the stirrups with his short legs. He rode with his father on inspection tours of the plantation's fields and flocks and herds. But he wondered why his father never offered to take him to Macon or to Clinton on market or court days. On those occasions, Michael

Healy always rode off without his boys, accompanied only by a yard man or two in the wagons.

Summer was a joyous time for the growing youngsters. In the shallows of the river, and in the clear creeks, they swam for hours in the long warm afternoons, splashing, diving and racing. Jeems early became an expert swimmer, able to make it to the island in the river and back to the bank with the help of the older swimmers. He and his brothers had months of fun with their slave-boy companions, romping and playing under the warm Georgia sun.

But shadows from the outside world came into that bright life.

The boys especially enjoyed sitting beside their father on the river bank as he fished there during the off seasons or on slack days during the summer. Michael Healy had contrived a lucrative and nourishing enterprise, combined with the sport of fishing. Across to the island in the river, to which he laid claim as part of his own property, he had strung a series of fish lines. Fall traps were installed at spaced intervals along the lines. Nets also awaited the abundant fish at staggered points. And on the bank he whiled away the hours with his boys and their darker playmates in a row beside him, all eager for a bigger catch on their smaller fishing poles.

There was a flatboat ferry near the property line, used infrequently by local farmers who came down the old Chehaw trail to this point on the river. The crossing and the fishing narrows were favorite gathering places for the neighboring folk in slow seasons. They were always sure of a hospitable drink offered them from the jug of corn whiskey that one of the slave boys carried down to the river for Marse Healy.

After a few rounds, tongues were loosened, and conversation turned almost automatically to private lives. Jokingly, they prodded old Healy on his marital status, asking him when he was going to marry with a full church wedding and settle down. Showing that they did not consider his common law marriage a serious or legal one, they made open and subtle insinuations about the pretty wench who kept house for him, raised his passel of yard children, cooked

his meals, and sat with him on the porch in the evenings, but never dared to show her face at any county social affairs.

All this was over the heads of the youngsters who sat intent on their fishing lines, oblivious of the chatter of the older men. But the breaking point was reached one day. One of the men, with a leer on his face, pointed a finger at the boys and their colored playmates and remarked that Healy had a right nice passel of slave boys who could bring a good price on the Macon market.

That was as much as the old pioneer would stand. Rising up, he put his hand to his mouth and shouted up the hill, "Mary Eliza, turn loose the dogs!"

His vicious pack of bulldogs came bounding down the hill and across the field to the river bank. The unwanted guests hastily made for their horses and boats.

As he made his way up the hill with his boys, Michael Healy resolved that they would not be exposed to these insults for long. As sons of a free-born Irishman, they would be raised free from the stigma that the unfeeling Georgians hurled at children of mixed parentage.

By the time Jeems was nearing the age of eight, Marse Healy's planting had prospered to the point where he was able to afford the expense of sending the boys away for schooling. For obvious reasons, he knew they would not be acceptable to the authorities of the Protestant schools in Macon, Clinton, or Milledgeville.

In the late autumn of 1837, Michael Healy took James on a trip to New York to explore the possibilities of education in the North. The stage from Macon to Savannah was in efficient operation at that time, boasting a phenomenal speed of twelve miles an hour, and scheduling a thirty-six hour run to the port city for a fare of only eighteen dollars.

From Savannah to New York, Michael went by boat. In later years, young James remembered the journey vividly. When he was on another trip off Cape Hatteras, he reminisced about that first sea voyage of his young life:

I remember that one such storm made an indelible impression on my memory. It was night, and the winds and the waves tossed the steamboat about so that the Captain himself feared for his vessel and all on board. I had been put to bed early, but waking up in the dark cabin and not finding my father in his bed, I got up and dressed myself. I stole through the long cabin, up the narrow stairs, and hearing a familiar voice on the upper unprotected deck, I stole along the handrail, and suddenly in the darkness my father found a little hand holding fast to his. He was alone with the captain, not another passenger being able to face the storm.

"Why Jeems," he said, "what brought you here?" "I was looking for you, father." "Ah," said he, "you were afraid." And he used to tell the story on me for years afterwards.

In New York, Michael Healy found two of his sisters and their families, and renewed acquaintance with boyhood friends from the old country, and with former comrades in arms. But none of them, not even his most trusted confidant, John Manning, could secure admission for his boy to any of the schools of the city. Michael made the rounds of private boarding schools for boys only to meet with polite refusal as the headmasters examined his child.

Finally, he did discover a boarding school that would admit the lad. It was a Quaker school, in Flushing on Long Island. There Michael, putting up a deposit from the ample returns on his recent crops, entrusted his oldest boy to their friendly care. He returned to his plantation. Next year, Hugh was sent up to join James, and Patrick also matriculated there within the next few sessions.

When he had completed his elementary schooling, James Healy was transferred to the Franklin Park Quaker School in Burlington, New Jersey. There he excelled especially in mathematics. In his summers he was apprenticed to a surveyor, in whose company Jeems put into practice the algebra and trigonometry he had mastered in class.

Michael Healy was a regular annual visitor at the school. In the fall of the year, after the harvest was in and the cash crops disposed of in Macon for the boom prices they were bringing, the prosperous

planter took a long vacation, leaving his farm in the care of his trusted overseer, William Horniday. By these visits, and by frequent letters, he kept close touch with his boys, and kept them well informed about life at home. In March 1838 there had been news of the birth of the first daughter, Martha Ann. By September of 1839, Michael brought news of the coming of his namesake, Michael Junior. After the birth of his sixth child, Mary Eliza recovered slowly. The next child was born a sickly weakling in 1842. Named Eugene, he died soon after birth.

But otherwise, the plantation life was prospering during the early eighteen-forties. In 1841, Michael Healy reported forty-one slaves on his plantation, and more than six thousand dollars in notes and mortgages on other planters' properties. The plantation soon reached its peak extent of sixteen hundred adjoining acres on the Ocmulgee, half under cultivation and the other half in pasturage. Sixty slaves crowded the cabins in the quarters. He had filled his modest log house with expensive furnishings against the day when he would build a big palatial mansion on the brow of the next hill and live in even grander style. He had amassed a remarkable library of more than two hundred volumes to while away the long evenings. But he was not content.

He had come to the frontier seeking more than wealth. He sought freedom and independence as well. He had run away from home to escape the confining atmosphere of his native County Roscommon in Ireland. He had taken French leave of the British army when garrison duty palled.

Now master in his own domain, he did not easily submit to the narrow restrictions of county life. He could scarcely bring himself to renew his connections with the Church of his boyhood, even after a small Catholic Church was opened in Macon in 1841 for the handful of immigrant families working there. Notwithstanding the fact that he made the short seven-mile trip to Macon for marketing on Saturdays, there is no record that he ever returned on Sundays, nor did he have any of his children and his slaves baptized in the Macon Church. It was sufficient for him that the Church allowed a Catholic

to marry validly by simply taking a baptized person to wife even without a priest's ministrations, provided no priest was available on the frontier at the time of the marriage or for a month thereafter.

With the passing of years, Healy found himself inwardly at odds with the narrow county folks with whom he drank and politicked, hunted and fished. Exteriorly Michael grew in popularity among the county people. He served his time as tax-recorder in Clinton. Some of the tax records still bear his name and handwriting. But he could not rise higher politically because he was an outsider. He kept himself aloof from all of their social affairs, their balls and fantasticals, their church-life and their Sunday School picnics.

What he scorned particularly was the sanctimoniousness of these men who went to prayer-meetings and sang hymns on Sundays, after Saturdays in town where they caroused to the point of stupor, or gawpingly loitered about the slave markets to witness the shame of the female slaves as they were stripped for inspection, or to bid up the price of a likely concubine. Healy detested the cynicism of the men who raised a brood of yard children and then, disowning their own flesh and blood, sold these natural children into slavery on the Macon markets, demanding higher prices precisely because they were mulattoes.

The more he read in Prince's *Digest of the Laws of Georgia* in his library, the more he realized that he could not bring up his children conscientiously in a state governed by those iron statutes. He saw the Black Code of Georgia grow more severe with the years of the Abolitionist controversy. The laws encroached more and more upon the freedoms of the planters themselves. A rich plantation owner was not even at liberty to manumit one of his slaves, even his own wife, or one of his children by a slave woman. A special act of the legislature was required to free a faithful or beloved slave. Others were declared to be and ever afterward remain absolute slaves, and the issue or offspring born of a slave mother followed the condition of the mother as mere chattels of the slaveholder.

While the legislature and constitution of Georgia did not specifically prohibit intermarriage between whites and those of African

descent until the constitution of 1865, the presumptions of the Black Code were that Negroes and mulattoes had no rights whatsoever in respect to contracts, such as the marriage contract.

Nor could a planter devise a final will and testament to free his slaves after his death. The law of 1818 declared null and void every will or deed that even attempted to free the slaves after the demise of the master, and his estate was to be fined one thousand dollars for each attempted manumission.

It did not fit in with an Irishman's ideas of independence and personal freedom to have his conduct thus dictated by arbitrary and stringent statutes. Michael Healy made his decision in 1844. Instead of building an imposing colonial mansion which he could well afford, he determined to continue living in the little loghouse for a few more years, making as much money as he could. He would then sell out and move to the North where his sisters and their families were now living as New Yorkers.

He began disposing of his holdings in other counties outside of Jones. According to rumor he had amassed twenty thousand dollars in gold coins, hidden somewhere about his unpretentious dwelling.

Meanwhile, fearing that he might meet with foul play or sudden death, and knowing that some of his unscrupulous neighbors were apt to place fraudulent claims on his property to exclude his wife and children from their inheritance, Michael drew up his last will and testament on February 28, 1845. It was a carefully considered document, showing an intense and accurate study of all of the manifold provisions of Georgia law.

To be assured that his money would be transferred out of Georgia, Michael appointed his worthy and trusted friend, John Manning of New York, as the guardian of his children, five of whom were now at school in the North. To these five children he gave and devised all of his estate, now that they were free and out of reach of Georgia's black code. He carefully selected three personal friends in Clinton, William Moreland, Charles McCarthy, and Robert V. Hardeman, all lawyers, to be his sole executors in Georgia. He commissioned

them to sell all of his real and personal property, Negroes excepted. Proceeds of the sale were to be paid over to John Manning to be invested in bonds in New York for the benefit of the five children.

In another item, he devised that his Negroes be hired out annually in the usual way, and the proceeds of the hire be paid to his legal representative in New York to be applied to the raising and education of the children. If there were any surplus, this balance should also be invested. Healy provided that this arrangement should persist until the youngest child arrived of age. Then all of the slaves were to be sold for cash and the money divided equally among the heirs.

For the two youngest children, Michael and Amanda Josephine, both still living at home, Healy provided that when they arrived in the North, they should share equally in every way with the other children, and when they came of age, their guardian should pay over to them a proportionable part of the funds in New York.

The eighth item, and the most interesting one, concerned his wife:

It is my will and desire that my trusty woman Elisa, mother of my said children with those in Georgia, shall be removed to a free State when her interest will be best consulted, and that my executor shall pay over and secure to my trusty woman Elisa one hundred and twenty dollars annually during her natural life, and the said annuity to the said Elisa shall not be bartered or sold or disposed of in any way or manner whatever.

Michael Morris Healy was to add another codicil to cover the arrival of two more children in 1847. The will was duly probated in 1850, and this final enigma added to the puzzlement of the natives of Jones County. Their folklore on the subject was transcribed by old Sam Griswold in an article he wrote for the *Jones County News*, May 27, 1909. Writing about one of the Griswold slaves, Nancy, a bright mulatto woman with straight hair and a "good, intelligent and trustworthy woman," he added:

Nancy had a sister who belonged to an Irishman named Healy, who had accumulated a good deal of property, and who lived with the woman, and she had children by him. These children he sent to the North and educated, and at his death he gave this woman her freedom and sent her north and gave to her and her children all his property.

Hill of Pleasant Springs

It had not been entirely pleasant for James Healy and his brothers at the Quaker schools. The *thee's* and the *thou's* of the friendly brotherhood gave but lip service to the old Quaker ideals that had founded the city of brotherly love, a fine tradition that has reasserted itself in many of the Quaker schools and institutions of later years. In the tense atmosphere of New York in the early 1840's, there had been many an unpleasantness for the boys from Georgia. These they resented deeply. James more than the others was hurt by the sly, behind-the-back remarks, supposedly out of earshot but unkind and mean in their carrying whispers. He was sensitive about the innuendoes referring to his ancestry and to the visible racial identification in the swarthiness of his skin, and in the still darker duskiness of his younger brother Hugh. But deepest were the cuts caused by the racial epithets scrawled on walls in secret places, or hurled aloud in a burst of anger during a schoolboy quarrel. These wounded him deeply, drove him within himself with a resentment that extended even to his mother, and made him wear a mask of reserve and stoicism even as a youngster.

James did not know which he resented most, the meanness of cruel playmates, or the patronizing air of righteous schoolmasters priding themselves on Quaker abolitionist achievements. He detected in some of the masters the pharisaism his father resented in the Georgia clans. Some of the teachers openly preened themselves on the liberality of their school in allowing slaveborn boys to attend when other schools excluded them. In the American history classes the teacher painfully elaborated the horrid conditions of the slaves in the South. He explained and denounced the tyrannical laws of Georgia and the other southern states. James squirmed with shame and resentment. It was like turning the knife in the wound.

It was bootless moreover for him to turn to the Irish side of his

ancestry for dignity and pride. He found that the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic sentiment of the school was as bitter as the undercurrent of prejudice against the colored. Even though they had never been formally received into the Catholic Church, the Healys were bracketed with the raggedy Irish immigrants, and scorned for all of the newcomers' failings in the strange Protestant land.

At the Quaker schools, James felt himself a poor outcast. Exiled from home, a stranger in the midst of pretended sympathizers, an outsider excluded from social functions and the inner circles of school life, James was drawn closer to his brothers Hugh and Patrick. The three formed their own circle and stood together against their detractors.

It was therefore a great relief for them when in 1844 Michael Healy reached another decision that vitally modified his boys' lives. He came to visit them that year with the news that they would be transferred from the schools in New York and New Jersey to a new school in Massachusetts. Accordingly, James, Hugh, and Patrick packed up and bundled off to Worcester to enroll in the new College of the Holy Cross, located two miles south of the rail-junction town, its buildings atop the broad and spacious Mount Pakachoag—translated from the Indian language, the Hill of Pleasant Springs.

The transfer was largely a result of the influence of a recently consecrated coadjutor of Boston, Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick, a brilliant young prelate soon to succeed Bishop Benedict Fenwick as head of the Catholic Church in New England.

Bishop Fitzpatrick had met the Georgia planter, perhaps in New York, perhaps on the boat plying between that city and Georgetown when he traveled there for his consecration in the Visitation Convent Chapel, March 24, 1844. The impressive, genial personality of the tall and vigorous bishop invited confidence. Michael Healy told him the strange story of his marriage to the young girl whom the State of Georgia still called his slave, but whom he regarded as his lawful wife. He admitted that his four children whom he had emancipated from Georgia's technical bondage by sending them to

school in a free state had not yet even been baptized because of the anomalies of the caste system and the unorganized condition of pioneer life.

It was not long before Bishop Fitzpatrick had persuaded Michael to enter the boys in the newly founded Jesuit college which Bishop Fenwick had recently turned over to the Order in his diocese. Bishop Fitzpatrick also induced him to send his daughter Martha Ann to live in Boston, where the bishop arranged for her board and lodging with his own sister's family, the Bolands.

So a new world opened for James Augustine Healy and his brothers on August 14, 1844. James wrote about that first day five years later in his diary:

Today five years ago I entered this college. What a change! Then I was nothing; now I am a Catholic. There were here then Fathers Mulledy, Gibbons, McGuigan, Mr. Boone, Mr. Putnam, Frank Leonard. These were the faculty. Tom Connolly was here, Taylor, Brother McElroy, Farrelly, Brother Kuhn, now dead, Brother Gavan, now in Georgetown. Then there was no playground, no fences. There was a scaffolding still standing in front of the house. There were nine boys besides ourselves.

James at fourteen years was sufficiently advanced to enter the second year of the six-year secondary-and-college program. He joined the class that had started in the previous year as the first of the new college. Hugh, age twelve, was also found qualified to join that class. Patrick, only ten years old, and Sherwood, age eight, and coming directly from Georgia, were both enrolled in the grammar school.

Michael Healy was much impressed with the reception Father Mulledy gave to his boys. Returning to Georgia, he later that year appointed Father Mulledy as provisional guardian of the children and executor of his estate, should John Manning in New York refuse to accept the legal responsibility.

The first care of the Jesuit Fathers was for the religious instruction and development of their new charges. The four boys were put under the special tutelage of Father George Fenwick, the spiritual

father of the college boys. He taught them their catechism and won them easily to the acceptance of the faith that was theirs by their Irish heritage. The boys made the annual retreat with their fellow students in early November, and on the fourteenth of that month, they, together with two of the sons of the famous recent convert Orestes Brownson, were baptized as Catholics. James marked that day as one of the great and memorable ones in his young life.

Meanwhile, the other phases of the educational life of the school were also developing. The new building, constructed on the model of Georgetown College in the District of Columbia, was ready for occupancy in October 1844. It was a simple three-story edifice whose central wing rose to a cross-surmounted cupola above the dormer windows of the attic dormitories. The front entrance was the only part that had any architectural decorations, six Corinthian columns two stories high above the dual stairways. The symmetry of the columns was broken by the gallery that bisected them at the second floor. But nonetheless when the scaffolding was taken down and the new building opened for its first classes, both faculty and students were happy to leave the old building that had housed the school since it had been opened in 1836 by Father James Fitton as Mount St. James Academy.

The new building was planned for a hundred boys. It had full accommodations for classrooms, study halls, dining hall, dormitories, rooms for the faculty, a large chapel and other community facilities.

School began the first Monday in September and lasted through the final week of July. The course of studies ran along traditional Jesuit lines. The prospectus promised that the students would ultimately have a choice of three curricula: the professional, the commercial, and the ecclesiastical. The professional curriculum, in which the Healys enrolled, included a study of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Modern Languages, History, Geography, Natural Science, Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics. These were evenly distributed over a span of seven years, and were all integrated toward the achievement of the ideal Christian gentleman, a master of his destiny, a sound thinker, and an eloquent and vocal speaker. The house dis-

cipline coupled with the classroom work to secure these objectives.

The daily order was a strenuous one. On the theory that boys would not go to bed early at night unless they were wakened early in the morning, the scholars in that as in other Jesuit institutions found their slumbers suddenly terminated by the crashing of the morning bell at 5:15. This suited the Healy boys for the first months, accustomed as they had been from boyhood to the early rising of the plantation. But in the frigid winter that soon closed in on those exposed heights, it was a daily torture and an inducement to rebellion and running away from the college.

The boys daily attended Holy Mass in the college chapel. On Sundays one of the faculty preached a sermon to them. They assembled in chapel also for evening prayers daily, and for vespers on Sunday.

The whole day was occupied with class or study hall, except for an hour in the afternoon devoted to recreation. In the evening, supervised study at their desks precluded any chance for going to town. Thursday, not Saturday, was the holiday for the week. Town leave was rare on that day as well. The boys were given supervised games, hikes, picnics, or fishing trips, and in winter, equally supervised winter sports of ice-skating, tobogganing, sleighing and skiing. After his first awkward trials, James quickly became an expert on the skates and became famous for his figure-skating and speed.

In class, James outdistanced Hugh and his fellow pupils. He battled on even terms with John Brownson for many of the honors, but led his class in a majority of the subjects from the time he started college.

The climax of the scholastic year was the annual exhibition, as the closing exercises were called before the graduation of the first class. James occupied a prominent place on each of the programs. His first presentation on July 29, 1845, was a Latin poem he had composed, *Juppiter Alloquitur Deus*. The next year, he recited his own composition, *The Fall of Babylon*, modeled on Sorab and Rustum. Fourth on the program before John Brownson's "Vision of Liberty," James declaimed the story of Cyrus the Mede, imper-

sonating now Cyrus, now Balthasaar, now Daniel the prophet, as he rolled off his one hundred and eight heroic pentameters, whose heroism was more than matched by the heroic patience of the audience that had to sit through three or four hours of these juvenile productions.

After that, there were vacations for a six-week period. The Healy boys regularly stayed at the college instead of returning to Georgia. Even in these weeks, they left their marks upon the institution. For years the campus was beautified by the long rows of horse-chestnut trees that James planted on the grounds, at the direction and with the help of Father James Moore. During one of the vacations, after the favorite dog of one of the faculty members died, the Healy brothers planned a big funeral for "Major." Sherwood prepared the music and James composed a sermon, and the procession was already filing out to the newly dug grave when the religious dirge of the chanters brought the president of the college out to stop the nonsense.

It was during these weeks of carefree companionship with the Jesuit priests and seminarians who also stayed at the college that James and his brothers developed life-long attachments of friendship for them. Father George Fenwick won their devotion so completely that they began calling him "Dad Fenwick." An ungainly, gaunt, Ichabod-type of schoolmaster, this younger brother of Bishop Fenwick took the lads in spiritual tow, and contributed greatly to their religious character formation by his unimpeachable integrity, his deep holiness, and his generosity with his students.

One cannot miss the fact that the boys, for all their grumbling over the short rations at table in these lean years (they were paying \$125 a year for all their expenses), came to be deeply attached to Holy Cross. James writes of his days there as his boyhood's gayest, happiest hours. He remembered the merry school boys' shouts that woke the echoes of the hill and the valley below it. He cherished the memories of these "loved companions of my youth" and he mentioned nostalgically the shade-spreading oak trees, the classic halls, the brilliant cross raising its head above the skies, the sheltering

roof, and the clock at which he had "stood, in all a student's chafing mood, watching the tardy hands go round." He remembered all the beloved details of the school: the skating pond, the level playground, the green and lovely vale Quinsigamond, the far-off peak of Wachussetts Mountain, the nearby wire-mill in the valley, the orchard, the barn, the factory at the foot of the hill, and even the passing railroad cars. James wrote his school boy verses about the oft-frequented study hall, the dormitory, the chapel and the graveyard on the side of the hill. There, in the summer of 1846 he stood with his best friend, Father "Dad" Fenwick, to watch the sad burial of his brother, Bishop Fenwick of Boston. James returned to his desk and wrote:

The dead will cause the tears to start,
Their memory cloud the gayest soul;
The sod is green upon the mound
Of one whom thousands loved so well.
The smiling flowers are blooming round,
Though no proud columns of him tell.
But there behold the simple cross,
The sign of hope to man below,
So that while we bewail his loss,
We still may hope he is happier now.

It was quite obvious that James' career did not lie in the field of poetry. But he became deeply religious in his first two years at the Cross. His sympathies and his leanings were toward the dedicated life of a religious order. To his friends he made known his desire for joining with "Dad" Fenwick and his confreres. One of his classmates, James Durnin, left Holy Cross for the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in Frederick, Maryland, in 1846. He wrote back to Father Fenwick of his impressions:

. . . should anyone ask how I like the Novitiate, you may assure them that I have never felt so contented and delighted with the holy retreat in which I have sought refuge from the distracting care and turmoils of

life, that it has actually an effect on my health; for you may tell James Healy that if I continue to increase as I have done, I shall soon be as fat as he is . . . and that he can never form a just estimation of the happiness of the Novitiate until he experiences it. . . .

To Bishop Fitzpatrick, James also communicated his desires for the religious life and the priesthood. As the successor of Bishop Fenwick, Bishop John visited the college frequently. He was there for the dedication of the new wing of the building, April 22, 1847, when Father James Ryder, the new president, opened that first part of his dream of a greater Holy Cross.

Looking into the welfare of his spiritual foster children, Bishop Fitzpatrick found the progress of the Healys quite remarkable. James and Hugh were still contending for honors in the highest class. Patrick was leading his fellow students in his year. Sherwood was giving a good account of himself in his own class.

In the 1847 annual exhibition James did not personally appear. Illness kept him off the stage. But he wrote pieces that were recited by other students. One was a droll piece called "Self-Conceit," a witty commentary on the brash yankeeism of the day, and another, a warm tribute of thanksgiving that climaxed the program.

More revealing than either of these was a third piece, completed by James on April 22, and recited by John Crowley at the public assembly. It was a passionate plea for freedom, for religious freedom, in the setting of the dramatic story of the burning of the Charlestown Ursuline convent not far from historic Bunker Hill by anti-Catholic bigots just fourteen years before. The heroic pentameters impressed Bishop John deeply, especially in the light of James' own slave background in Georgia, his recent admission into the Church, and his coming of age intellectually through his study of philosophy and history.

There emerges from the piece a glimpse of the two great loves that had taken possession of James: the church that he had embraced at Holy Cross and had grown to love wherever he went; and Boston, the scene of those historic events in the American Revolu-

tion. James came to look on Boston as his second home. He loved its ground, consecrated by the patriotic blood of the victims of the Boston Massacre and of the other battles fought in and near it. He admired the towering spires of the old colonial city, the noble bay that spread out before him as he stood high upon Mount Benedict.

The following year the annual exhibition again gave occasion for the display of the talents of the Healy brothers. The events of July 26 were also a farewell greeting to Father James Ryder whose period of presidency had come to an end. Three of the Healy boys were on the program, James, Hugh and Patrick. James wrote both his own piece, an original composition *On Emigration* which has not survived, and the piece that Patrick delivered as his first effort at public speaking, a "poem" on the victory of Salamis whose not-too-heroic pentameters barely surpassed the level of nursery rhymes. Hugh read his own composition entitled "Belisarius," and that too has mercifully been destroyed.

The most impressive piece on the program however was a narrative poem that feelingly described the martyrdom of a Father Rey, a chaplain who ministered to the wounded of both sides in the battle of Monterey during the current Mexican War, and who was slain by one of the enemy while giving the last sacraments to the dying after the battle. It reveals in James a heightened appreciation of the priestly calling and an admiration mounting to hero-worship for the splendid generosity of this true priest of God.

Thoughts of a vocation to the priesthood were in James' mind during the summer he spent at Holy Cross in 1848. He was worried by one point as he grew older and wiser and came to learn more of the ways of the world. When his father came up for his annual visit that summer, James somehow found words to question him about his marriage to his mother. Michael Healy assured his son in all seriousness that he was married to his mother, despite their racial differences, and in defiance of the laws of Georgia. Whether they had been married by an itinerant missionary working out of Savannah or Columbus in search of the scattered Catholic immigrants, or had actually gone to Santo Domingo or one of the islands for their

ceremony, James did not reveal. But his mind was at rest at least so far as that possible impediment to holy orders was concerned. He knew that illegitimacy was construed by the Church as a serious obstacle to ordination.

It is not known whether he then or later asked his father's opinion about a possible career in the Church as a priest or a religious. By this time, with thoughts of ostracism overshadowed by his new religious fervor, James felt that he would like to devote his life to teaching at a place like Holy Cross. He even saw the possibility of a career in the Boston diocese, now that his good friend and second Father, Bishop Bernard Fitzpatrick, was in command of the affairs of that see.

Still, the decision was postponed. Other students left the Cross for seminaries and novitiates. One of them, James McCabe, having studied his sacred theology along with the other Holy Cross students, was impressively ordained a priest in the college chapel, December 15, 1848. James followed the awesome ceremonies with deep and vital concern. He wrote of them:

Mr. McCabe has at length been surely and certainly ordained priest. The goal is past, and there is no escape from its arduous duties except in the quiet of the grave—. How this thought of it awes the soul; this is the trial, the agony of life—.

James kept close to the newly ordained priest. He served his first Mass when the happy neophyte sang it solemnly in the college chapel a week later. He was often found in Father McCabe's room discussing theology with him, talking about sacred things, and asking about his vocation.

CHAPTER THREE

Friends For an Outcaste

James began to keep a daily diary in his last year of study at Holy Cross College, 1848-1849. By that time he had reached the age of eighteen, a mature, robust and handsome young man. At full stature he was not as tall as his younger brothers, but he was agile, stocky, and broad-chested. His face had filled out to good proportions, a dimpled cleft chin giving him a firm jaw line, and his brown eyes, arched by high and full brows, twinkled with life, vivacity and good humor. He smiled rather than laughed, because he had broken a front tooth soon after coming to the college. But he was a good mixer and fun-maker for all of the seriousness of his countenance and the massive breadth of his forehead that marked him as a brainy and promising leader. Those features were most notable rather than his swarthiness of skin or bushiness of hair. He sang easily and well with a deepening baritone voice, and his mastery of piano, organ, and flute found outlet in formal and informal entertainments for the resident students and faculty.

In the warm atmosphere of the college, James made friends readily with those he called "the loved companions of my youth, the merry shouting school boys." Nothing emerges more clearly from his diary than his happy faculty of gay comradeship with his fellow students, gathered from all over the country and even from foreign lands. James records his friendship with all varieties of boys, with many of the faculty, even with outsiders in Worcester and Boston.

At the beginning of the diary, to perpetuate the memory of all of his friends, James wrote a full list of the more than a hundred and twenty students at the Cross. Alongside each name he jotted down a shrewd appraisal of each, and his evaluations show him already as a sage judge of men.

Among the dozen and a half foreign students, James found some fast friends. Mexicans and Filipinos, South Americans and Smyrnes

are all given favorable listings. His friendship for the lads from Smyrna would, decades later, occasion a trip to their native land for a renewal of the companionship started at the Cross. He was, however, a discerning selector. Two South American boys are crossed off his roster of intimates, one as "too impudent and dirty," the other as "very pert, talkative, and dirty."

It was the Southerners that James watched with narrow eyes and appraised with closest scrutiny. He lived in dread of course that some Catholic boy from Macon would matriculate at the college, divulge the secret of his slave background, and thereby ruin his chances for continuing with pride and dignity. He was deeply disturbed when a boy from Savannah enrolled. To his great relief, the youngster stayed only a few months, and left before Christmas of 1848.

There was a large contingent from Louisiana, many of them sons of sugar planters in the Delta, but a goodly number also from New Orleans. Because of their easy French attitude, James was able to strike up companionships without noticeable standoffishness. He was on good terms with more than two thirds of the group. But some are observed to be "very cool," "clever but obtrusive," and one is ticketed as "rather a bore."

James fared better with the boys from the Upper South and from the District of Columbia. His best friend and closest intimate was Jules Ducatel, a Baltimore lad. "Duca" was about James' own age, a gay, active and adventurous fellow, winsome in his ways, but not too fond of observing regulations. Jeems found him a boon companion for hikes and picnics, but the restless Marylander could not settle down. James was deeply affected when, returning from a trip to Boston one day, he found that "Duca" had run away to join Colonel Frémont's expedition to California. He wrote in his diary:

I sought his sweet face—and lo! he was gone,
And never more shall his loved form appear.
My soul was a desert,—I stood all alone,
But his accents so sweet never greeted my ear.

I learned from Mr. O'Callaghan, who visited me this morning that Jules has left the college. I was extremely sorry.

Through the months that followed, news came back of "Duca" and his adventurous journey. But later in 1849 James recorded with sorrow that "Duca" had perished with the greater part of Colonel Frémont's company in the spring snows of the Cordilleras.

With others from the Upper South, the lad from Georgia also achieved a ready acceptance. He was on excellent terms with Daniel Fitzhugh, nephew of Daniel Carroll of Duddington, one of Washington's outstanding Catholic leaders, and a relative of Bishop John Carroll of Baltimore, and of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

James was equally close to George Burke and Robert Harper of Upper Marlborough, to Dan Boone and James Mudd of rural Maryland, and to others from the Capital City. He endeared himself to Constantine Simms of Washington by ghost-writing his speeches for him. He chummed intimately with Tom Boudar and others from Richmond, Virginia, keeping in touch with Tom until his premature death at home in 1853.

His acceptance by these boys from the segregated and slave-holding areas was facilitated perhaps by the presence in the student body of the darker-complexioned foreigners. Many of the color distinctions of their native places were meaningless in the cosmopolitan setting of the campus. Free play was therefore allowed to all of James' winning ways. Through these he captivated the hearts of those whom he won as lifelong friends.

It was among the Yankees, who comprised more than sixty per cent of the boys at the Cross, that James found his warmest friends. John Brownson and his brothers William and Henry proved to be constant in their friendship for James, bound as these latter were to Jeems by the special tie of baptism on the same day. Fifty years later James was still sending anniversary greetings and presents to Henry in remembrance of that day and of all of the other shared experiences at the Cross. James was a frequent visitor at the Brown-

son home in Chelsea. There he listened as the shaggy philosopher, Orestes Brownson, dispensed wit and wisdom at his hospitable table. *Brownson's Review* became, along with the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Catholic Observer*, the *Boston Pilot* and the *Nation*, a major formative influence in developing young Healy's social and political maturity. He devoured the *Review* as soon as it came out, and he reacted to its opinions intelligently if independently.

James was invited also to other homes of boys from Boston, and during the summer months visited with Samuel Glidden of New-castle, Maine, while spending his vacation at nearby Damariscotta.

Although James achieved status and recognition among the students by excelling in his intellectual achievements, he was not a recluse nor a hermit. He regularly participated in the out-of-class activities of the student body. He was elected president of the Fondicopian Society and by virtue of his office presided at their public exhibitions of "oratorical and forensic attainments." He joined the religious organizations on the campus, took an active part in the Altar Boy Society and in the Sodality. There were no snobbish fraternities nor exclusive cliques to freeze out the half-caste. He met with ready welcome and intimate association in the most solemn of religious functions that bound the boys' hearts to God and to those who shared the secret religious experiences with one another.

This interplay of religious experience and social acceptance was evident also in James' outside contacts in Worcester and in Boston. He and his brothers were frequent guests at homes in Worcester, especially on important holidays. But we see it best in James' own description of his Christmas vacation in 1848.

As a senior entitled to special privileges, James secured permission to spend the holidays in Boston with the Boland family and his sister Martha. In anticipation of the gala occasion, he bought a new outfit, coat (seven and a half dollars), pants (five dollars, ready-made), and boots. After Mass and Communion on Saturday, December 23, James took a hack from the college over the snowbound

streets to the Worcester station, and made the short run to Boston. Of the city, he writes:

Sleighing was very good and everything that could be found in the shape of runners was out. I took a sleigh for Brattle Street, and after waiting twenty minutes, took the omnibus for East Cambridge. Omnibus being on wheels was still very heavy and slow. Got to Mrs. Boland's in time for dinner. They were all pretty well, most of them being troubled with colds. I felt as if I had been in an ice house for a month. Took supper and went to bed early.

The Christmas at the Bolands, in the midst of his sincerest and best friends, was a heart-warming and happy one. Christmas Eve fell on Sunday that year, and thus the religious observance of the feast was two days in duration. James and his friends went to Mass in Saint John's Church in East Cambridge the first day. The church was so cold that James remained unmoved by the eloquence of the speaker.

In the evening after tea and supper, the Bolands and their guests sat up late chatting about the morrow, and watching the preparation of the Christmas bag, the stockings, and the presents.

After early Mass next morning there was a bracing eggnog at home in honor of the day. Breakfast over, James with Martha and Mary Boland sallied out into the cold for more religious services. They took the omnibus to Boston for the great high Mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. At the Cathedral, James went around to the vestry to meet the clergy, especially Bishop Fitzpatrick, his second father. With Constantine Simms, James followed the pontifical Mass from the sacristy. He was enraptured by the choir's magnificent rendering of Haydn's Christmas Mass. From his hidden point of vantage up close to the altar, James prayed that he too might one day be able to enact the sacred Christmas mysteries as a priest of God. It was a happy group of wayfarers who returned to East Cambridge on the omnibus in the afternoon.

Later in the evening after supper, Bishop Fitzpatrick and Fathers

Williams and Riordan followed their route to the Boland home. They shared the intense joy of the Christmas games with the younger children. James notes that while Bishop Fitzpatrick was playing the game of Christmas bag, he nearly got a rap on the head from Tom Boland's cane. "Great fun resulted," he writes, "and after many attempts I broke the string and the bag also. Bishop and priests left at nine o'clock, and after some time Constantine and I started to bed and slept soundly until morning."

James spent two more days in and around Boston. He toured the historic sites he loved so well, saw Bunker Hill Monument, the Cambridge library and museums, the Melodeon where he heard what he considered a splendid musical concert, and the Cathedral where he again prayed longingly for guidance in his decision about his future career. Calling on Bishop Fitzpatrick next door, he talked with him long and seriously about the possibility of pursuing his studies for the priesthood. Encouraged by the vigorous and positive assurances that the bishop gave him, James returned to the Cross to renew his intense application to his studies and his life of prayer.

The commingling of the serious, sobering religious aspects with the lighter side of life at the Cross continues to be manifest in James' diary. Of the uneventful beginning of what would be a most eventful year, James writes:

Jan. 1. The new year commenced with a Mass and sermon from our old friend, Father Secchi, which latter was not so bad as it might have been. I received Holy Communion from his hand at his Mass, with some advantage as I hope. A very few others also received. Many as G. R. staying away for motives best known to themselves. Of course everybody is bawling for New Year's gifts, etc., but very few answer the call. Father Sopranis gave me a large picture, which I immediately transferred to another. . . . Mr. Kennedy is worse and expected to die about the same time of the year as Brother Kuhn who died on New Year's night, one year ago.

Classes were resumed next day. Mr. Kennedy, fortified by the last sacraments, lingered on through the second, finally expiring

early in the morning of January 3. James noted the sad event in his book:

Jan. 3. At two o'clock this morning, Mr. Kennedy was at length freed from his sufferings in this world. He has lain in the parlor throughout the day, where most of us have seen him very extenuated. He had a slight contraction of the brow as he died in pain. "Requiescat in Pace." He was a holy man. We nailed some cloth to our classroom door, which changed its temperature wonderfully for the better.

Next day, after Mr. Kennedy's body had been "committed to the narrow house destined for all the living," James climbed the stairs to the haven of his spiritual father's room. There Father George "Dad" Fenwick listened with a more than friendly interest as James poured out his soul's struggle to reach a decision about the future career. Again on January 8, James notes that he had sat up far into the previous night in conversation with "Dad" Fenwick.

His serious thinking about death, destiny, and vocation, did not prevent James from joining the skating parties that went down for afternoons at the river or over on the wide surfaces of the "long pond." With his brother Hugh, from whom he was inseparable, James raced up and down the ice, executed his fancy figure-skating and threw himself into the fun as if he had never a single serious thought in his head.

Complaints about the scarcity of heat are a source of some dour jokes from James. On February 12 he writes that it had been "cold and comfortless all day. The boys stood looking over the bars of the windows like prisoners from the old Bailey, shivering like a dog over a briar bush on a cold day. Excuse the comparison."

It was high comedy when some of the boys tried to run away from the institution in the depths of the winter. James records that one day two youngsters, Tim Turner and Pat Dooley, took off over the hills. The alarm was given when they were seen. Prefects and deputies raced after them. "Joseph Cullaneen brought Turner back, and Mr. Gillespie and John Mulligan, after a race, captured the other. Being brought back they were treated to a dose of strap oil,

free, gratis, and for nothing, by Mr. Gillespie, and ate their dinner on their knees in the middle of the refectory. So goes the world."

On February 19 James reached the end of a whole series of light remarks about another game of cops and robbers that was current sport at the college. The older boys found great delight in stealing off for a forbidden cigar or cigarette. If a teacher failed to show up for class, they went over the hill or down behind the barn to enjoy a few puffs of the smuggled contraband. Some of the boys, like the Cubans, had a steady source of cigars. Others put their meager allowances into the forbidden weed when they had a chance to slip into the cigar store downtown. But all of his delicious entries about the conspiracy came to an end on February 19. On that day he stated that he had smoked his "last cigar, forever, goodbye tobacco, all ill-feeling between us from last night has subsided."

Of another source of college merriment, James noted on February 25 that Father Secchi had missed a great opportunity in one of his sermons. He preached about the spirit of the age after reading the Gospel on the Temptations in the desert. "He went over the whole catalogue of spirits," James remarks, "but made a great mistake by leaving out ardent spirits." But James was never to show signs of the "Irish weakness." The boys found many sources for wine and beer as they went for walks over the countryside. James registered the gleefulness of all his companions on one of these picnics, laughing at Hugh's efforts to get a drink of home-brew beer from a foaming bottle.

James shared all of the fun and merrymaking in and outside of the college. On March 4, 1849, he notes, "I sat up last night in Mr. Lilly's room, laughing at jokes with Messrs. Lilly, Gillespie, Creighton, Kennedy, McMullen, and Hugh." On the next day he writes that "most of the boys went to town with the intention of going to the insane hospital, but they were not admitted. I know not why. They were allowed to go into town to console themselves."

Nor was the lad from Georgia beyond appreciating a racial joke every once in a while. He adds on March 5 that the *Boston Post* told how a Negro preacher in Flushing, Long Island (where he had

gone to grammar school) thus addressed the congregation: "Be-lubbed bredren, de debbil is a big hog, and some of these times he comes and knock you out of the pew." An old gray-headed elder here started up shouting, "Ring him, Lord, ring him, Lord!" There must have been a revival after that, James observes.

Thus the year 1849 moved on rapidly for young James Healy and his confreres. Before he could realize it, Lent was over, Easter Sunday had passed, and the Easter vacations had begun. His great and good friend, Bishop Fitzpatrick, accompanied by many priests from Boston, traveled out to the college for Easter Monday to be entertained by the performance of the farce, *The Irish Tutor*. After the play, the spring weather seemed ready to allow the college boys to entertain the visitors with fishing and boating on Lake Quinsigamond. Once out there, the reverse happened. James noted that the bishop and the other reverend gentlemen who came out to the lake got a complete ducking, being out in the rain most of the day, and going down with a boat that swamped as soon as it was launched. Back at the college, the day ended well with a feast provided by the profits from Mr. O'Callaghan's store. Several songs were sung and the feast broke up "after the boys were full of satisfaction and good provender."

After that, the school year hurried to its climax. May and June slipped by before Bishop Fitzpatrick again returned to the College. On June 21, the feast of St. Aloysius, patron of youth, he administered the sacrament of Confirmation to ten of the college boys. Afterwards, there was a huge dinner in the dining room. James adds: "We had the finest dinner in honor of St. Aloysius that ever the boys enjoyed in the College. Ice Cream, strawberries, cakes, and pies in abundance!" Later in the afternoon, even the bishop and the visiting priests went out to the lake for a cooling swim with the rollicking boys.

It was most likely during this visit that James secured the final approval of Bishop Fitzpatrick on his choice of vocation. He had been in serious discussions with Father "Dad" Fenwick about his spiritual welfare, and especially about his ecclesiastical career. When,

earlier in the year, "Dad" Fenwick had been brought low by illness, James had registered his deep concern for his old friend, whose hair was by now completely gray. Father Moore, in for a visit from the Indian missions in Maine, had told James how shocked he was at Father Fenwick's appearance, and that he expected "Dad" soon to leave for another and a better world. "I dread this although I am most certain of it," James had written. "But we leave it to the will of Almighty God and the intercession of the Mother of our Saviour. No one dreads more than I do, endeared as the good old man is by a thousand acts of kindness to me. I hope that my fears may not be realized."

"Dad" Fenwick continued to direct James' soul from his sick-bed, and later recovering, he patiently helped the young man to work out his great problem with the help of God's grace.

For a while, James had seriously contemplated a career in the Jesuit order. But upon full consideration of the matter, he decided that God had blocked off that possible vocation. The mere fact that the novitiate was at Frederick, Maryland, in a slave state, was enough to rule it out. Patrick, whose skin-color was lighter than James' might possibly have risked admission to a religious order, most of whose members were Marylanders, and all of whose studies would be made in Maryland or in the District of Columbia. But James seemed by nature excluded from that type of future career.

"Dad" Fenwick accordingly had directed his attention to the Sulpicians as the best and most experienced trainers of future priests. Their Maryland seminary in Baltimore was likewise ruled out as a possible choice for James' seminary training. He consequently turned his hopes to Montreal, and in due time sent in his application for admission to the Grand Seminary conducted by the sons of Monsieur Olier, the great French founder of Saint Sulpice. Bishop Fitzpatrick gave him high recommendations in Montreal and thereby smoothed the way for his entry in the fall.

The more immediate objectives in early July were the final exams and the graduation exercises, the first in the history of the College of the Holy Cross.

Soon after the celebration of the Fourth of July with its round of speeches, its band concert, its fireballs and cannon-crackers, the serious business of preparing for the finals was under way. On Friday the thirteenth, the seniors appeared before the examining board for their orals. All managed to make the passing grade, but the announcement of their relative ranks was deferred until the day of graduation. Then they would know who would make history as the first graduate of the college, graduating first in the first class.

There was great concern at the college also about the technical details of graduation. Efforts on the part of the faculty of the Jesuit institution to secure a charter from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had been unavailing. Prominent Catholic laymen, among them Orestes Brownson, had appeared before the committees in the State House in Boston, but the General Court had denied the Jesuits' petition for academic recognition. The faculty were therefore obliged to fall back on their organic connection with the mother-college of Georgetown, functioning under its Federal charter. Georgetown granted recognition to the College of the Holy Cross and agreed to accept the prospective graduates as members of her 1849 class. The diplomas arrived from Georgetown on July 13, to the great relief of the members of the graduating class. Now they were assured of the full pageantry of an official graduation.

As president of the debating society and as the outstanding student of his class, James was selected to deliver the valedictory address. For the next two weeks he wrote, polished, and practised his farewell speech. As the great day drew near, greetings arrived from home for both James and Hugh. The letters from Georgia gave the boys some further news. Next spring, Michael Healy announced, he would sell the plantation and move to New York, which would thereafter be the family's new home. He also warned the boys to remain at the college during the summer because of the prevalence of the cholera in Boston and New York.

The night before commencement day, James was melancholy. The other boys were walking up and down and about the school-yard singing "Home Sweet Home," and other nostalgic melodies.

Not having any place he could call home, and looking forward to departure from school, Jim was painfully lonely. He sauntered up the path to the top of the hill, walking about all by himself until bedtime.

Thursday, July 26, dawned bright and glorious. Everyone was awake and stirring at an early hour. The boys were all dressed in their Sunday best, and lined up to greet the early arrivals by eight-thirty. Bishop Fitzpatrick, accompanied by Bishop Odin of Texas and Father Mathew of Temperance Society fame, made his entry to the spirited music of the college band. The procession formed outside and paraded into the made-over study hall, now fitted out as an auditorium. The audience settled in their places, and the program was under way. Johnny Glover, stiff in his starched collar, spoke his piece, "The Bells of St. Regis," after the band had played the opening selection. Ned Boone was next. Then James rose to deliver his speech on "Moral Principles," lasting a half hour. On coming down from the stage amid the polite applause of the audience, James was greeted with a handshake by Father Mathew, sitting right in front during the whole time. It was kudos enough to receive oratorical recognition from the foremost Catholic orator of the day.

More triumphs ensued. After music and another speech, Dan Boone and Sherwood performed James' witty dialogue, "Little Man and Big Man," which turned out to be a vindication of the power and worth of the small of stature as over against the reputation of the giants and bullies of history. Pat Healy was next on the program, with a Spanish piece about Bunker Hill. Speech followed speech for another two hours, with some music interspersed among them. Old Orestes Brownson was there to hear and see his son John who declaimed an oration on Liberty.

After the "Farewell Quick Step" by the band, James arose to give the valedictory. His sentiments had already been delivered to the audience by Constantine Simms who recited the long poem James had composed, "Farewell to the College." But again, in touching and eloquent simplicity, James bade adieu to the College, to his

teachers, and to his fellow pupils, ending on a note of deep gratitude. "I then delivered the valedictory," he writes, "during which I was crying myself, and about a dozen of the boys also. Then after hearing 'Home Sweet Home' from the band, came the graduation. I am the first graduate, John Brownson second, Jack McCabe third, Hugh Healy fourth."

Thus ended the first commencement, after four and a half hours. Dinner followed for the guests of distinction, the Governor, Honest John Davis; Judge Allen; the bishops; Father Mathew; and all of the relatives of the graduates. James and Hugh were invited over to the table of the distinguished guests, because they had no relatives at the banquet. "There we laid in something to keep our spirits up under the parting." There were farewells and departures. Soon the college was deserted.

The four Healy brothers walked down to the station in Worcester to see the other boys off on the train. Some never-to-be-forgotten scenes occurred when the time of departure drew near. There were tears in James' eyes as he cheerfully waved goodbye to the friends who made him forget that he was an outcaste elsewhere.

After the trains left the boys went strolling about Worcester with other friends. They stopped in to hear the Ethiopian Serenaders, a group of Negro entertainers whose tomfoolery and musical antics furnished the boys with gales of laughter. They rode home to the college in carriages. James made his final remarks about it in these words:

Thus ends the eventful day. Many have left us and we shall never see them again. Many wept. But such is life. This only confirms me in my good resolution formed yesterday, of not setting my mind on this world nor the things of this world.

He was but re-echoing the farewell sermon given by Father Kennedy on the words of St. John, "Love not the world nor the things of this world, for he that loves the world has not the charity of the Father . . . for all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life." De-

terminated that he would not surrender his youth to the world and the devil and reserve his useless old age for God, James made the offering of his whole future to the service of his Maker.

Not long afterwards, his application was acted upon by the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal. Word came back that he would be admitted there, both to teach and to study his theology.

James spent the ensuing weeks in a well-earned vacation. He wrote an account of the graduation for the Boston *Pilot* and eagerly awaited its appearance. The lazy days of August were spent in fishing, hunting, hiking, picnicking, and ball-playing. The evenings were turned into songfests as one of the fathers brought out his violin and played and sang with the boys.

The Hill of Pleasant Springs gave them a pleasant summer. James prayed often, taking long walks up to the summit of the hill in the starlit nights to commune with God there upon the lonely heights. His Greatest Friend he found in this solitude and prayer. By mid-September, when he left for Montreal, this eternal Friendship had been deepened in his soul to such a degree that he was assured of his call by God to a special friendship with Him in the priesthood.

The Laughing Levite

James summed up his status in the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal by writing, in a letter to "Dad" Fenwick, "I am just about in the same reputation here as I was at Worcester, that is, a laughing, God-forgetting rascal, good enough when he behaves himself, a great lover of theology, especially dogma, and the classics." His gay, volatile manner persisted in spite of the crush of the Canadian winters which were upon him soon after he entered the seminary, September 25, 1849.

He readily adjusted himself to the seminary life. This he found to be quite like the rigid routine in which he had been trained at the Cross. There was the same inexorable bell to crash in upon his slumbers in the darkness before dawn. There was the same week-after-week schedule of prayer and class, of meals and recreation, of quietly spent holidays and silent retreats.

The initiation into the new life and its rigors was cushioned for James by the contingent of former Holy Cross students who were also pursuing studies for the priesthood in Montreal. These inducted James into the mysteries of Anglo-French relations within the nine-year-old seminary. With them he was subjected to the haughty disdain with which they were all regarded as Americans and English-speaking, and therefore a trifle suspect in their Catholicism. James and his fellow Americans laughed off the somewhat comic-opera seriousness with which the French Canadians approached the nationality problem. In course of time he mastered their language and grew rather fond of their thoroughly Catholic culture.

Entrusting his spiritual formation to the French Sulpicians, James found their spirituality congenial to his temperament and ambitions. He wrote in later life that Monsieur Olier was the main guide in his spiritual life. All through his subsequent years he recited, morning and night, the same pious French prayers he had

learned in the seminary. He followed the same method of mental prayer taught him by the Sulpicians. And he discovered streams of spiritual refreshment in the constant re-reading of the works of M. Olier. He never lived to regret that he had placed himself as a young fledgling in the hands of the Sulpicians for guidance in his flight toward God.

His happy spirit in the first fervor of his donning the seminarian's cassock carried him over the spells of homesickness that he owned up to occasionally. He missed his brothers, Hugh especially, and awaited almost too eagerly the arrival of the faithful letters that Hugh sent him. In the business world now, as a clerk in the wholesale dry-goods store of Manning, Smith and Ingoldsby at 160 Broadway in New York, Hugh wrote James to keep him informed of family news, of Pat and Sherwood's fortunes at the Cross, of the new addition to the Healy group there when Michael, age ten, came up to join them in 1849, and of developments in Georgia and Boston.

To all outward appearances, James continued through his first year as a laughing levite, jovial with the minor seminarians he taught and prefected, congenial with his spiritual father, Abbé Bayle, and a ray of Southern sunshine to his fellow seminarians.

But in the inner privacy of his room, and in the secret chambers of his heart there were ceaseless anxieties and struggles as the shadows of his out-caste position crossed his path to the altar. The first of these fell toward the end of his first year. For ordinations, even to tonsure and minor orders, James had to assemble a series of documents attesting his baptism, his reception of confirmation and communion, his parent's marriage, and his bishop's permission to go on to Holy Orders, known as the "exeat" or the dimissorial letters.

For the first of these there was not too much difficulty. James sent a letter to Patrick in the spring of 1850 asking him to have the record of their baptism transcribed from the Bible in which Father Moore had written it in 1844. Patrick was unable to find the record. In urgent need of the certificate, James wrote to "Dad" Fenwick June 10, 1850. The baptismal record was soon on its way to Montreal.

Not long after came a slow-traveling letter by boat and train from Georgia. Its black borders told of tragedy even before James opened it and read the sad news of his mother's last illness and death, May 19.¹ James' reaction to the blow is not recorded, but his fellow seminarians at Montreal, especially the alumni of the Cross, gave him the support of their sympathy and prayer. One of them, Mr. H. E. J. Hennis, sent a message to Pat and Sherwood at Worcester, conveying his sympathy for them in their recent affliction. James' letters to his brothers have not survived.

In anticipation of a reunion with their father in New York, Pat and Sherwood, accompanied by Michael, left Worcester shortly after Patrick's graduation on July 25. Pat had by this time made up his mind to become a Jesuit. He awaited only his father's consent before making formal application. Sherwood went to work as a clerk in a large wholesale store on Broadway, a position obtained for him by Hugh.

James in Montreal was doubly anxious for the reunion. He wished to secure from his father a copy of his marriage certificate, both for his own ordination and now also as a requisite for Patrick's future hopes. They were all awaiting news about the father's

¹ The record of his mother's death and this date for it are found in the Georgetown University Archives in the back of Patrick F. Healy's 1879 diary, where he lists the names, the birthdays and the date of death of all of the family up to that time. There is also a record of the mother's death in a report of the 1850 Census still preserved in Jones County archives as "Schedule 3: Deaths of White and Colored Persons" during the year ending June 1850 in Division 47 of the County of Jones, enumerated by C. A. Pitts, assistant marshal. One of the persons listed is Eliza Healy (though spelled Elizer Healey), age thirty-seven, sex female, color mulatto, a slave, born in Georgia, and month of death, April. For the cause of death only the word "sudden" is entered on the form. These primary documents are of course in conflict with the many stories about the mother's survival and her transfer to the North after the death of her husband. There is not the least documentary evidence to support the stories. No records of expenses in behalf of a widow are found in any of the ten annual reports of the executors of the Healy estate. The survival hypothesis is but a legend, one of many that were drolly attached to this unusual family.

plans to wind up his affairs in Georgia when another black-bordered harbinger of death came up from the South. It was the announcement of the sudden death of Michael Morris Healy, August 29, 1850. Following a recent report that he had been in excellent health, the news was a shattering blow for the Healy boys, and a threat to their whole future.

For James, the death of his father posed the question as to whether he would have to leave the seminary to work for the support of the five younger children, three of them stranded in Georgia.

Other questions also worried him. Would his father's will be filed and executed as he had written it in 1845? Would the court in Georgia disallow the transfer to New York of the proceeds from the sale of the plantation, on the basis of the technicality of their birth in slavery? What would become of the younger children, now that their sole protector was gone?

Months of anxiety passed before James could learn the answers. By October Hugh transmitted to him the assurance that Mr. Manning had received from the Mayor of Macon, Hon. George M. Logan. He inquired in Jones County and found that the will had been filed on September 9, and was legal and feasible. The court had already ordered an official inventory and appraisal of the goods and chattels of the estate. By September 20 that was filed also. Personal property was valued at more than eight thousand dollars, the land at ten thousand, and the slaves at twenty-two thousand. The judge ordered the executors to hire out the Negroes in accordance with the provisions of the will, and to arrange for the public sale of the land and goods.

Enough money was realized from these sources to put at rest the worries that James experienced. The land brought in more than its appraised value, and this, plus the proceeds from the public auction held on the plantation on December 16, were in course of time forwarded to John Manning in New York as the trustee. The hire of the slaves brought in more than fifteen hundred dollars annually.

It appears from the records that Hugh risked the dangers of a

trip back to the state that still claimed him as a slave. He returned to take custody of the three younger children, Josephine, Eliza, and Eugene. These he brought to New York and placed under the care of his landlady who agreed to mother the little orphans. They were baptized in St. Francis Xavier Church in New York on June 13 of the following year.

Hugh thus relieved James' mind of a great weight of worry. He had also given Patrick free access to the novitiate of the Jesuit order which he had entered September 17, 1850. Both of the brothers thus owed their pursuit of their life-ambition to the generosity of Hugh in shouldering what should have been a common responsibility of all of the four older boys.

But all of James and Pat's worries were not over. There was still the question of securing the marriage certificate of their parents, and the dimissorial letters of the bishop of Savannah. In quest of both of these, James wrote a number of letters to Bishop Fitzpatrick during the school term of 1850-1851. His good friend and spiritual foster-father had promised that he would take the matter up personally with Bishop Gartland of Savannah.

Before anything transpired, James wrote back to Bishop Fitzpatrick requesting him not to investigate the matter in Georgia through the good offices of Bishop Gartland. For James was torn on the horns of a dilemma. He needed to wait for the slow-moving process of settling the estate to get under way and toward completion before he dare make a move toward seeking his parents' marriage certificate. He feared that inquiries in this area might bring undue probing into the case on the part of some of the authorities in Georgia. There they might uncover the actual marital status and consequently the position of the heirs before the law. That might result in the confiscation of the entire estate. This in turn would necessitate James' abandonment of his vocation in order to go to work for the support of the younger children.

The harassed seminarian was at his wits' end. He wrote to "Dad" Fenwick for help and guidance in his predicament, March 19, 1851:

Dear Dad,

I am sometimes in great trouble, which no one understands except my confessor. Every letter from Hugh seems to add new afflictions. That poor little brother of ours, whom you have with you, can pay nothing until next Jan[uary] at the soonest. We are all completely "in statu quo" not knowing which way to turn. (I won't mind writing that just now). I am in pretty good health and spirits. A little cloud now and then. . . . If you have heard any news of my exeat, Dad, I should like to know. The bishop promised to look after it and I am now almost at the end of the second year, and no signs of it yet. I am afraid that Boston will not be the place after all. Nothing of this to the Bishop or anyone else. Only watch the course of things. I am afraid there is a screw loose. Well, "God wills it" and that is sufficient. I have never passed a day without a remembrance of many among you. . . .

James A. Healy

Another month went by and still there was no progress in the matter of the exeat. The ordination date had been set for mid-June. The list of ordinands was being drawn up with all of the preliminary examinations and papers. Yet James had no assurance that he would be able to go up for orders with the 1851 class. His fellow classmates were becoming inquisitive. When told that he did not yet wear the tonsure because he could not get his papers together, quizzical eyebrows were raised and rumors started. James states that he was becoming a little notorious among the clergy of the city. "Everybody is surprised that I have not yet received even the clerical tonsure."

The theology teacher who was also his spiritual father was a further source of quandaries. When consulted about the matter of the parents' marriage contrary to the state laws, he observed that some theologians contended that such a marriage was null and void. He further urged the objection that even if it were not invalid from that standpoint, it might have been so because of an impediment arising from the fact that his mother was not baptized. And even if it were valid on both these points, the marriage had to be proved canonically by the presentation of some certificate, either

civil or ecclesiastical, before the bishop could clear him of all impediments to ordination, especially the one of technical illegitimacy.

In his distress, Jim wrote again to Father Fenwick, April 10, 1851, acquainting him with the full details of the case, asking him to speak to Bishop Fitzpatrick about the matter when he went to Boston for Holy Week, but begging him not to "give the affair any chance of becoming public." He admitted that their case was much more generally known around Boston than he had supposed, but he still pleaded with "Dad" to be cautious and prudent.

Relief came within the next few weeks. Bishop Fitzpatrick wrote to the head of the seminary and cleared the way for his protégé's ordination with the 1851 class of candidates for minor orders. On June 14, Monseigneur Demers conferred the tonsure and the four minor orders on James in the Cathedral of Montreal. The first stage of his journey toward the priesthood was completed.

Next month, further happiness was added. James traveled down to Worcester again for the annual commencement. There on July 24 he was awarded the Master of Arts degree. John Brownson also received the honor along with James. This happy reunion with his old classmates and with many former schoolmates and teachers brought a glow anew to James' heart. There was much talk among the graduates of following in his footsteps to Montreal, and at least five of the boys from the Cross enrolled there for the next session.

In New York for a few weeks with the rest of the family, James persuaded Sherwood to abandon the tedious and pointless tasks of clerkship in a warehouse in favor of the pursuit of higher things in the seminary. Sherwood agreed to go at the end of the next year, holding out until September 1852.

By that time James had been encouraged to cross the ocean and transfer to the more famous Sulpician Seminary in Paris. After receiving the subdiaconate, June 5, 1852, James set sail for Europe and Saint Sulpice. He was ambitious for a career as a professor of philosophy and theology and believed that the training in Paris would better equip him for that life work than would the Canadian school. There was enough income now from the family estate to

warrant the expense of the ocean voyage. Hugh joined with Bishop Fitzpatrick in encouraging the transfer.

Before leaving for Europe, however, James agreed with Hugh that Michael should be entered in school in Quebec. He had run away from Holy Cross in the first of his breaks for a life of wanderlust and adventure. The French school did not quiet him. Before the year was out, he had run away again.

Other family affairs were also settled by the brothers before James left. Martha, who had been attending school in the Notre Dame nuns' academy in Montreal, was sent back to continue her education there. She evinced leanings toward the sisterhood, and within a year would be admitted to the novitiate. The two younger girls were also sent to Montreal to be with their older sister. Eugene remained with his non-Catholic foster mother in New York.

Patrick too seemed well contented with his vocation. He took his vows on September 27, 1852 and was soon after assigned to teach at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. His letters to "Dad" Fenwick reveal the authentic stamp of the Jesuit vocation that his two years' training in the novitiate had left upon him. Thoroughly devoted to the order, he threw himself into his first assignment with zeal and manifest competence.

With the family affairs straightened out, James was able to walk up the gangplank of the boat in New York that would take him to Paris, freed of all of his worries. Hugh was there to see him off, jolly, trustworthy, dependable Hugh, twin of his soul, closest to him in disposition and temperament. It was good to be able to leave everything in Hugh's capable hands and to set off for Europe with no worries to distract from the sacred tasks ahead. There were tears of gratitude in James' eyes as he said farewell to the brother whose self-sacrifice was making possible his own continuance in his vocation to the priesthood.

James fell in love with Paris at first sight. He found it a "most wonderful city," and even though he was soon swallowed up in the seclusion of the Sulpician Seminary at Issy, he daily learned more and more of its magnificence as he and his companions walked

the narrow streets to the central Saint Sulpice for their classes in theology. Louis Napoleon had just taken over as Emperor of the French and had brought order into the chaotic conditions precipitated by the unstable politics of the past five years.

James is lost from sight in the quiet routine of the seminary life. Sporadic letters from home kept him informed of affairs across the ocean, the most disturbing of which was that Sherwood was in a sea of doubts about his vocation, grimly holding on in spite of bad health in the trying Canadian winter. James recommended that he also transfer to Paris, where the atmosphere was much more agreeable than in Montreal.

By the end of the year, Sherwood had left Montreal. He had witnessed his sister's reception as a postulant in the Congregation of Notre Dame in the late spring, but shortly after school closed he went to Boston to spend the vacation with the Bolands, and to have his eyes looked after by a Boston doctor. It was almost the end of the summer before they were well enough to enable him to decide on persevering in his seminary studies—in Paris.

On August 14, James sat down to write a chatty and cheerful letter to Hugh. It told of his anticipation of a vacation somewhere on the coast of Normandy, of his plans for a future career as a teacher of philosophy or theology in France or America, and his deep concern for both Sherwood and little Eugene. He posted the letter and went off for his few weeks' vacation at the seashore. Hugh never received the letter. By the time it arrived, he was dead, a victim of a tragedy consequent on Sherwood's departure for France.

It was on September 1 that the blow struck. Hugh had come down to the wharf to see Sherwood aboard his ship for France. He said goodbye to his brother. Then he went down to another wharf where he was accustomed to take a daily row in the harbor for exercise. His doctor had warned him against these excursions. They had caused him to be drenched in the rains and to catch colds and fevers.

Nevertheless, that day Hugh hired a skiff and rowed out to

watch Sherwood's boat pass on the way down the river. As he sat in the skiff in midstream, a steamboat came from behind. It struck and swamped his boat. In his panic, Hugh lost his oars. An expert swimmer, he managed to get the submerged boat back to the bank. In the process, he had swallowed great gulps of the murky water.

Shaken with excitement and fright, Hugh went home sick. A fever seized him that night. Next day, in spite of the warnings of his friends, he insisted on going to work. By evening he was prostrate with typhoid. In a few days, his mind began to wander. He was given the last sacraments by Father Ferand, one of the Jesuits from St. Francis Xavier's Church. Patrick was summoned to his dying brother's bedside when the fever entered the last stages a fortnight later. On Saturday, September 17, he began to sink as the clock struck ten in the morning. By ten-fifteen, he was dead. A slight motion of the arms was all that Pat observed as he stood over the bed, holding back the tears.

Pat made arrangements for the funeral. Some painful incidents occurred when he endeavored to have the funeral in the Cathedral, and burial in the Cathedral cemetery of New York. He entered in his diary only that Hugh Clark Healy was "buried in Calvary, grave 7, plot G, range 2."

Responsibility for the younger children temporarily devolved on Patrick's shoulders. He made a quick trip to Montreal to arrange for the sheltering of Eliza and Josephine in the Convent of Saint Jean. Michael he sent to Holy Cross. But when he returned to Philadelphia, he wrote to James insisting that he come back to the country and settle in some diocese to fulfill his prior obligation of caring for the children. His letters to Father Fenwick urged "Dad" also to use his influence with James to secure his early return.

In Paris, the news of Hugh's death was a blow beneath the heart for James. Sherwood had arrived for a happy reunion the day before the sad news came. So shocked was Jim by the sudden death of his favorite brother that he went about the seminary all day, muttering over and over, "Hugh is dead, Hugh is dead!" He was

inconsolable. It was the severest stroke that ever befell him, as he owned later to Father Fenwick.

James saw his dreams dissolve in the depths of his bitter chalice. When he had recovered from the first soul-shattering blow, he began to reshape his plans for the future. He had hoped to be able to devote at least another year to intense study of philosophy and theology. Then he had planned on a full twelvemonth of prayer and seclusion in some monastery in order if possible to render himself less unworthy of being an example to those whom he hoped to instruct in the science of theology and of the saints. These plans for leisurely study and contemplation were jettisoned. He agreed with Pat that he should return to the States as soon as he was ordained. As he had not yet received the diaconate, it would be late spring before he could complete his preparations for the sacred anointing. He wrote Pat that he would finish out his final year and prepare for ordination on Trinity Sunday.

Meanwhile, Patrick had been assigned to teach and prefect at Holy Cross. The institution had been closed as a result of a devastating fire in 1852. At Bishop Fitzpatrick's urging, the Jesuits decided to raise the school from its ashes. Pat took charge of the twenty-seven boys who enrolled in October, among them his brother Michael. In an effort to explain why Michael ran away from school, he wrote to "Dad" Fenwick, November 23:

Father, I will be candid with you. Placed in a college as I am, over boys who were well acquainted either by sight or hearing with me and my brothers, remarks are sometimes made (though not in my hearing) which wound my very heart. You know to what I refer. The anxiety of mind caused by these is very intense. I have with me a younger brother, Michael. He is obliged to go through the same ordeal. You may judge of my situation at periods. "At periods," I say, for thanks to God, I have felt this affliction but once since my return. I trust that all this will wear away; though I feel that whilst we live here with those who have known us but too well, we shall always be subject to some such degrading misfortune. Providence seems to have decided thus. I will say no more of this now. . . .

The same worry haunted James as he persevered through the routine life of Saint Sulpice, preparing for the diaconate December 16, and looking forward to the sacred day of ordination, June 10. He deepened his life of prayer, spending long hours in the devotional, if chilly, chapel of Saint Sulpice, with its plain bare walls adorned only with the large beautiful paintings over the altar and on the side walls. Living now in the central house in Paris, the young seminarian absorbed the deep spirituality of the revered Sulpicians who had gone from its halls to the guillotine in the French Revolution.

He spoke often of his uncertainty about the future in his conversations with Sherwood, now residing in Issy, and doing wonders in philosophy. He had already achieved the reputation as one of the deepest thinkers in the class, and the climate and manner of life agreed with him so much that he was putting on weight and revelling in the intellectual rivalry of the institution. In a letter to Patrick his bubbling enthusiasm for Abbé Branchereau, his principal teacher, is revealed, as well as his sharpened sense of philosophical verities, even though he suspected some of its Malebranchian and ontologistic exaggerations.

For James, the months before ordination were marred by his worries about the future. Bishop Fitzpatrick, who was in Europe during the latter months of James' stay in Paris, assured him again that he would be welcome to exercise the priestly functions in Boston. But James was not at all certain that, now that their Georgia background was known so broadly in church circles in Boston, he would be well received and recognized as a priest. Would he be able to function with dignity while people whispered about him as they did of Patrick and Michael? Would they refuse to attend church when he was scheduled for saying Holy Mass? Could he show his face in Boston and still hope that people would not be estranged from the Church because of all of the feelings against the abolitionists in certain religious groups? Would people actually come to confession and receive the other sacramental ministrations when it was discovered that he was the priestly ministrant?

These anxieties worried the young ordinand even up to the time

of his sacred anointing. But nevertheless, with his full trust in God, he went ahead. His name was among those read out for the awesome initiation in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, June 10, 1854. He knelt before Archbishop Sibour to be anointed a priest forever, and he returned from that inspiring ceremony with new hope for the future. Next day he quietly offered his first Mass in the Chapel of St. Sulpice assisted by Father Carrières, and served by his brother Sherwood.

He stayed on in Paris and northern Europe for another month as a companion of Bishop Fitzpatrick and Father Haskins, with whom he struck up a lasting friendship. In his company he visited the slums of Paris and the institutions that dredged up the waifs and strays to harbor them against the waves of demoralization in the underworld, and to fit them for a respectable life later on. As founder of the Guardian Angel House in Boston, Father Haskins was on the search for new methods of rehabilitating the victims of slum life. Young Father Healy could never forget the indignation with which Haskins literally shook the dust off his feet as they emerged from a huge institution where five hundred boys were kept in almost solitary confinement, permitted to see only one teacher at a time, never allowed to play or romp with the other inmates.

The stunning revelations of the slums that lay behind Paris' gay façade woke a deep social consciousness in the new priest's soul. From those weeks he marked the beginnings of his social apostolate that cast into the background of his ambition the brilliant but prideful career of a seminary professor hitherto envisioned for himself.

James accompanied Father Haskins on his tour through the Netherlands and into England and Ireland, visiting all of the welfare institutions within reach. They joined Bishop Fitzpatrick for the return to the United States in early August 1854. Before leaving, the bishop assured Sherwood that he too would be a welcome addition to his staff of priests in the diocese of Boston. But neither he nor James was at all certain that they would not have to bury themselves in the seclusion of a religious order, if the experiment of a part-Negro pastor in a white church did not turn out successfully.

Part Two

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Bishop John and Father James

"The mercy of God has placed a poor outcast on a throne of glory that ill becomes him. If I could have been as safe elsewhere as here, I should have desired never to show my face in Boston." So James described to "Dad" Fenwick the mingled feelings that troubled his soul as he embarked on his career in Bishop John Fitzpatrick's diocese. He knew that his story was whispered from mouth to mouth in the churchlore of the Boston Catholics. He feared this would render it impossible for him to aspire to a dignified and fruitful ministry among them.

To all of his forebodings Bishop John constantly opposed a cheerful and optimistic countenance. He insisted that the family's African blood was not a substantial objection to their advancement in the Church. He pressed James to go ahead, cut the moorings of his fears, and launch out into the deep as a fisher of men. He urged his protégé to presume that the deep-rooted faith of the parishioners would prevail over their shallow prejudice or racial antipathies.

James slipped quietly into Bishop John's first assignment for him. The *Boston Pilot* gave him but the briefest notice soon after his arrival. In the issue of August 26, 1854 was the little item:

Rt. Reverend and Beloved Bishop Fitzpatrick returned on the Cunard Steamer Friday, August 18, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Haskins and Rev. Mr. Healy, a new brother, whose entrance into this portion of the vineyard of our Lord is heartily welcomed.

His first hospitable host among the clergy was Father Haskins himself. Father James was appointed as his assistant in the Moon Street Church and in the House of the Guardian Angel. It was here that the "poor outcast" won the first of those conquests that were to make him one of the best loved priests of the diocese.

There were more than a hundred boys in Father Haskins' House of the Guardian Angel, crowded together within the confines of the flats of a North Square house to which the institution had been moved from its first location on Moon Street Court. In the three years of its existence it had become a haven for the urchins who had roamed homelessly about the wharfs and streets of Boston, eking out a few pennies by selling papers, shining shoes, or running errands. Some had lost their parents in the merciless steerages of the Yankee and British transports that hauled them like cattle from famine-crippled Ireland. Others became orphaned in the equally merciless slums of the Yankee landlords in which they were huddled by the thousands. In the wharfside tenements of the North End and the South End the Irish ghettos were teeming with life—and with cholera, typhoid, tuberculosis, and misery.

With both the boys and the slum-dwellers, Father James was soon a familiar figure. He moved about among the poor of the North end parish of St. John's quietly and unobtrusively. He courageously visited the cholera victims to administer the last Sacraments, and comfort them in their dying moments. There were no questions asked when Father Healy rushed to their homes to answer their desperate call for a priest. He came as a holy messenger from God, bearing the presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament as viaticum for the dying. He was warmly received by the immigrant poor, themselves wayfarers and outcasts in a strange and foreign land.

The waifs at the House of the Angel Guardian also greeted Father James as a welcome visitor. With his rich baritone voice and his mastery of music, he soon became a popular guest for afternoon and evening entertainments. He taught them to sing in the midst of their drab and friendless life. He organized them into a boys' choir. Weeks and months of training prepared them for their first public concert in Tremont Temple the following St. Patrick's Day. That was the beginning of their tours of New England which raised a large part of the funds for their new home in Roxbury.

While caring for the orphans in the home, Father James did not

forget his own orphaned brothers and sisters. He was a frequent visitor at the Roxbury home of Mrs. Johnston where his youngest brother had been living for the past year in foster care. Patrick had removed him from the Protestant landlady in New York shortly after Hugh's death, and, at Bishop Fitzpatrick's recommendation, had placed Eugene with the Roxbury family. To the five-year-old lad James became a second father, almost spoiling him with the presents and candies he brought on each visit.

To his sisters in Montreal, Father James had dispatched Patrick in early September, being unable to make the trip himself. Patrick was commissioned to look into their business affairs and their health and happiness at their boarding school. He also was to secure their consent to James' plans for rectifying the incongruous situation in which he found himself, his brothers, and his sisters in reference to the Georgia Negroes. James had sensed the inappropriateness of slave-owning on the part of a priest, a seminarian, a Jesuit scholastic, and a nun. He therefore had resolved to wind up that part of the Georgia estate as soon as possible, even before Eugene reached the age of twenty-one.

The consent of the other heirs having been obtained, Mr. Manning was directed to order the executors in Georgia to dispose of the slaves. It was still against the law in Georgia to manumit them. The executors consequently offered them for sale. On January 5, 1855, fifty-one were disposed of by the estate for a proper value of almost thirty thousand dollars. Within the next year the last six were also released to buyers for another thirty-five hundred dollars. There were defaults on the payment of some of these accounts, most of which were on long-term credit to the local farmers. But in 1855 Manning received more than thirteen thousand dollars for the estate. Each year thereafter a few thousand more were transmitted to New York until the case was finally wound up in 1861.

Family affairs were thus all well-adjusted, except one. Michael was still a problem. After he had run away from the Cross right under the nose of Patrick as head prefect, James had decided to send him to school in France, once he had convinced him of the neces-

sity of getting an education. But before the year was out, the restless lad had run away again, shipping out as a cabin boy. He was now past fifteen years of age and mature and independent. James decided to let him sail before the mast as his chosen career. Michael was in and out of Boston every few months with a fresh tale of new adventures. Before long, he had achieved his boyhood ambition to sail around the world.

Bishop Fitzpatrick meanwhile had matured his plans for Father James' future career. Before the year 1854 was out, he determined to give him his first promotion. In a move to relieve himself of some of the administrative burdens of his growing diocese, Bishop John transferred Father James to the Cathedral staff, made him his personal secretary, and authorized him to set about the organization of the diocesan chancery office.

External affairs were consuming a great deal of Bishop John's time and energy. When he returned from Europe in the autumn of 1854, he had been confronted with a serious recrudescence of anti-Catholic feeling and agitation in Boston and Massachusetts. Nativist movements were nothing new to the Bay State. As the immigrant tides of the thirties and forties had mounted, the none-too-proper Bostonians had sensed a threat to their tight little peninsular life. Their easy tolerance of the earlier Irish as soldiers of the Revolution, as handy domestics, day laborers, stevedores, and petty shopkeepers, had yielded to a bitter anti-immigrant and anti-Catholic prejudice. The burning of the Charlestown convent in 1834 and the anti-Irish riots of the next decade had been open manifestations of the nativist feeling. Alternating with periods of verbal violence, these demonstrations had continued into the fifties, culminating in the Know-Nothingism of 1854.

For the November elections of that year emotions were whipped up to fury. October 7 saw the tarring and feathering of Father John Bapst in Ellsworth, Maine, by a mob of angry Know-Nothings. In Massachusetts, the electioneering proceeded with unprecedented bitterness. The result was a complete sweep of the Bay State by the anti-Irish party. The Know-Nothings elected 376 of the 379 mem-

bers of the lower House, and all of the senators in the state legislature. Henry J. Gardiner, the Know-Nothing candidate, won the governorship. His term ushered in their official campaign of political intimidation of the Catholic minority.

Bishop Fitzpatrick was obliged to engage in public political battle with these victory-flushed politicians. To help him in the writing of his speeches and his letters, and to assist with the routine business of his office as bishop, Father James was called in frequently, even before he moved to the bishop's house in December 1854. Before going, James was of mixed emotions about the prospective change. He wrote to Father "Dad" Fenwick, December 22:

I am soon to remove to the bishop's; I could have done so before this if there had been room for me; but his new house left him not a single room to spare until he hired the upper story of the adjoining building. I am to be his secretary and perhaps will have charge of St. Vincent's Church—though I am afraid of such a burden, not only on account of the responsibility, but on account of my health which I think will be broken down by the duties attendant upon that charge. An immense number of confessions are to be heard; and every Sunday I should be obliged to say two Masses, preach twice, and sing vespers. My throat is already suffering in consequence of an imprudence in taxing it, and I am afraid that the winter will be passed before it is perfectly well again. Could you not obtain for me strength of throat, but much rather strength of soul, from Our Lady of the Novitiate? I would be eternally grateful to Her that gave it and to you who obtained it. If that makes you laugh, you must nevertheless not forget to pray for me, that I may be able to fulfil nothing else but the adorable Will of Almighty God. . . .

In spite of his fears, James accepted the appointment and threw himself into his new work with zest and zeal. It meant that he would be able to make some personal return to the spiritual father who had brought him into the Church from the Quaker school, and who had been his mainstay through all of the passing years. Now at last he could justify the immense confidence that Bishop John had placed in him and could vindicate his optimistic judgment about the "poor outcast."

In the early months of 1855, Father James undertook the dual apostolate that Bishop John outlined for him. He lived at the Franklin Street rectory, took his turn ministering in both St. Vincent's Church on Purchase Street and in the Cathedral itself. He is listed as the bishop's preacher for pontifical high Masses, and often as the celebrant of the high Mass on important feast days. He became a popular favorite with some of the Cathedral parishioners who were captivated by his strong, plain, and clear sermons. Still carried on by the first fervor of his newly acquired priestly powers, he communicated a sense of the holy in his ordinary homilies. At least one of the parishioners wrote to Father Fenwick in praise of his former pupil, and when "Dad" re-routed some of these bouquets to James, the young priest wrote (March 22, 1855):

... I am at the Cathedral, much to the satisfaction of some young lady, as would appear from the citation contained in your letter. It is all gas. I write my sermons, but neither read nor commit them to memory. I *talk* simply and to the point, follow a regular and clear plan, and if she thinks it is *so, so* charming, I wish her joy of it. I do not know who she is nor do I care to know.

James added that he was well satisfied with his work in all respects. He was not downhearted, but "as gay and light of heart" as he ever was. Patrick added further confirmation to this by telling "Dad" Fenwick that James was actually putting on weight in his new assignment.

But there were worries for Bishop John and Father James, and for all Boston Catholics. On March 26, 1855, all were stunned by the measures taken by the Know-Nothings of the State House. A "Nunnery Committee" of twenty-six descended upon the privacy of the Sisters of Notre Dame in their Roxbury Convent. They proceeded to carry out the legislature's commission to inspect its sacred precincts. Without warning, and with utter disregard for decency and privacy, they invaded the house, striking terror into the school children and the nuns alike.

The mother superior offered to conduct them about the convent. Disregarding this courteous offer, the two dozen long-noses spread through the house, opening closets, invading bedrooms, inspecting the sisters' private apparel, and even disturbing a sick child kept abed by illness in one of the rooms. They violated the sacredness of the cloister and the chapel, talking raucously where silence usually reigned, and insisting on examining a sister in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, much to her distress. They insulted the sisters by searching for traces of the opposite sex in the cloister, and for evidences of the immorality that existed in the searchers' evil minds.

All Catholic Boston was aroused to indignation at the outrage. Bishop John Fitzpatrick came to the defense of the cloistered nuns. He wrote a strong protest letter which he deputed his secretary to transmit to the legislature. In a masterly way, he rallied all of the forces of decency and order against the violators of the sacredness of the religious house of women consecrated to God. The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, under the editorship of Charles and Nathan Hale, took up the cause of the sisters. Appealing to the guarantees of the Bill of Rights against unreasonable search, they stated that "the Revolution was fought in vain if the great American principles of private right and domestic security are now to be set at naught."

The storm of protest became increasingly embarrassing for the Nunnery Committee. It was ultimately disbanded and the affair hushed up. But in the process, Bishop John had given Father James many a valuable lesson in coping with Yankee bigotry.

In the months that followed, Bishop John initiated Father James into many more of the facets of his work. With a view to establishing him in the role of chancellor (to which office he was officially named on June 24, 1855), Bishop John delegated many of his routine powers to Father James. The young priest took charge of the bishop's account books, his ordinary day-to-day expenditures, his granting of dispensations for marriages, and his settlement of marriage cases short of the final decree itself. Routine correspondence with the sixty-one priests scattered through the state, with the numerous seminarians in the Maryland colleges, in Canadian and

foreign seminaries, and with religious orders of men and women working in the diocese was all handled by the new chancellor.

Father James became a regular and constant companion of the bishop on his confirmation excursions, his parish visitations, his inspection of institutions, his gracing of formal church occasions, and his vacations. He took over the office of Master of Ceremonies for all important ceremonies at the Cathedral: the ordinations, the pontifical high Masses, the special services for the great feasts. He became the efficient expeditor of Bishop John's major functions and relieved him of the pressure of the maddening meticulousities of his office.

The fond bishop and his devoted secretary became a pair of familiar figures in church circles around Boston and in rural Massachusetts. The Irish Catholics who idolized Bishop John learned to associate with his beloved presence the little "Father James" who accompanied him like a shadow wherever he went.

The contrast between the two was remarkable enough to lend a note of whimsicality to their obviously sincere friendship. Bishop John was tall and well proportioned, with a stately and majestic dignity that befitted his consciousness of his high office. Father James was of diminutive stature, though his erect and military bearing lent him a dignity out of proportion to his size. Bishop John had a Daniel Webster forehead, high, domelike, and prominent. Father James on the contrary, though he had a massive head, still displayed the full head of hair, somewhat bushy and thick. His hairline was high enough to be associated with intelligence and his live eyes and precision of gait and activity lent confirmation to the impress of high mental power. Bishop John had a calm and devotional mien, a bit dreamy-eyed in repose, emotional, kind to the point of folly. Father James was rather more direct and matter-of-fact, with a business-like air about him.

The two distinct personalities shared many interests in common besides those of their clerical calling and professional offices. Both had a flair for and an easy conversance with music. Bishop John would sit at the piano and beguile the hours with classical and

popular music, even singing the plantation songs of the old South. For the entertainment of the household on the long winter evenings, he sang these with an Irish abandon, reminding James of his own father back in the distant days of his Georgia youth. With his rich melodious voice, Father James joined his deep resonance in harmony with the cultured voice of his episcopal friend. With the other priests on a vacation at the seashore, they harmonized in a way that showed the closeness of their camaraderie and their spirit of mutual understanding.

There is no doubt that Father James kept Bishop John before him as the model for his priestly and episcopal life. From Bishop John, the young priest learned the priestly habit of quiet affability, sincere love for the souls of children, direct contact with the people of his flock, and deep pastoral regard for all souls in his care. Together the good bishop and his faithful secretary tramped about the slums of Boston, visiting the sick, doling out their meager funds to the poor, calling in at the wakes of the aged, and attending to the fate of the orphaned children.

There was a chronic cholera epidemic in Boston at the time, surging up and subsiding with the changes of the weather. Typhoid was a constant menace in the hovels of the poor, owing to the tainted water supply of the city. These and other diseases took their toll of the immigrants and evoked from the bishop and his right-hand man the ceaseless sympathy and charity of their hearts. Both rebelled against the iron laws that barred their entry into the public hospitals for religious ministrations to the stricken sufferers.

When the new boatloads of immigrants docked at the wharf in Boston, the bishop and his secretary were often there to meet the newcomers. Both spoke with an added Irish brogue in greeting the arrivals from the old sod. It was a warm friendly Catholic welcome that the exiles received on landing on the inhospitable shore of Massachusetts.

As the years went by, Father James deepened his love for the work of this bishop who took St. Charles Borromeo as his patron

and guide in this old-fashioned interpretation of the duties of his office.

There was another side to the Bishop's personality that Father James also learned well during his apprenticeship under Fitzpatrick. From him the little priest won a mastery of the secret way to tame and rule an Irish congregation. The power of the stronger will to override their strong wills, of the stubborn tenacity of purpose to outlast their obstinacy, of the wall-shaking voice to shout down their tumultuous murmurings was not lost on Father Healy. This mingling of the *fortiter* and the *suaviter* was well balanced in the public behavior of Bishop John. Father James discovered how to hold together an Irish congregation: give them deep proofs of intense affection to capture their sentimentality, and couple this with an iron determination to bend their rebellious wills to duty.

From Bishop John also the priest acquired a basic strategy for his approach to the non-Catholic Yankees of Boston and New England. He saw that they respected a fearless and vocal righteousness when it sprang from an unimpeachable patriotism and invoked the principles of the Constitution. He became convinced of the wisdom of a program of patience in face of the insane bigotry of the lunatic fringe, and he thoroughly seconded Bishop John in his excursions through the crowded streets of the tenement districts, urging his flock not to retaliate in kind when the Know-Nothings were abroad spoiling for a riot.

Thus it was under the gentle tutelage of one of the three great American bishops of the age that Father Healy served his formative years of apprenticeship. Gradually, his reticence vanished. The bar sinister that he imagined to be across his path of progress and advancement dissolved. The passing years enabled him to become thoroughly adjusted to the fact that his people were accepting him fully as a good holy priest, were hanging on his words as inspired, and were tendering him the revered friendship they saw the bishop himself render him as his secretary, chancellor, and companion. Gradually too, the ambition began to form within Father James'

soul to aspire to higher service of God, as a pastor, and perhaps even some day as a bishop like Bishop John.

Meanwhile, Bishop John was also encouraging his two other protégés, Patrick and Sherwood. He was gratified when Father James informed him in 1856 that Sherwood had transferred to Rome to study at the Apollonio, and would be ordained in another two years. Before then, Patrick too would be assigned to study in Rome, though the climate would so disagree with him as to oblige him to transfer to Louvain for his final studies.

To both of his brothers, Father James transmitted the spiritual guidance and inspiration he was receiving from Bishop John. Thus on December 24, 1856, Patrick (while still teaching at Holy Cross) wrote to Father Fenwick to tell him of his brother's influence on his ideals:

Yesterday I received a very pious note from James (and he is becoming very much so now-a-days) in which he gave me some very salutary advice and made the proposal of commencing a new and more perfect life for the new year. The proposal is made in all sincerity, and I shall endeavor to live up to it. James desires that I should become a real Jesuit, such as he has met: a man of interior spirit, of deep religious feelings, a model and leader of souls to God. You must pray that his wish be verified.

James had tempered the advice with a Christmas present to his younger brother: a new pair of ice skates, which Patrick put to good use in the excellent skating weather they were having. He added in his letter to "Dad" Fenwick that James was working like a major and had rendered himself quite a favorite by his assiduity and fervor, having the reputation of being the most satisfactory preacher among the clergy in Boston, with his simple and pious style.

Bishop John increased Father James' responsibilities in 1857. Ordered to take a full year's rest in quest of a restoration of health, Bishop Fitzpatrick appointed Father John Williams as his vicar-general and transferred him from his position as rector of the Cathedral to the post of pastor of St. James Church in South End.

The prelate absented himself from Boston for months on end, spending much time at Holy Cross and in the Adirondacks. Spells of dizziness and general debility obliged him to remain in a semi-invalid condition when he did return to Boston. The brunt of his duties fell to his faithful secretary and chancellor, Father James. The vicar-general was almost completely submerged in the cares of the largest parish in the diocese.

Father James accordingly had to handle an ever increasing burden of official episcopal duties. There were new parishes to be organized for the ever growing immigrant Catholics. There were new churches to be authorized and built, new schools to erect, abandoned Protestant church buildings to purchase, new missions to be established in the country districts. There were arrangements to be made with visiting bishops for conferring of confirmation and Holy Orders. There were seminarians to be examined for admission and new priests applying to the diocese for incardination. All these matters were handled in large part by the hard-working and conscientious chancellor, and his many transactions are recorded in the Boston Diocese *Memoranda* for these years and in the official *Episcopal Register*, the latter kept, after May 1859, in Father Healy's own handwriting.

By late 1859, Bishop John was again back in harness. His months at the Cross and in the mountains of New York had restored some of his vigor, even though the "cerebral congestion" which the doctor diagnosed allowed him to engage in only the lightest sort of concentration and administrative work. But he could still dream his high dreams of the future. And high on the list of dreams to be realized was the building of a new worthy Cathedral for Boston, now growing to be one of the largest dioceses of the country.

The old Cathedral on Franklin Street was obviously dated and doomed. Built in 1802 by the pioneer priests Fathers Matignon and Cheverus with the aid of much non-Catholic money, the simple structure had served the needs of the downtown community for a half century. It had a pleasant enough location, its façade visible

down the length of a quiet, tree-lined residential street. But already the neighborhood was becoming commercial. It was clear that the site would have to be abandoned in the not-too-distant future.

As early as 1853, when the papal legate, Archbishop Bedini, had visited Boston, he had urged Bishop Fitzpatrick to erect a new Cathedral. At the time the urgent need for new churches elsewhere in the diocese had drained all of Bishop John's funds. But in the latter years of the decade, he began to dream again of a magnificent Gothic cathedral, rising up as an American Notre Dame to rival the architectural splendors of France.

He discussed his dreams and his plans with Father James, and when they had been clarified, he called in Patrick Keeley in early 1860 to draw up the plans for the venture. The renowned architect, who had built or was to build dozens of splendid churches throughout the country, declared that he had never known a man to have such grand views of what a cathedral should be.

There was still the question of its future site. The Franklin Street location was unsuited both in size and in surroundings for a large imposing Cathedral. There was no room for expansion, nor was the vista sweeping enough to set off the stately proportions of the architectural wonder that Bishop John dreamed of erecting.

With Father James, Bishop John drove about Boston in the episcopal carriage, searching for a likely site. For a while, Bishop John toyed with the idea of raising his monumental Cathedral from the ashes of the Charlestown Convent, burned in 1834 by the anti-Catholic fanatics. On Mount Benedict, within the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument, a Cathedral dedicated to Catholic worship would bear the added symbolism of liberation for the hard-pressed immigrants. Bishop John commissioned Father James to purchase the site when it was put up for sale in 1860 because the Ursulines defaulted on taxes. The sale was actually completed by Father Healy in the next year, but the *beneplicitum* from the Holy See was not forthcoming to confirm the transfer. The Holy Father insisted that the Ursulines' prior rights be respected, and the will of the founder fully complied with.

Other sites were also under consideration. There were still some lots facing on the Boston Common that would be available. Boldly facing the State House, a Cathedral in that location would be a permanent reminder to the Puritan legislators to accord the despised Catholics the same rights enjoyed by the favored Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and other sectarians.

Andrew Carney, the wealthy Catholic philanthropist, had also purchased a likely site for the Cathedral in 1860, in the fashionable South End on Washington and Malden Streets. Bishop John looked with approval upon that site, especially because the well-to-do Irish were moving in that direction.

So certain was Bishop John that his dream would be realized within his lifetime that he authorized in 1860 the disposition of the old Cathedral to prospective buyers. He summoned a meeting of the congregation in the basement of the historic landmark on Tuesday, May 18, 1860. The parishioners were asked to vote on empowering the bishop to sell all of the land allocated to the Cathedral estate. Father James, as secretary of the meeting, recorded their reluctant affirmatives. Soon afterward, the choice site was offered for sale. In September it was sold to Isaac Rich for one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Sunday, September 16 was the last day for services in the memory-laden Cathedral of the Holy Cross. Bishop John, though emotionally affected by the finality of the occasion, celebrated a solemn pontifical high Mass. Overcome by his feelings, he could not ascend the pulpit for his farewell address. Father James took his place. He read to the people the last sermon that their beloved Bishop John had prepared for them.

Within a few days, the wreckers had leveled the simple brick building. They put an end to the pioneer days of the Church in Boston.

Together, Bishop John and Father James faced the task of reducing to reality the dream of a Gothic Cathedral. The guns of Fort Sumter woke them from their reverie. Plans for the new edifice were indefinitely shelved when the Civil War broke out in April,

1861. The bishop purchased instead an old Unitarian church on Washington and Castle. There, after a brief interlude in the rented Melodeon Hall, the Cathedral congregation and staff were settled for the duration.

Duel For the Rectorship

While he was stirred by Bishop John's moving descriptions of the Cathedral he dreamed of building, Father James felt within himself the growing ambition to be rector of that Cathedral, perhaps one day even to be the bishop enthroned within its vaulting arches. At the outbreak of the war, Father James' ambition was tailored down to the more modest desire to become rector of the pro-Cathedral in the South End of Boston.

Blocking the path that stretched toward this goal, stood the portly figure of Father Hilary Tucker, rector since 1857 when he had succeeded Father John Williams in the coveted position. Father Hilary had long felt the rivalry between himself and young Father James. He, too, kept a diary and noted in it the progress of the struggle. He kept a sharp eye on this overly ambitious secretary of the bishop who, he felt, had set his sights on the post of rector in the Cathedral.

In the pages of his diary, Father Hilary manifests a deep resentment of that ambition on the part of the young clerical stripling, a mere lad in his late twenties. Himself a fifty-year-old veteran of the ministry, Father Hilary felt he belonged in the highest place by all of his many claims to distinction. He had to his credit a career as a missionary in the wild Midwest where he had been born in 1807, in Perryville, Missouri. He had the advantage over the younger man also of a Roman training, having studied and been ordained in the Eternal City itself in 1837 when James was just starting in the Quaker school. Returning to his native diocese of St. Louis, Father Hilary had been commissioned by Bishop Rosati as an itinerant missionary. He had been made the first pastor of the English-speaking parish in Quincy, Illinois. Against great odds, he had organized the congregation, built the church, converted the governor's daughter, and had toured the environs to do pioneer

mission work in Illinois and Missouri. He founded schools, built mission churches, evangelized the Indians, and even won over a rival Protestant minister. He had borne persecution for the faith in threats to his life, slanders on his name, and many great and small annoyances. He felt entitled to retire to the more settled clerical life of the seaboard after a decade of this rugged missionary activity. Bishop Fitzpatrick had admitted him and his good friend, Father George Hamilton, a native of Kentucky, to the Boston diocese, there to work among the Anglo-Saxons, instead of wasting their time with the unappreciative immigrants. After working in Lowell and in Providence for a few years, Father Tucker's real worth was recognized by the bishop, and he was invited to become assistant at the Cathedral. In 1857 he was the logical choice to be rector.

This clerical goliath looked with disdain on little Father James, ambitious to fill his well-won office. He considered James as fitted for the routine tasks of caring for the importunate immigrant Irish who called for a priest the moment a cramp doubled them up or a big flea bit them. Father Tucker wished to devote his time to the rich and influential, given as he was to the graces of good living. He was thunderstruck when Father James, in early 1861, succeeded in converting Lydia Ward, the Baroness von Hoffman, and other prominent non-Catholics.

But it was in the pulpit that Father Tucker clearly felt and proved, to his own satisfaction, his superiority. He was an eloquent and polished speaker, disdainful of the matter-of-fact and simple style that Father James used. He was certain that the younger man would never displace him as a pulpit orator, and he launched into the religious implications of the Civil War with redoubled eloquence. That proved to be his undoing.

There was a duel at the Cathedral rectory over the great issues of the war. Before the war, abolitionism had been labeled as a Protestant movement. Under the leadership of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and William Ellery Channing, the anti-slavery campaign had been in the hands of non-Catholics since its inception. The Catholic paper, *The Pilot*, taking its typical stand

against everything Protestant, had shored up its case against abolitionism with many arguments. Fear of Negro competition with the white Irish labor, dread of radicalism and violence espoused by the *Liberator*, devotion to the Union which the Free-Soilers were willing to sacrifice for their gains, and loyalty to the Constitution ("a covenant with Hell," the Abolitionists called it), all prompted opposition to the Garrison movement in Catholic circles. Father Tucker used these and others in his picturesque attacks on the "anti-christian ungodly set of misanthropists, abolitionists, fanaticks, Black-Republicans and Know-Nothings."

When the war broke, most of the other Catholics rallied to the support of the Union. Volunteer regiments were organized among the Irish of the city. The controversy over abolitionism shifted to the issue of emancipation as a war measure. But still the *Pilot*, under the guidance of its independent editor, Patrick Donohue, took an intransigent stand against emancipation. It maintained this editorial policy in a series of successively deteriorating controversies.

Bishop John and Father James did not go along with their good friend Donohue in these further stages of the controversy. They were both pro-Union on the war question, and their loyalty to the government obliged them to second all of the war measures taken by Lincoln and his advisers. The bishop became quite friendly with Charles Sumner, and he was urged frequently to use his influence in furtherance of the war effort. He had Mass said for the preservation of the Union and the prevention of war before its outbreak, and for success of arms after 1861.

Father Tucker on the other hand was a loyal Southerner at heart. In his diary he gleefully recorded McClellan's defeats in 1862, and he was so opposed to the government that he wrote against "such harpies as Sumner the Senator, who richly deserves a halter on his neck, and Knilson, the shoemaker of Natick, chairman of the war committee, who richly deserves to be court-martialed and shot at one hour's notice."

These outbursts continued at table and in the pulpit during the first year of the war. By April 1862, Bishop John had reached the

end of his endurance, both of this and of the many other worries of his episcopate. His doctors ordered him to Europe for a complete rest. Before leaving, he gave Father James the full powers of attorney (even securing him a commission from the Governor as a Justice of the Peace to notarize his deeds and legalize other papers), and as a final move, he demoted Father Tucker from the office of rector of the Cathedral. In his place was installed his little rival, Father Healy.

It was something of a climax in the life of Father James, this victory in the duel over the rectorship. He felt further confirmed in the security of his position in Boston. He realized that the process of acceptance wiped out all of his reluctance about continuing his ministry in the Bay State capital. He even went about the task of re-assembling his scattered family and establishing his brothers and sisters in local Catholic circles, although some of them manifested their mixed ancestry more than he himself did in his exterior appearance.

Sherwood, for instance, ordained a priest at Rome December 15, 1858, was much more identifiably Negroid than his older brother. The full curved lips, the platyrind nose, the somewhat bushy hair, and the sallower skin marked him clearly as a colored man. It was this fact which had apparently blocked his staying in Rome as the rector of the North American College there. Bishop Fitzpatrick had proposed him as admirably qualified for the office, a model of piety, regularity, and good conduct in the seminary, *facile princeps* at Saint Sulpice in his studies, and a distinguished student in Rome, where he was on the point of securing his doctorate in Canon Law. In writing to Archbishop Corrigan of this, however, Bishop John had to admit:

It would be useless to recommend him even were he known to the other bishops as well as to myself. His youth would be a fatal objection. There is also another objection, which though in reason less substantial, would in fact be quite as stubborn. He has African blood, and it shews distinctly in his exterior. This, in a large number of American youths,

might lessen the respect they ought to feel for the first superior in a house [July 10, 1859].

Without even knowing that he was excluded from that rectorship, Sherwood took his Roman degree in the summer of 1860, and returned to Boston, September 20, to join in the duel for the Cathedral rectorship. Sherwood too had his forebodings about the prospects of a dignified ministry in Boston. He wrote to Patrick that he might perhaps have to take refuge in the Jesuit order. But nevertheless, he threw himself into the apostolate from the start. He celebrated his first public high Mass just three days after he returned. His brother preached the sermon, and began therewith a brother act including friendly rivalry that would continue on and off in Boston for the next fifteen years.

Sherwood soon endeared himself to the clergy and laity alike in Bishop John's growing diocese. Because of the bishop's fear of his weakness of lungs, he was at first placed in the House of the Angel Guardian. Although it gave him enough work for the nonce, Bishop John considered it as one of the easiest assignments in the diocese, especially as it was exempt from the wearing financial cares of other appointments. The new location of the House in Roxbury was much more salubrious than the North Square site. Sherwood adjusted himself to the life as assistant to Father Haskins in his work with wayward boys, and as co-worker in the neighborhood in behalf of those families who attended Mass in the large chapel of the home.

It was not long before more of the family returned to live in Boston. Eliza and Josephine, finishing school in Montreal, were back before the outbreak of the war. They joined Eugene and his foster mother in their home on East Springfield Street. By 1861 too Martha rejoined the family. She had entered the Congregation of Notre Dame in Montreal at the age of only fourteen years. After almost ten years in the sisterhood, she was convinced that she did not have a vocation. Dispensed from her vows, she returned to lay life.

To provide for the reunited family, Father James bought a farm

in West Newton, nine miles from the heart of the city. There they made their home, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodges living with them as foster-parents.

Father Tucker found much to criticize in the happy affection of the little family. He thought it "silly" for Father James to allow his sisters to kiss him and fawn on him as they did every time they came to the city for a visit. "He has always been perfectly blind with regard to his brother Eugene, who deserved twenty lickings when he never got one!" Father Hilary wrote in his diary. James assumed the responsibility for his orphaned sisters and brothers, and the official *Memoranda* of the Boston diocese betray his preoccupation with their welfare. In the midst of all of his official business, the serious priest will run in a notation to the effect that "young Eugene Healy, the brother of the reverend chancellor, fell down and broke his arm today." Or on another occasion, he will note that the two sisters of the chancellor were almost asphyxiated by leaking gas the night before.

One cannot help seeing the deep human affection that James had for his family. He shared their friends with them, and was to write in later years of the precious memories of those friends thus:

I was in my night thoughts (for I sleep but briefly), carried back home, and my memory recalled the face and expression of a school friend of my second sister, who died last year. She was to me like a young, child-like sister for many years. Gentle, pious, and beautiful in the expression of all good, she died as the saints die. She had lived such a life as the saints live. And as she reappeared before me, I wonderingly admired the heavenly peace that her last photographs bore, and I wondered whether these young gentle children ever realize how the hearts of old friends or relatives rest upon them in life and in death. . . .

All this wealth of affection heaped upon Father James by his family and by the parishioners who were devoted to him did not sit well with his antagonist, Father Tucker. His dislike for and his jealousy of James are more noticeable in the barbed entries he makes in his daily diary. In the summer of 1862, not long after he had

been demoted in favor of the younger man, Father Tucker vented his petty spite against James for keeping up the custom he had of going down to a fashionable watering place to offer Mass for some of Boston's less poverty-stricken Catholics. Father Tucker believed that this was his own special vocation. Hence, under date of July 3, he noted: "Mr. Healy went this evening to Nahant to give Mass to the few faithful there of the *elite* as he is their *favorite!*"

It grated on the Missourian's sensibilities to be thus put in second place to one whom he looked down on as inferior to himself from every standpoint. In an effort to find flaws in Father James' work and personality, Father Tucker kept a minute account of James' every activity. The record manifests a prodigious amount of work over the years covered by the diaries: official duties as the bishop's representative, war work, regular concerns of the chancery, and a continuous round of sermons, dedication addresses, Sunday homilies, Vesper talks, and nightly talks during May and Lent. Father Hilary finds but the scantiest of human shortcomings in all the volume of achievement he is obliged perforce to credit to the energetic chancellor. He imputes motives to this zealous activity that reflect only Tucker's own jealousy and spite. Thus when the month of May began in 1863, the old priest glumly scribbled:

Every evening at 7½ is instruction and benediction. Mr. Healy attends to it with great zeal and jealousy, thinking no doubt that no one else can do it so well as himself. I am satisfied if he is, and perhaps after all he is right. He certainly does more work than any priest I know of. His office of chancellor of the diocese alone is enough for anyone. But he is not satisfied unless he has his fingers into everything of the parish; sometimes, I think, the Lord forgive me, first: that he would wish that no other priest (be) about him, so that he would have no motive of envy or jealousy of the influence of other priests with the people. . . . Now, I hope no one will think I am jealous or prejudiced against him. For I am not. I have almost always taken his part when other priests speak against him. But I do candidly think he does not know himself, he has far too high an opinion of himself, and his abilities, great as they cer-

tainly are; he is very ambitious, very proud, very jealous, and consequently liable to be very uncharitable, even very unjust. . . .

Clues to Tucker's antagonism are found scattered through his diaries in notations that reveal a deeply ingrained prejudice against the colored. Thus in his entry of June 1, 1863, he comments on the parade of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth Infantry, a Negro regiment that passed through Boston on its way to the war in the South:

They cannot wheel into a hollow square quick enough, their heels being a great obstacle in the way, as they stick too far behind. But on a hot day, I think they will be invincible in battle, at least as much so as skunks are, especially if the time be hot, for then the perspiration is profuse, and then, you may rely on it, no army of veterans could any more stand against them than it could against an army of skunks, in full blast at high precipice grade.

The same uncouth and ill-mannered prejudice is revealed in other sections of the diary. A month later he ridicules the July 4 orations of "some impious infidel Holmes, fanatical, accursed, pro-abolition clergyman," who addressed an audience of three thousand in the Music Hall. Tucker cites as blasphemous impieties his words:

"You citizens of Boston are the just ones of the land. You then too must suffer (for) the bond man, the man of colour. You (are) as much his saviour as Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the world on Calvary. You too must be willing to be crucified like him for the anti-slavery cause. Rally then under the glorious banner of your country, more sacred and more holy than the cross on which Jesus of Nazareth was nailed." And, my God, who would believe it. He is clapped and cheered by the blind audience, by the authorities of Boston City, especially by satanic clergymen, of Plymouth Rock origin.

It was with this sort of mentality that James had to contend as he daily ate at the same table with Fr. Tucker, shared the same home with him, and endeavored to work out amicable relations despite political differences of opinion. James' own entries in the diocesan

Memoranda manifest his strong leanings toward sympathy with the unionists. He took an active part in promoting the war effort, especially during the alarming draft riots of July 1863.

On July 13, recording the first news of the riots in New York, James added, "It will be strange to me, if we escape some such trouble." That very evening a meeting was held in the Hall of the Catholic Young Men's Association of St. Mary's Jesuit parish in North End. Inflammatory speeches were delivered to stir up resistance to the draft officers. The meeting broke up with cheers for Jeff Davis. Most of the crowd were Irish immigrants, intent on escaping the draft.

The next day there was a Requiem Mass at the Cathedral for the dead of the Irish Ninth Regiment that had been recruited on a volunteer basis in Boston. It had fought bravely with fearful losses in the Peninsular Campaign, at Gaines' Mill, and at Malvern Hill. Yet few of the faithful attended the Mass, hindered possibly by the early morning rain. Later, the prospective draftees were out on the streets in force. Two marshalls endeavoring to serve draft notifications were mauled by the mobs.

Anticipating the disorders, civil authorities had secretly summoned some companies of infantry. One artillery unit was assembled in the Cooper Street Armory. The rioters were incited to storm the armory in quest of arms and ammunition. There they were challenged by the military. Undaunted, the mob charged and were repulsed with cannon and small arms fire. Many were killed and wounded. The riotings continued. Mobs broke into gun stores and seized weapons for the battle. All day and far into the night the streets were clogged with rioters. Fire bells rang the alarms as fires were set in different sections of the city. The mayor called on all law-abiding citizens to aid in putting down the riot.

As it was rumored that some of the clergy of Cambridge, Chelsea and the North End had used their pulpits for political utterances, Father Healy prepared a strong circular on the evening of the fourteenth. He planned on sending it to the priests in the affected districts, urging them to use their influence to quell the riotings.

However, the fifteenth passed quietly, the city's life almost at a standstill. On the sixteenth, Father Brady of St. Mary's dispersed a gathering in North End by a well-timed admonition. The local papers praised the efforts of the clergy in the maintenance of order. Father Tucker records that he kept to his bed, thinking it best to remain quiet. Excitement made him unwell.

Because the danger of further riotings was not fully removed, the Mayor of Boston requested Father Healy, on the eighteenth, to entreat all of the clergy to use their influence in behalf of law and order. Accordingly, the circular he had previously prepared was sent out to the several churches in the disturbed sections of the city. It was read in the churches on Sunday, July 19, and was a powerful force in causing the riots to subside.

The strain of the long period of anxiety told on James' health. He had been ailing for months with a persistent cold and with lung trouble. In June he and Sherwood had gone on a week's tour of the western part of the state. They traveled on horseback in a vain search for health. When that prescription failed, the doctor ordered Father James to take at least a six months' rest from his duties. He recommended a voyage to Europe. The order came none too soon. James was threatened with consumption. He had lost weight alarmingly, was down to one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

Father John Williams, the vicar-general, quickly authorized the leave of absence when he returned in late July from a month's vacation in the West. Preparations were soon made. Passage was booked for August 5 on the Cunard Steamer *Africa*. James decided to take Eugene with him and put him in school in France or Belgium. Matthew Harkins, a seminarian from Holy Cross, and the future bishop of Providence, also was to accompany James to Europe.

It looked for a while as though victory in the duel for the rectorship would go by default to Father Tucker. He was appointed to be rector pro-tem for the period of James' absence. Father Sherwood was selected to fill James' office of chancellor and secretary. He took up his abode at the Cathedral rectory. There he endured

Tucker's barbed shafts and criticisms with the same insouciance that James had shown.

Meanwhile, James had taken a sympathetic leave of the congregation in a farewell sermon on August 2, and had waved his intimate friends goodbye as they gathered on the dock in Boston harbor three days later. It was a great relief to him to watch from the taffrail as the shore of Massachusetts receded below the horizon that afternoon.

In the long mild August days at sea he could ponder over the rewarding experiences of those nine years that had matured him to full spiritual stature, a deeper, broader and more compassionate priest than the young clerical tyro who had crossed the ocean in 1854 to begin his ministry in fear and misgivings. Now at thirty-three, still tender of heart, pious, faithful to his seminary prayers, devout and deeply religious, he was nevertheless a stronger tempered priest.

"Dad" Fenwick had died in 1857 but James had determinedly struggled on. In one of his last letters to his spiritual father, James had told of his intimate dealing with death. Attending young innocent souls in their last moments, he had envied their quick passage to heaven, had often asked them to pray for an early and a happy death for him. "I am willing to labor as long as I can, but I think that he who gets out of such responsibilities as those which weigh upon us soonest and safest, is the happiest of men," he had confided to "Dad." But the trial and the agony of life went on for him, and his courage stoutened itself as the years went by.

The two relaxed weeks on the high seas restored the buoyancy of his spirit. He began to keep a diary, and as soon as he set foot ashore in Liverpool he hurried across England and the channel to the first shrine of his pilgrimaging—Bishop Fitzpatrick's residence. It was August 20 when he reached the College St. Michel on the Rue des Ursulines in Brussels to visit his spiritual foster father, now suffering from the effects of a stroke the year before that had left him partially paralyzed on the left side. Bishop John welcomed his faithful protégé with delighted surprise. "He kissed me several

times," James notes affectionately. They spent the day talking of Boston and the diocese, and of Bishop John's own work in Europe in behalf of the proposed provincial seminary to be opened in Troy, New York, where Archbishop Hughes had already purchased the defunct Methodist Troy University buildings. Bishop John had persuaded a colleague in Belgium to lend four of his teachers to staff the institution for the first years, and he confided to James that he had also proposed Sherwood as one of the professors. The other bishops were delighted with the idea, James adds.

Bishop John warmed to the prospect of traveling with Father James on a leisurely vacation tour of the Rhineland. Before leaving, James and the two boys made a quick run out to Louvain to surprise Patrick in the theologate there. Unannounced, they appeared at the Jesuit college. Patrick came down to the parlor like one bewildered, unable to account for the sudden invasion of his quiet routine. But he too welcomed James' invitation to travel with him through France and Spain and Italy.

Depositing the boys at their boarding school in Douai, James and the Bishop set out for the Rhineland and spent their days in boat rides up and down the scenic stream, in visits to Bonn, Coblenz, Mayence, Aix and Cologne.

James eagerly absorbed the soul-strengthening beauty of the Catholic Rhineland, its spiring Gothic Cathedrals, its quaint and devotional shrines, its medieval religious atmosphere. In Cologne one day, while Bishop John rested, too weak and weary to venture out, James drank in the city's religious treasures alone. He recorded his impressions of the massive architectural triumph of the city's most imposing church thus:

I wandered alone to the Cathedral. It was really sublime, long drawn arches, dim mysterious light, lofty graceful aisles, old monuments, sculptured saints and griffins are there. . . . I came back to the Dome, about to leave, arrested by the sound of music, a number of girls began to sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. No organ, music ordinary, but the effect, at the twilight hour, the music resounding under those lofty dim arches, was soothingly sublime.

Though James wished to push on up the Rhine to the Alps, Bishop John's health could stand only one week of the touring. They returned to Brussels by the end of the month. There Patrick awaited James, armed now with his superior's permission to accompany his brother on his pilgrimage to the shrines of Catholic Europe.

His Rome-hunger induced Father James to book passage to the Mediterranean immediately on a British ship sailing for Gibraltar and the ports of southern Spain. Landing at Cadiz on the sixteenth of September, James and Patrick visited friends and schoolmates of their Holy Cross days, and then proceeded by leisurely stages up through Spain, visiting Seville and its treasures of Murillo's art, Malaga, Alicante, Almanazar, Valencia, Terragona, Barcelona and other points of religious and esthetic interest. They were both disappointed at their inability to reach Manresa and Monserrat, famed for their shrines of St. Ignatius Loyola. James' diary shows him a keen observer of life and manners, with a critical eye for the clergy "who are not altar-bred in a proper manner . . . They are offhand and familiar," he notes.

It was October before they took ship for Marseilles. Patrick lost his passport and was not allowed to land. It took James hours of work before he liberated his brother from the clutches of the law, and brought him safely to the Jesuit house where both were guests for a week.

In Marseilles, James and Patrick were guests of the Barbarin family, relatives of Father Barbarin of the Montreal Seminary. Young Henry Barbarin conducted the brothers on a tour of the institutions in which he was engaged in youth work. The *Oeuvre de la Jeunesse*, a large settlement house with recreational facilities for slum children, James found very progressive. He was impressed by the singing of vespers on the part of the three hundred urchins. But he noted the opinion that the rules of the institution were too strict for permanent good though it kept the children from many temptations at a dangerous age in a city known for its fearful vice.

Visiting the Barbarin family in their château high up in the hills overlooking the city, James was touched by the devoted attachment

of the grown-up children and their children for the *grand-mère*, who at seventy-one ruled the château in matriarchal style. The view struck him with its beauty, the hills looking down like giants over the city below, the environs a pattern of verdure, and over all the cross atop the highest hill on the Barbarin's property.

Parting ways with Patrick, who decided to return to Louvain on October 6, James boarded ship for Genoa and Rome. On deck he encountered William Riggs, brother of the wealthy Washington banker. He shared the social life of the ship's party with him and his Jewish friends. Together they toured the sights of Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. It was the art of Florence that captivated Father Healy, the statues of David and Hercules, the frescoes of the Palazzo Necchi, the tomb of Michael Angelo, the paintings of Raphael, Murillo, and Titian in the art museums. In his diary, James notes the pictures that spoke to him, and he marks especially those of del Sarto, Correggio, Carlo Dolce, and high above all those of Rubens, "always very enchanting, always a surprise and delight." In the end he was dissatisfied with the haste of the tour, the over-surfeiting of the mind with the excess of beauty so plentiful.

By boat to Naples, James and his new-found friends spent mid-October in a pilgrimage of church-visiting and sightseeing in the southern metropolis. The incomparable bay with its drive and promenade held him in its fascination for hours. He enjoyed himself riding about in the Neapolitan carriages that "went up and down the street, so gay, so beautiful, so proud, that no one would think a war of extermination was so near, or that Vesuvius could ever threaten."

One of his days was given to an excursion to Vesuvius and Pompeii with his party of American friends. James writes a vivid account of the visit to the historic crater and its exhumed victim. Of Pompeii, he writes pensively:

No one can walk through Pompeii without sadness. Here were the haunts of busy laughing crowds, intent only upon gain and pleasure, emulating the wickedness and luxury of Sodom and Gomorrha. . . . I believe in

the fate of Sodom. I believe in the judgment of God upon nations. These were punished fearfully and suddenly. But their fate was almost a mercy when compared to that of the rest of Italy, over which waves not of fiery ashes but of human passions swept successively until every vestige of the ancient people and civilization was almost obliterated or was amalgamated with the fierce races and rude barbarians of succeeding conquerors. Of ancient Rome nothing remains but the name and the ruins. But dark threatening Vesuvius is still there, silent now, but as dreadful, a perpetual reminder that judgment and punishment beyond our power rest with the Lord. Thine is the power and Thine the Kingdom, O Lord, forever and forever.

Back in the city, James spent his days observing the merry and active Neapolitan life. He notes that the women appeared bolder in look than any yet seen in Italy, "though they had good countenances." He observed that the fishermen and workmen and all that belong to them were as brown as mulattoes, or rather like North American Indians. "All that can be seen of them," he records, "is as brown as mahogany." As for dirt, he writes, "the Neapolitans seem to think it will make but little difference a hundred years hence."

At length, after seeing the sights of Puteoli and Baii, of the Lake of Avernus and the grotto of the Sybil, of Miseno and the ruins of the Temples of Venus, Mercury and Diana, Father Healy wound up his stay in Naples and left by train for Rome on October 19.

Once there, he separated from his Jewish traveling companions, deeming it proper because their presence was an impediment to his religious feelings. "Elsewhere it made no difference," he notes, "but in Rome I wish to be entirely free." There was a packet of letters for him at the Hotel della Minerva, news from home, from the bishop who was going to Paris with Bishop McCloskey, from Patrick telling of Eugene's remarkable success at Douai.

Devoutly, Father Healy made the rounds of Rome's great shrines. He said Mass on the twenty-first in the chapel of St. Aloysius in the old Roman College, visiting the room of St. John Berchmans, the Church of St. Ignatius with his tomb of lapis lazuli and its soaring

dome painted in a perspective that reached the heavens. From the college he went to St. Peter's and there for four hours reveled in the beauties of the basilica and the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican palace and its Swiss guard.

His first glimpse of the Holy Father he caught the next day while going to the Vatican. Pius IX, on his way to bless a railroad bridge, alighted from his carriage, the church bells ringing as he passed, the French troops presenting arms on bended knee. The pontiff seemed to be in perfect health, of splendid, erect carriage.

James had a critical eye for some of the famous paintings in the Vatican art galleries. He makes this entry after a visit to them.

I have seen the famous pictures of the Vatican. I am fool enough to think that Raphael's Transfiguration is not perfect, in some things not natural, and I prefer the communion of St. Jerome by Domenichini. . . . The loggia of Raphael are beautiful but too much cut up, looking like a kaleidoscope. The frescoes of the halls by him are really superb. For these there is no thought, no word, save of unlimited admiration. The great pictures however are somewhat injured by the crowd of minor figures added to the sides and corners.

The Annunciation of Guido at the Quirinal James admired more than any other picture on that subject. There too he admired the Madonna by Carlo Marcetti. He later caught the art and architecture of ancient Rome by moonlight, as he strolled to the Coliseum for a splendid view of the grand and gloomy ruins of "this monument of cruelty," for a glimpse of the Via Sacra, the arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimus Severus, the temples of Saturn, Venus, and Rome.

Next day he sauntered through the Vatican Museum and Library. He regarded the Laocoon group and the Apollo Belvedere as the finest in the papal collection of sculpture, all the rest saying little or nothing to him. For the next two weeks, James continued his pious pilgrimages to the historic shrines of the Eternal City. His interest was constantly arrested by the frozen piety of the marble art and architecture, but he quickly detected some spurious

imitations. His verdict on the Jesuit Church of the Gesu was not high—"a world of wealth, but a desert of taste." He was shocked at some of the exhibits at Santa Croce, especially a phial "purporting to be milk of the Blessed Virgin, *horribile dictu!*"

His reactions to the human exhibits of Rome were equally mixed. On one of the streets he saw an odorous specimen of dirty Roman lower class habits. In another, as the pope passed by quite near him with a numerous escort, he remarked that the rest of the crowd showed no enthusiasm, gave no cheer, though they knelt as he passed, uncovering to receive his blessing. He witnessed a procession of the Jesuits, and wrote, "very edifying, but such a number of ugly looking and pious looking men I never saw."

At the office of the Propaganda, which governed American affairs in their semi-missionary status, James was somewhat miffed. He was received with honor, not because he was a priest or a secretary to the bishop, but because he was the confessor of Mrs. Ward, who had married into European nobility. "Although ignorant of American matters, they flatter themselves that they know a great deal. They seem to think we are trying to humbug them." Of Cardinal Antonelli, he records that in the Sistine Chapel he looks "over and into the audience in a peculiar manner, and has a dark and suspicious look from the eyes. In going out of the chapel, he bowed several times . . . watches you with his eyes at the same time."

At length, the climax of his visit was reached. He was granted a special audience with the Holy Father on Wednesday, November 4. He had obtained a letter from Cardinal Barnabo of Propaganda but had placed little confidence in his chances of securing the prized interview. When the invitation came, he was on the point of leaving Rome, and he was almost sorry that he had asked for the audience. Nevertheless, he registers the experience in his diary in these words:

The great event of the day was the audience of the Pope. At seven p.m. I was admitted and received a cordial greeting. His Holiness granted me permission to say Matins and Lauds immediately after 12 o'clock noon, permission to give his blessing to the congregation and choir, to bless

beads with Brigettine indulgence for seven years. . . . He also at my request gave me a beautiful silver medal, and not only gave me his hand to kiss, but put his hand on my head and blessed me most cordially. Moreover, he laid his hand upon the crucifix which I presented to him. Of course, I returned to the hotel delighted beyond measure. Everybody considers me fortunate. The pope remembered the bishop well, and inquired for him. The archbishop of Thessalonica, Monsignor Franchi, was very kind in the antechamber.

The audience over, James speedily concluded his sojourn in Rome. Next Sunday he signed out of the hotel, and had a terrifying run to the station after a delay to search for his lost passport (it was in the pocket of a pair of pants already packed in a trunk on top of the hack). Finally aboard the steamer out of Civita Vecchia, he sat down to write in his journal that he was not sorry to be freed at last from the importunity of the beggars who everywhere detracted from the charm of the holy places which he loved to visit. He registered his disgust, astonishment and shocked feelings at encountering so many of these characters in the Holy City. Their incessant mendicancy interfered with his spirit of devotion and piety. Their venality revolted his delicate sense of propriety and his sacred regard for the shrines of the saints and martyrs.

France revived him, and Paris was balm to his soul. He lodged near the Sulpician seminary and the Cathedral where he was ordained. He found Paris still a most wonderful city. Improvements in the past ten years were prodigious—"the great streets, the public conveyances, the very dress of the people. Everything seems to be new."

Calling on Bishop McCloskey at the Hotel Bon Lafontaine, he learned that Bishop Fitzpatrick expected him to stay on in Europe for the rest of the winter, at least until after Christmas. But James wished to go home. He wrote to Bishop John expressing that desire but evincing submissiveness to his wishes.

In the interim, Paris was his for the viewing. He saw the sights

forbidden to seminarians, visited the old familiar places he and Sherwood had known, had dinner and spent musical evenings with Bishop McCloskey and his nieces, the husband of one of whom, a Mr. Cleary, turned out to be a paroled Confederate soldier, acquainted with many of James' old schoolmates.

Father Healy made the rounds of the new and the old attractions in Paris. He saw Abbé Migne's huge establishment, all under one roof, founders, compositors, pressmen, stitchers and binders turning out the volumes of his *Patrologia*, and the old master himself, hale and hearty, perorating to his workmen over the din of the presses. He sauntered through the Bois de Boulogne, admiring its lakes, walks, and drives. He promenaded on the Champs Elysées, went shopping for presents for the family on the narrow old streets, and renewed acquaintances with the priests and seminarians he had known ten years before.

The answer from Bishop Fitzpatrick ultimately came from Brussels. It was only an invitation to join him at Douai, November 25. Thither James repaired. Eugene and Matt Harkins were still in school, well and happy, and pleased by the visit of Bishop John and Father James.

Back in Brussels, Patrick joined him once more, and together they discussed future plans with the failing Bishop of Boston. Fitzpatrick had decided not to return to the States, but he gave Father James leave to depart. Determined to go to England by way of Antwerp, James secured permission for Patrick to travel with him again. They left Brussels in a hurry, Saturday the twenty-eighth, just a few hours after the decision had been reached.

Bishop Fitzpatrick rode down to the station with them, still weak, thin, and affected by his stroke. James took leave of him never expecting to see him alive again. The bishop spoke of officiating in Boston at Easter, but James thought he would figure in a different ceremony before then.

Arriving in London, the brothers picked up news of the Civil War still raging furiously across the ocean. James had followed it all through his voyage, jotting down almost daily the progress of

the fighting. After dinner at a Mr. Ford's in London on the thirtieth of November, there was a long discussion about American matters. James summed up the discussion thus:

I talked long and eloquently for the North principally, because it was foolishly attacked by people who had nothing to boast of, and who are inclined to look upon Americans, North and South, as monsters because they are doing what all other nations and people have done when engaged in civil war. I am consoled to think that nobody has ever taken me for a secessionist. While very many have declared that I had made known to them many things American of which they were ignorant, and had set in an evident light things which they considered as dark with monstrous cruelty. The sentiment in Europe is against the North. England is no exception.

A week more of the London winter was as much as he could stand. The worst storm since 1854 struck the gloomy capital and kept him and Patrick indoors for days.

At length, on December 5, James bade farewell to Patrick and to England, sailing from Liverpool. "I have seen the last of Europe, probably forever," he wrote as the ship plowed into the wintry ocean for home.

Pastor Beloved

Giving up the opportunity for a prolonged vacation of many more months, Father James hurried home, eager to resume his role as pastor of the flock he had grown to love. Letters from Boston had told him of the plight of his people, homes bereaved by war casualties, widows inconsolable, children fatherless, converts in need of strengthening, and old-timers requiring special care. He hurried to rejoin his own, the faithful who had come to love and depend upon the handsome, ascetic, eloquent and tender-hearted priest to whom they unveiled their souls.

One of them, a Mr. McNierney, met him at the boat in New York on Friday, December 18. Expediting his passage through customs, McNierney apprised Father James of the critical sickness of Sherwood, stricken after ministering to the army conscripts on Boston's Long Island, but now fully recovered. His companion and good friend, Father Coyle, also struck down by the same malady had been taken by death at the age of only thirty-two.

With no more than a courtesy visit to the Mannings in New York, James hurried on to Boston by boat next day. Arriving early in the morning of Sunday the twentieth, he immediately resumed his pastoral duties. It was a joy to say the children's Mass that morning, to see their delighted surprise at his return, and to watch their interest and pleasure as he told them of his visit to the Holy Father and gave them the special papal benediction the Pope had sent to them through him.

James was glad to be in the midst of his spiritual children again. He was happy to hear his choir boys sing once more, and even though he felt that they were failing in voice from the high standards he set from them, he enjoyed their warming circle of song around the altar. There was only one shadow to mar his joy. Little Tommy Doherty, the dwarf altar boy James had chosen to render

his own diminutive stature less noticeable on the altar was not there. He had died suddenly the night before and James had to transfer his name from the memento of the living to that for the dead.

All through that day and the next, there was coming and going at the rectory as word spread through the parish that the popular pastor was home again. All the parish news and gossip flowed into James' eager ears. He sat down in the evening to fill in the pages of his diary with the minutiae of parish life:

Sherwood preached at High Mass to the great satisfaction of everybody, but himself. The choir sang the *Missa Regia* in plain chant. At dinner we were very cordial. Mrs. Hodges met me by accident. Tom Hodges came running up to see me after Mass. Mary called to see me after Mass and Vespers. . . . Braggiotti is at last married to his old flame, Miss Chadwick. . . . Annie Gleason of South Boston is married to Mulcahey, Mary Anne Gleason of Fort Hill is married to Mr. McMahon of South Boston. Bessie Hurley has lost her baby. P. Lodge has taken a grocery store on Harrison Avenue, having opened it last Saturday week. . . . Our singer, Miss Smithers, seems to be consumptive and has ceased to sing. So also Theresa Mooney. Miss McCrotty has lost her mother and has gone to Nova Scotia to recruit her health and spirits. . . .

It was good to be back again, to share the secrets of every family, to be a wanted member of each parish household, and to renew the golden ties that bound their hearts all to his sacerdotal heart.

But in one home more than all the others was he the beloved father and brother. When the day's concerns were over, James sped out to Newton to spend the night with the closest of his kin, Martha, Eliza and Josephine. Michael was there too, home from the sea for the Christmas weeks. They all smothered him with affection. His welcome there meant surcease to his homesickness. He sat by the fireplace and talked with them far into the night of his travels and adventures. He knew from the sparkling interest of their eyes that he was at home among loved ones. Martha, now a comely maiden of twenty-five, was blossoming out again and happy in love with a new beau. Josie at seventeen was a bright-eyed angel. She and the

year-younger Eliza were full of questions about Eugene and his school in Douai. James answered them all, and he promised them some special surprises when his box of gifts arrived from Europe.

Next day he inspected the new wing he had added to the house for their comfort. He detected flaws in the workmanship. With the practised eye of a planter's son, he looked over the farm and found things generally in good order, the pond inviting him to stay for some skating. But he had to hurry back to the city to resume his office as chancellor of the diocese.

Back at 928 Washington Street, the stream of visitors continued through the day. Rich Andrew Carney called to pay his respects. Father Williams came up from St. James Church to turn over the books of the diocese to the chancellor. He looked worn by his many cares, and as James examined the books, he registered alarm about the fiscal status of the diocese. "I fear that Rev. Mr. Williams may fall into financial difficulties. I hope it is only a fear. He certainly has enough to worry him," James observed.

In the late afternoon, James and Sherwood were invited to tea at the Tuckerman's new home, 67 Rutland Street. There they met the two daughters of the famous painter, George P. Healy, and other friends. They called on ailing Mrs. Ward and her daughters, and delighted them with presents from Rome where they and the Baroness von Hoffman were highly regarded.

Home again in the evening, he wrote: "During the morning and evening I received numerous visits from friends, I find that mine are many and cordial." And as the days of the Christmas season went by, there were more evidences that he was beloved of his flock.

Christmas itself was a beautiful day, with sunshine sparkling over the snow and with a bracing frosty air to lend spirit to the holiday celebration. Sherwood chanted the first high Mass at five o'clock before a packed church. James followed with his three traditional Christmas Masses. At the ten o'clock high Mass, James preached an eloquent sermon, "not like myself, but like my former self." He spoke of his travels, of his visit to Bishop Fitzpatrick, and of his audience with the Pope. He gave the apostolic blessing that

Pius IX had authorized him to impart to the Cathedral congregation.

After Mass there were presents to distribute to the Cathedral staff, a crucifix blessed by the Pope for the organist Mr. Werner, and when the family came in from Newton, the special surprises for them: three gold watches that delighted the girls with their exquisite French workmanship. Martha was not well, but came anyway in order not to miss Christmas dinner at the Cathedral rectory.

In the afternoon the family attended vespers at the pro-Cathedral. Sherwood preached a long sermon that was greatly praised by the people afterwards. "None of our folks seem to desire anything better," James noted in commendation. At the end of a perfect day, James felt too exhausted to venture out to Newton with the rest of the family for a Christmas evening at home. He stayed at the rectory, where the visits from well-wishers and friends continued, among them the choir "old guard" who called after vespers.

The good pastor was kept busy for the rest of the year with the endless round of ministrations, sick calls taking a large portion of his time. He visited the Bradley's home where Catherine, the good friend of Josie to whom James was deeply attached, was ill from a cold caught on Christmas day when she and her sister went to visit their mother's grave. Next day the sister, Mary Anne was also sick. "Poor things," James notes, "they are like autumn leaves, whose hold is frail, whose date is brief."

By the end of his first full week at home, James too was almost ill with fatigue. After the strenuous Sunday program, interspersed with urgent sick calls, James sat down exhausted to write in his diary:

The work of today proves to me that I must be careful of my strength. I shall try to do it for the sake of others, though for myself, I would gladly lay down the burden I bear, if I were only good enough. . . .

Father Healy retired to the family farm in Newton for the next two days. In the pleasant and congenial atmosphere, he could relax

and recoup his flagging strength. Owing to the constant threat of pneumonia and tuberculosis, he became more careful to match periods of excessive work with stretches of leisure and rest. Returning late on the twenty-ninth, he wrote:

Dec. 29. Tuesday. I did not go to town today, but remained at Newton all day. I took a short ride, but spent most of the day in the house. The girls expected their friends, the Bradleys, to dinner, but they did not come. Sherwood drove out with one of the horses. We had a pleasant family party until evening. Tom Hodges came home in the evening and finding the piano just tuned by Mr. Hill, played some nice music. Sherwood and myself came home by the last train. We sat up late talking over diocesan affairs, which threaten to give me more care and more trouble. . . .

Thus the diary continues until the end of the year, when James concludes it with a review of the twelve months of labor and travel, "rich in many, in countless blessings, and yet not without many and heavy cares and sorrows." He frames his New Year's resolution pensively:

What we shall be in a year hence, what I shall be and where mine shall be is a mystery for God only. Sherwood will then be away. Martha will probably be away. I may be, God knows where. I may be here. But anywhere, everywhere, I hope to be wiser, better, and more devoted to God and my neighbor.

One of those neighbors was still immune to James' devotedness and affectionate friendship—Father Hilary Tucker, again displaced by the younger priest, and still writing out his resentment strongly in the pages of his own diary.

James blithely disregarded the rigidly formal attitude of the demoted ex-rector. Toward him and toward the others of his household and flock, Father Healy continued during 1864 to manifest those proofs of intense affection and sympathetic devotedness that endeared him to all.

It was toward the orphans of the Civil War that Father Healy turned his special attention in the early months of the year. Meeting with the superintendents of the Sunday Schools on March 20, Palm Sunday, he and the vicar-general, Father Williams, were alerted to the dangers that threatened hundreds of these paupers and orphans. The courts were disposing of them by sending them to state institutions, from which priests and Catholic church workers were barred. They were being farmed out to foster homes in the Protestant hinterland, and even shipped out West far from all kith and kin. They could not be cared for by the House of the Angel Guardian because this institution had taken on the aspect of a reformatory. Nor could the girls be admitted to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, an old institution that furnished board and care for children of limited means. What was needed was a temporary home for destitute children. For this Father Williams issued an appeal on April 3. Father Healy served on the committee to present a plan of organizing an association for the protection of the children. With Patrick Donohue, William Pelletier, Charles Donnelly, and William Mullin, the two priests worked out the details, and called for a general assembly of interested Catholic laymen in the Cathedral basement on April 28.

Within two weeks the Association for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children in Boston was incorporated. Father Healy was one of the signers of the articles. He was elected vice-president of the association and a member of the board of managers of the proposed home.

James had leased a likely house for the location, 9 High Street. As a member of the committee to organize the home, James was active in the moves that took over the Eliot Charity School (a one-time non-Catholic institution) whose inmates were now all Catholics, though the support had come from both Protestant and Catholic sources. The children were moved to the new home, a superintendent and matron appointed, and the name of the institution was changed to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. James kept a close watch on the school. He secured a change in the constitution of the association whereby the superintendent was made

responsible to the president and to himself for the running of the home.

Finding the succession of lay superintendents unsatisfactory, Father Healy set on foot the movement toward securing the services of the Sisters of Charity for the management of the home. Shortly after the Civil War, negotiations for bringing the religious women to Boston for this work were successful. Father Healy was to keep up his interest in and his membership on the board throughout the rest of his stay in Boston. It was another of the endearing monuments to his social apostolate among the poor of the slums. One of the early directors wrote that it was to his early counsel and guidance that much of the success of the venture was due.

As the war took its toll of fathers at the front, and the wretched conditions of life in the huddled wharfside tenements of Boston claimed mothers of families, Father James was able to provide for the orphaned children in great numbers. In a period of one year after its founding more than two hundred of the waifs were sheltered temporarily in the house that James had secured. Each instance of compassion widened the circle of those who came to know him as the good shepherd of the orphaned lambs of his flock.

For the other unfortunates among his people, James was equally concerned. Each year, accompanied by generous lay friends, he appeared before the Board of Directors of Public Institutions in their old office in the basement of the City Hall and made an appeal for the right of religious worship and instruction for Catholic inmates of the orphanages, the old folks' homes, and the penal institutions around the city and on Long Island. His efforts were ultimately rewarded with success. The more immediate reward of further endearment to the people whose forlorn cause he championed was manifest in his growing popularity.

Meanwhile, as the months of 1864 passed, James showed the same magnanimous spirit toward even crotchety old Father Tucker. He went out of his way to be cordial to the old man, to invite him out to Newton for a rest from time to time, and to favor him in other ways. Tucker consistently refused to accept all invitations to social

fraternizing with the Healy family, but later in the spring there was a mellowing of his attitude. His diary chronicles the prodigious amount of zealous labor that both James and Sherwood were performing for the Church, and the sterling worth of their souls that was portrayed in their sermons and their holiness of life began to affect the Missourian's reserve. When Sherwood received official appointment as one of the professors in the new seminary to be opened in Troy next September, Tucker congratulated him. "If the Lord spares him, I think he will make an able, devout, and worthy professor for such an institution which is so much needed."

Finally, Father Tucker broke down and accepted Father James' invitation to dinner one day at the Newton home. It turned out to be a pleasant surprise for him. After an excellent meal, sparked with some of the supply of Parisian light wines and liqueurs James had brought from abroad, Father Hilary relaxed in a contented mood. There was music and singing with the family, and a delightful ride with Father James, Martha, and Mrs. Hodges, the foster mother. A few days later, Father James invited him again, this time to go fishing with him in the pond on the property in Newton. "I was very much tempted to do so, but I was too busy, though I greatly needed some fresh air and exercise," the old priest admitted to his diary.

Thereafter, the two priests became constant companions on the carriage ride out to Newton. Father Tucker entered into the interests of the family, and records a great deal of solicitude for the health of the two Healy brothers. He was especially alarmed on May 9 when James after a hard day's work climaxed by a sermon in the church, suddenly fainted and fell to the floor in the dining room, while having a poultice applied to a sore finger. His condition did not improve during the rest of the month, and Tucker notes with sympathy and alarm he looked "like a corpse," and was "very feeble, and pale, and much shaken." In late May, the doctor ordered James to take another complete vacation. It was recommended that he spend at least a month down East in Maine.

Father Tucker's mood was completely changed when he found

that Father James refused to go on the vacation unless the older priest accompany him. Tucker consented to make the trip with the Healys.

On the thirty-first of May, after a farewell dinner in Newton, the party of four, the two priests and Josephine and Eliza, took the coastwise steamer from Boston to Bath, Maine, en route to Damariscotta and Newcastle. At Damariscotta, they were welcomed by Winifred Kavanagh, sister of the late Edward Kavanagh, the only Catholic governor in the history of the State of Maine. She was the kind hostess of the vacationers for the next month. Her pleasant colonial estate and ample grounds, with a sizable lake for fishing and boating gave the priests and the girls a restful holiday. Quiet strolls about the grounds, relaxed fishing in the lake, outings to the local fisheries, to the circus and to the nearby logging camps and mills afforded decorous diversion.

On Sundays and during the week, the priests said Mass in the ancient church, one of the oldest in New England. Father Tucker diligently entered in his journal all of the minutiae of the ten days he spent with them. On June 10, he took leave of the Kavanaghs and the Healys, and did not see James until he returned to Boston on July 1, fully restored to health and in excellent spirits.

James knew from the welcome that Father Hilary gave him that he had conquered the Missourian's antipathy. Their friendship grew during the summer and deepened in subsequent years. It was something of a milestone along the road when, in August 1864, Father Tucker finally accepted Father James' invitation to stay overnight at the Newton home on the eve of a departure for a few days. So demonstrative was the leave-taking that Father Tucker wrote in his diary, "Such is the nature of this family that they cannot be out of sight of each other for a day or so without thinking that the absence of one, or especially of Father James, would bring about the final cataclysm of all creation."

The relations between the two priests were friendly, except for the brief periods when Father Tucker was readjusting himself after an official admonition from the chancellor for his "Irish weakness."

In periods like that, the diary again bristles with self-justification and criticism of the conscientious chancellor, fulfilling the often painful duty that Bishop Fitzpatrick had laid upon him.

With others of the diocesan and order clergy, Father James was also on good terms. There is not too much documentary evidence of an intimate nature, but sporadic references in the diaries and journals show that he was welcome at the rectories of both the secular and the religious clergy. He was instrumental in bringing the Redemptorist Fathers to Boston for the beginning of their great apostolate at the Mission Church in Roxbury. And in the days of his chancellorship, there was so much burgeoning activity in the establishing of new parishes and building of new churches to care for the immigrant flood that the busy pastors hardly had time for any gossip or pettiness.

A few, however, were brutal enough to cast reflections on Father James and his family because of their colored ancestry. Some even spread the story that the Negro cook at the rectory was really his mother. Others spoke against him for reasons similar to Tucker's, and the only vulnerable spot they could find in his armor was his mixed ancestry.

But James did not worry about these critics. He felt secure in his position as long as Bishop John was head of the diocese. What he might experience under another bishop or under one of the rival pastors raised to the episcopacy, he did not know. He went ahead with his life of devotedness to God and his neighbor and thus strengthened his position for whatever the future would hold.

In the late summer of 1864 his great friend and protector announced that he was coming home from Belgium. In mid-August Father James traveled up to Halifax in order to meet the bishop when the boat docked for fuel. James found Bishop Fitzpatrick exhausted by the rough crossing of the ocean, but determined to reach Boston and home. With him was little Eugene, rescued likewise from the toils of the uncongenial European college, and also Canon Vanendende, destined to be the superior of the new seminary at Troy.

During the leisurely three days the boat required to reach the dock in East Boston, Bishop John and Father James spent the hours together, exchanging views and news about the diocese and the war, about Europe and the future.

A quiet welcome awaited the ailing bishop. Only his sister and her two daughters were on hand at the rectory to greet him when he arrived. Many of the clergy called to pay their respects later, but Bishop John needed rest and recuperation. So exhausted was he still the next day, a Sunday, that he could not say Mass in the pro-Cathedral for the congregation. Father James ascended the pulpit to announce the return of the bishop, and to ask that the good people allow their chief pastor some days to recover from his trying voyage.

Only on September 13 could Bishop John attend the grand dinner of all the clergy as a homecoming banquet. Ninety-six priests were present for the occasion, a gratifying sight for the ageing prelate who had only thirty-nine priests under him when he took charge of the diocese in 1846. Now almost at the end of his long episcopate, he could look with wistful gratification upon this proof of the success of his period of office. But he knew that the homecoming banquet was also a farewell. He realized that he did not have long to live.

Next day however, he felt well enough to accompany Sherwood to Troy for his first view of the new provincial seminary. Bishop Fitzpatrick was satisfied that the move was a wise one. There was still much work to be done on the building and the grounds before they would furnish a congenial setting for the seminary. But he knew that the students were in good hands with Sherwood as the director of the seminary and the prefect of discipline, along with his other tasks of teaching moral theology, church music, and rites and rubrics.

Later in the fall, he returned again with Father James for the official dedication of the seminary on December 1. Sherwood was alarmed at the bishop's obvious decline in health. He dragged his partially paralyzed left side painfully, and had a haggard look about

him. It was two weeks later that the brothers felt that they were on the point of losing their second father. Bishop John suffered a severe and prolonged hemorrhage on December 13, while Father James was away in Montreal with his sister Josephine, enrolling her in Villa Maria with the Notre Dame nuns.

When James returned he learned of the critical condition of the bishop. He was in constant attendance on the ailing prelate thereafter, often setting up an altar to say Mass for the bishop in his sickroom and give him Holy Communion, each of which promised to be viaticum.

By Christmas Day the bishop had taken a turn for the better, but the pall of impending tragedy still hung over the rectory. The usual Christmas greetings by the callers were muted to hushed inquiries about the bishop's condition. The news was better, and after the turn of the New Year, Bishop John was again out of danger.

In the tense months when the Civil War was hurtling toward its consummation, the daily diary kept by Father James for Bishop John shows with what intense interest and concern the fateful events were followed at the Cathedral rectory. In January, he had noted the fall of Fort Fisher near Wilmington, the closing of its port, and the rumor of general amnesty by Lincoln, as well as the rift in Southern opinion, "some breathing eternal war, and ruin in preference to submission, others speaking of peace on any terms." In February he had detailed the abortive peace conference between Lincoln and Seward for the North, and Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell for the South. Later, he had dispassionately recorded Sherman's devastations and the capture of Charleston. Finally, as peace drew nearer, he chronicles the day-to-day developments: Grant's encirclement of Richmond, its fall on the fourth of April (Negro troops, he notes, were the first to enter the city), and then the tumultuous jubilation in Boston with the illumination of streets and houses, the parades and celebrations, the patriotic meetings in Faneuil Hall, when the armistice was signed at Appomattox on April 9, a Sunday.

It was Holy Week. The city staggered under the "mental and spiritual" intoxication of the armistice. On Holy Thursday, many had sobered up enough to attend the Passiontide services. Next day, the quiet of Good Friday was shattered by the announcement that President Lincoln had been assassinated. Father James' reaction mirrored that of Catholic Boston:

Not only Washington but the country is perfectly aghast at this dreadful deed. Every city and town manifest the greatest horror and indignation at the diabolical outrage. It is fortunate that General Grant was not at the Theatre according to public expectation. All church bells were tolled for an hour today. The mayor by a public order closed all saloons and drinking places for fear of the excited and violent discussions.

On Easter Sunday, Father James preached at the High Mass and expressed his and Bishop John's sorrow over the death of the president. He ordered the *Te Deum* to be omitted out of respect for the nation's mourning of the lost leader. He transmitted to the clergy Bishop John's decree that all Catholic Churches should participate in the mourning by holding services of a penitential nature at the time of the official Protestant observances on the day of the funeral.

The great news of the war and its aftermath overshadowed all other items of interest. With Bishop John and the other members of the household, Father James listened with absorbed interest when General Rosecrans, on a visit soon afterwards, gave them a full account of the surrender. But while others were re-echoing President Andrew Johnson's threats of multitudinous hanging of the "rebels," and his offer of \$100,000 reward for the arrest of Jeff Davis and other accomplices in the assassination, James observed simply, "If any one of them are really guilty, the verdict of mankind will be, hang them." He looked beyond the immediate tragedy to the greater one: "The emancipation of the slaves threatens to be an awful difficulty for white and blacks."

Other events also continued to claim what time was left over from his routine pastoral duties. He was invited to Holy Cross College on April 27 to give one of the main addresses on the pro-

gram celebrating the conferral of the college charter by the State of Massachusetts. There he met a great number of his former school-mates, still attached to him and to his brothers by the happy memories of the Hill of Pleasant Springs. His observant eye sized up the present student body as a "little uncouth in manners," though they were very good in appearance and reputation.

Family affairs are also interspersed with other data in the many entries James made in the official diocesan *memoranda*. He recorded on July 25 the culmination of the long courtship of his sister Martha and her beau, a leather salesman, married that day by Father Williams. James was too ill to perform the ceremony. But in the bishop's account book he noted that Fitzpatrick gave her a wedding present of a thousand dollars, and added a like amount for Josephine and Eliza.

Sherwood's troubles are also mentioned sporadically through the diary. Soon after the war, his eyes failed him. He had to come to Boston in April to consult a Doctor Williams. He was fitted out with spectacles and was warned to take better care of his overstrained eyesight. During the summer, which he spent in and around Boston, his throat became ulcerated so seriously that he was unable to return to Troy for the beginning of the new term, the physicians ordering a long rest. However, he was back at work in Troy by the latter weeks of September.

James himself had been in poor fettle during the summer. His health was so feeble that he could not preach from early July to September. However, the Jesuits invited Sherwood and James to do an alumni brother act at their Church of the Immaculate Conception for the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31. Sherwood preached the panegyric on the Jesuit founder. James sang the solemn High Mass. And Father Tucker was thoroughly outdone at him for his rashness:

Father James A. Healy sang the High Mass, in his ill health, which act I cannot account for in Rev. J. A. Healy, in his present state of health, from any other cause than that of an inward desire to appear before the

public and most injurious pride of soul, to control or have power and grasp at all offices in the power of the bishop to bestow, saying or making the plea that others are incapable to fill them; I am his friend, I wish him well, but his pride and grasp of power must be curbed, or I surely will leave the bishop's house. I go this afternoon into a solemn spiritual retreat, and this will be one of the matters of grave consideration. . . .

Of course, on the previous day, Father Tucker had brought down on his head one of the periodic admonitions that the bishop ordered the chancellor to administer for his "besetting weakness."

Next day, in accord with his resolve to go to Worcester for his retreat, Father Tucker packed his carpetbag and was on the point of departing when James invited him to go with him to Sandwich for a week's outing. The old priest wavered for a moment, then accepted the invitation. Sandwich was a good place for ocean bathing, and was noted for its fishing.

The two priests buried their differences in angling for pickerel and perch, in strolling over the meadows, and sauntering down to the beach. Surf bathing cured body and spirit for the old gentleman and Father James risked the spoiling of his much needed vacation to accommodate his fellow priest.

Later in the month, after staying with the bishop at Nahant for a visit, James and his two sisters made the refreshing trip to Damariscotta to enjoy the hospitality of the Kavanagh home again.

By October he was back on his regular schedule. He accompanied Bishop Fitzpatrick to Troy for a meeting of the prelates of the province. Archbishop McCloskey again pressed upon his fellow bishops the desirability of appointing Father Sherwood as president of the seminary in place of the Belgian priest who had been in charge. Bishop Fitzpatrick, though personally attached to his young protégé, vetoed the proposal, advising Sherwood to be cautious and slow in assuming such control. Next month, Sherwood was announced as Vice-President and Director of the Seminary. Because of his poor eyesight, his chair of Moral Theology was surrendered to

Father Puissant, and he retained only the Music and the Rites Classes.

December seemed to be the beginning of the end for Bishop Fitzpatrick's long episcopate. Though he had surprised the Cathedral household by coming downstairs for dinner for the first time in weeks on December 3 he was confined to his bed most of the time. On the fifteenth he was thought to be dying, was again anointed by Father Bapst, but he recovered somewhat.

On December 20, the bishop signed his last will and testament in the presence of the lawyer, Honorable J. P. Healy of the city. Father James also witnessed the document with his power of attorney from the bishop. Five days later, on Christmas itself, the bishop's hemorrhages brought him low. Again on January 7 the doctors became alarmed by the constant nosebleedings. He declined steadily for the next month, and by February 7, had lapsed into a semi-coma.

It was a heart-tearing sight to see the grand old man inching out of life in so long drawn out an agony. Father James and the other fathers kept the faithful vigil at his bedside during the next days. On the twelfth, it was apparent that death would come in a matter of hours. Bishop John regained consciousness long enough to recognize his friends standing around his deathbed. Through the long hours of the night they watched. Finally, at ten minutes before seven o'clock on the morning of February 13, he breathed his last suffering sigh.

James and Sherwood bade farewell to their second and spiritual father when Bishop John died. They watched as the mourners came to pay their last respects to the earthly remains lying in state in the temporary Cathedral. Sherwood was subdeacon at the requiem Mass on the sixteenth. Archbishop McCloskey pronounced the eulogy. James was master of ceremonies, busily attending to the myriad details for the Mass and the funeral.

The bishop-elect, Bishop John Joseph Williams, had just received official appointment from Rome, some days before, as the coadjutor with right of succession to the see of Boston. He took possession of his new dignity on March 4, when he was consecrated to the order

of the episcopate at St. James Church. By March 15 he had moved to the Cathedral rectory to reside in his new home.

James stayed on at the Cathedral to turn over all of the diocesan business affairs to the new incumbent. On the twenty-first, the news of his appointment to succeed the bishop as the new pastor of St. James was announced. On April 1, he appeared at his first pastoral function in his new church. Next day another hand takes up the writing of the official diary of the Boston diocese. James' eleven years as secretary to the bishop and chancellor of the diocese had come to an end. But he continued at St. James Church for the next nine years the same program of priestly dedication to the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock that had made him the beloved pastor of Bishop John's little pro-Cathedral on Boston's South End.

Brother Rivals Brother

The poor outcast, once ashamed to show his face in Boston, was now raised to a higher position as chief shepherd of one of the city's largest and most thriving congregations. Far beyond his expectations of twelve years before, he had reached the pinnacle of pastoral eminence at the age of thirty-five. Gone forever were the fears of his earlier days. He entered upon his new office with equanimity and self-assurance, born of his decade of experience in the neighboring parish.

James was proud of his new church, a chaste, devotional Gothic edifice that rose twin-spired above the South Boston flats near the Boston and Albany station. While it was no great rival to the Cathedral of Notre Dame in which he had been ordained, it was far superior to the Castle Street pro-Cathedral. Inside, the expanse of the nave was double that of his former church. Designed to seat almost two thousand, the wide central nave rose surgingly upward to the open tracery of the slanted rafters. The side aisles were equipped with deep galleries, and though these disturbed the harmony of the Gothic arches, they provided place for hundreds more souls in the overflow crowds that thronged the popular church.

The predominantly Irish parishioners, though they missed the mild-mannered and ascetic Bishop Williams (who insisted on being consecrated to the episcopate in St. James Church), soon became enamored of their new pastor. One of them, a Mr. Hayes, later wrote of him:

I remember Father Healy. He was a colored man, and I remember it was quite well known and talked about that he was one. But if he had any such thing as an inferiority complex concealed about his person, his Irish congregation never discovered it, for he ruled them—and they were not easy to rule. My recollection of him is of an undersized man, slight,

good-looking, with a fringe of whiskers showing above his Roman collar, soft-spoken but decisive in both speech and manner, and a mighty good business man.

The expedient of growing the neck whiskers was one of the many that Father Healy adopted to combat the constant colds and sore throat that plagued him through the winters in Boston. It was his first line of defense, albeit a pitifully weak one, against the dreaded pulmonary complications ever threatening his health.

But in spite of his aversion for the inclement weather of Boston's wretched winters, James continued the same tireless service of the parishioners that he had rendered at the Cathedral. As one pages through the old record books of baptisms, marriages, sick calls and funerals, one sees the silent, steady work of the busy pastor along with his energetic assistants. Father Healy took his regular turn in parish functions. He soon solidly established himself as pastor in deed as well as in name, secure in the unshakable confidence that his people implicitly placed in his integrity and holiness of life.

The satisfying paradox of his decade of ministry as one of the leading pastors of the city was that, instead of being retarded by his color, Father James was seriously challenged mainly by his own brother, Father Sherwood Healy. The younger priest emerged as a friendly rival of Father James for pre-eminence in pastoral work, in oratorical achievements, and in influence with Bishop and people alike.

The first indication that Sherwood was to be to Bishop Williams what James was to Bishop Fitzpatrick came in 1866. In October of that year, Bishop Williams chose Father Sherwood as one of his companions and theologians for the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. Traveling with the prelate down below the Mason-Dixon line, Sherwood served as his adviser during the weeks of the history-making assembly of all the country's bishops.

For the next three years, however, he was buried in the seclusion of the Troy Seminary, except when he preached an occasional ser-

mon during the year or for vacation-time substitution at the Cathedral and at St. James.

The stage in Boston was dominated by Father James during those years. His social apostolate broadened out into an expanding program of institution-building on behalf of orphans, foundlings, and wayward children. He took a step-by-step interest in the building of the new Home for Destitute Catholic Children, though reasons of health obliged him to hand in his resignation as vice-president in 1868, when the doctors again ordered him to take a half-year leave of absence.

Interest in establishing a home for foundlings led Father Healy to conduct a drive early in his new pastorate for Carney Hospital whose infant ward served as the beginnings of the St. Ann's Home. When the new hospital was built, the old building, formerly the Howe mansion, was used as the foundling home until, at the end of the decade, Father Healy and Bernard Foley of Roxbury negotiated for the purchase of the Sever estate in Dorchester. There a combined infant asylum and home for unmarried mothers realized the plan that Father Healy had long dreamed.

Father Healy also had his modest, but important, contribution to make in the establishment of the House of the Good Shepherd when that project was inaugurated in 1867. He was a member of the board, along with Patrick Donahue and Father Brady. He actually bought the present site of the sister's refuge for wayward girls, though a large share of the money came from such diverse sources as the Massachusetts General Court and the Jesuit Father Welch, both of whom gave ten thousand dollars for it. Later, he was also to serve on the building committee, giving much time and effort to the raising of the funds, the choice of architect and contractor, and the various stages of construction from cornerstone to cross.

It was thus that Father James achieved still higher standing in the Boston Catholic community and came to be regarded as one of the foremost leaders of the Church in social matters.

In 1869, this pre-eminence came to be challenged by his brother.

Father Sherwood's eyesight and his general health had failed seriously under the spartan regime of the seminary. He was obliged in the summer of 1869 to ask for an extended leave of absence so that he could recover his health. Bishop Williams was then on the point of departing for the historic Vatican Council in Rome. He again chose Sherwood as his companion and theologian. Together they voyaged to the Eternal City in the fall, proceeding by leisurely stages through England, France, Germany and northern Italy, so that Sherwood could regain his strength before reaching Rome in late November.

Father Sherwood was with Bishop Williams when the Vatican Council solemnly opened on December 8, with more than seven hundred cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, theologians, and generals of religious orders in attendance. As a keen-minded theologian, Sherwood followed the course of the momentous deliberations on the tenets of the faith. After three months of the intense work, Sherwood's health broke down. By the end of March he was in so critical a condition that he was given the last Sacraments. But he pulled through the crisis and resumed his role as theologian for his devoted friend and bishop.

In reward for his services and in recognition of his capabilities, Bishop Williams appointed Sherwood as rector of the Cathedral in Boston soon after their return to Boston in the autumn.

On the day after appointing Sherwood to the post, Bishop Williams celebrated the first Mass in the side chapel of the new Cathedral, September 28, 1870. It was a consolation to him and to Sherwood thus to mark the completion of the first stage in the building of the new Holy Cross Cathedral that the bishop had started on the morrow of his elevation to the episcopate, four years before. It was now rising massively on the Union Park site purchased by Andrew Carney at Washington and Malden Streets in South Boston.

As did all Catholic Boston, Sherwood had been following the progress of the construction work on the huge edifice in the four years since the digging of the foundations in 1866. Now rector, his interest became a personal involvement in the laying of each slab of

marble and each cornice and capstone. Within his first year as rector, the central nave was roofed over and the exterior stonework substantially completed.

To Sherwood fell the task of raising funds to meet the mounting costs of the prolonged work. The annual collections were insufficient to keep pace with the large outlays for the proud Cathedral, destined to be the largest between Baltimore and Quebec. To gather in more contributions in a less painful way, Bishop Williams authorized Father Sherwood to conduct, in the fall of 1871, the first of the great Cathedral Fairs. Added to all of his routine work, this new task taxed Sherwood's strength to the limit. He threw himself into the promotion and direction of the month-long bazaar with his usual optimism.

Now that the Cathedral's cruciform structure was enclosed, Sherwood conceived the plan of having two large concerts within its walls in order to raise more funds. He trained and prepared the Boston Catholic Choral Union, of which he was the director, for the mammoth concerts. They were outstanding musical events in a city famed for its achievements in that field of culture.

The fair itself was held in the Boston Music Hall, a *mélange* of booths and raffles, of games and music, of contests and special events which taxed and testified the capable generalship of Father Sherwood.

During the weeks of the fair, Sherwood also published a weekly magazine, *The Cathedral*, now a rare collector's item, containing articles by Father James and himself that are of great historical value. Father James' series was entitled "A Sketch of the Progress of Catholicity in the City and Diocese of Boston," and it attests to the serious scholarship of the elder brother and his diligent poring over the manuscripts of the chancery archives during his years in that position. In a later series of the magazine, published during the fair of 1874, Father Sherwood contributed "A History of the Cathedral of Boston," which was subsequently reprinted and re-copied many times.

The brother act that had begun in 1860 was thus resumed as a

praiseworthy rivalry between the two pastors. Both enjoyed the confidence and the intimate friendship of Bishop Williams. Both were members of the Bishop's Council, James having been so since Fitzpatrick's time, and now Sherwood also, serving as secretary of the council and writing the minutes of its important decisions in his fine, thin, austere handwriting.

In his record of the council meeting of December 1870, Father Sherwood recounts the steps that led to the gigantic public demonstration of loyalty to Pope Pius IX and of protest against the spoliation of the Papal States. Father James was appointed to draw up an address to His Holiness, expressing the sentiments of Catholic Boston, and signed by as many of the faithful as possible after it had been read in all of the churches.

The public demonstration was held at the Music Hall, January 14, 1871. Featured on the program were speeches by the Bishop, by John Crowley, Charles Donnelly, Thomas Gargan, and finally, as the climax, a stirring address by Father James. The text as reprinted in the *Pilot* and in other Catholic papers clearly showed the heights of oratorical skill and moral power to which the popular pastor could ascend.

James' six more years of pulpit experience seemed to give him the advantage over his younger brother, though there was little to choose between them. Father Tucker in his diaries favored Sherwood over James, and enthused more often about the sermons of the younger man than about those of his own rival. Both men were in demand during the seventies for feature speeches on special occasions.

For the famous Catholic festival held in the Music Hall in 1873 before a crowd of three thousand, Father James drew the assignment as the main speaker. The Catholic Union which sponsored the public demonstration had been formed the past year as a response to Pius IX's call for the mobilizing of Catholic laymen throughout the world in the first foreshadowing of Catholic Action. Father James Healy had been deputized by the bishop to guide the destinies

of the new union when it was founded in March 1873 after the pattern of the New York union.

It was but natural that the laymen chose him for their feature speaker in their first giant assembly later in the year. On the night of November 13, before a gathering of six bishops, one hundred-odd priests, and upwards of three thousand laity, Father James rose at the climax of a program that had featured such prominent Catholic orators as John Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick Donahue, the converts Theodore Metcalf, and Kent Stone (now Father Fidelis). The *Pilot* observed that James "received the welcome of a favorite priest which was repeated again and again before he was allowed to proceed."

Equal to the occasion, Father James delivered a stirring and graphic description of the growth of the Church in New England from the handful of Catholic refugees from the West Indies meeting in the little hired chapel on School Street in 1788, through the coming of Matignon and Cheverus, to the flooding in of the immigrants who filled the cities and states, dug the canals, built the railroads, swarmed into the factories, and crowned the hills with the crosses of numerous churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums, until the Church could number six dioceses, four hundred and thirty churches and an even larger number of priests in New England. It was a proud picture, and Father Healy lifted the crowd to new heights of Catholic feeling with his impassioned oratory. At the climax, he urged them for the moment to be protestants:

We protest the wrong done to the Church by the unscrupulous government of Italy. . . . We protest the doctrine that might makes right. We protest as citizens against the suspicion of our loyalty to our country. . . . We protest against the intolerance and hardness that adds misery to the felon, hardens the young vagrant, embitters the last days of the poor, shuts the door upon hearts willing to repent, intolerance which denies them the religion which their days of youth and innocence knew, compels them to listen to their constant abuse. We protest the suspicion that we are the creatures of any local political party, or have anything in view but the purely Catholic object. . . .

As the prelates and people moved out of the Music Hall that night, they felt that the Catholic voice was finally being heard and understood in Boston and in flint-minded New England.

The brothers continued vying with each other oratorically throughout the rest of James' period as pastor of St. James Church. They alternated in drawing invitations for these big events. Thus in 1874 Sherwood accepted the bid to deliver the sermon at the dedication of the new St. Augustine's Church in South Boston, August 30. A little more than a month later, James was asked to do the honors for the laying of the cornerstone of the new Sacred Heart Church in East Cambridge on October 4. The sermon, on the reign of Pius IX and on his battle with the modern Caesar, Victor Emmanuel, was an eloquent and learned discourse.

In the early seventies too Father James surpassed his younger brother as a church-builder as well. Sherwood's rather remote connection with the actual building of the new Cathedral did not prevent him from taking a possessive attitude toward the construction project. By 1873 James was launched on a building program for which he had the primary and direct responsibility, and in whose planning he could write the imprint of his own grand dreams and favoritisms in architecture.

St. James Church was not yet fifteen years old when Father Healy was made pastor. Within five years however he and his parishioners saw the same march of industry that doomed the historic Cathedral on Franklin Street threaten the beautiful Gothic Church on Albany Street. The development of the Boston and Albany Railroad created noises that even on Sundays interfered with the peace and quiet necessary for religious worship. The front stairs of the church led right down to the street directly across which the freight cars were being humped back and forth at street level at all hours of the day and night. Bells and whistles, steam chuffings, screeching brakes, and the crash of coupling cars wore down the patience of the congregation. It all but drowned out the voice of the pastor trying to speak above the din.

The railroad moreover needed more land for expansion of its

freight-loading platforms. The officials of the company purchased the land up to the church. Then they approached Father Healy and the bishop with an offer to buy. Notwithstanding his tender attachment to the shrine of his consecration, Bishop Williams authorized the sale and demolition of St. James.

Father James secured a new location for the church three blocks away on Harrison Avenue between Kneeland and Harvard Streets. The cost of the land alone almost wiped out the proceeds of the sale of the old site. But the congregation agreed to raise the money for a worthy basilica such as Father James envisioned. Without any of the ornate baroque trimmings that James detested in the post-Renaissance Italian Churches, the new St. James was to be chastely façaded with the simplicity of column and arch after the manner of the older Roman basilicas. Inside, free of posts and columns, pastor and people were to meet face to face. St. James the Apostle was to have his place among the twelve heroic statues of the apostles, standing guard around the high walls.

Father James' farewell sermon in the old church was a masterpiece of oratory. It was on Sunday, August 30, 1874 that he took leave of the Gothic edifice and led his people into their new basement church, pending the completion of the upper structure. He turned their thoughts from the regrets they experienced in leaving the beautiful and devotional shrine of their Communions and marriages. He inspired them with the vision of building not only a new and proud basilica, but especially the temple, not built with hands, which they as the living stones of the Church would construct by their lives of holiness for a blessed eternity.

Work on the new church had been pressed ahead in the face of the depression of 1873. Father Healy had no difficulty in raising the money he needed for the financing of the new enterprise. His signature was respected at the banks of Boston, and the legend of his power had begun to grow to quite amazing proportions.

There was the story that was whispered about town of his action during the great Boston fire of November 9, 1872. The bells of the city firehouses began ringing suddenly about 7:45 P.M. But the en-

gines did not speed out of the doors. The spirited horses were all sick of some strange disease. Volunteers had to drag the heavy fire engines by hand down the streets to the spreading fires.

By the time the hose and pumping equipment arrived downtown, a wind had whipped the flames to fury. They were leaping from building to building along Summer and Kingston Streets, up Summer to Washington, and then down Summer southward to the Albany Station, burning on both sides of the street, just a short three blocks from the old St. James Church.

Crowds gathered in the streets and retreated before the oncoming mass of smoke and flame. Leaping across the narrow streets, the fires swept from the upper stories to adjoining buildings with nothing to check them. Firemen were powerless in the face of the intense heat. The water supply was feebly inadequate to stem the advance of the conflagration. It looked as though the fire was going to envelop the entire South End of the city. People were frantically packing up their belongings and preparing to move.

At this juncture, Father James came out of his church with his prayer book under his arm. He walked the three blocks to the corner of Summer and Lincoln. There he took his stand. Opening his book, he started to read prayers in the face of the oncoming vortex of flame. Others of the spectators retreated from around him. He stood his ground alone. Of a sudden, while he prayed undismayed, the wind changed. Blowing from the southwest, it reversed the fire, diverting it from its invasion of his parish. Down toward the wharf it swept, to visit its vengeance on the firetrap tenements, the jerry-built warehouses, and the dockside installations.

All through the night it raged. Not even the central business district was spared. The whole line of the waterfront was destroyed. Sixty-five acres of the old city were burnt out. Seven hundred and seventy-six buildings were gutted in the holocaust.

Father Healy's pious parishioners were convinced that their humble homes had been spared through the mighty power of their holy pastor's prayers. He became a legend among them. The con-

viction grew that he would rise even higher in the ranks of the church's leaders.

Rival parishioners at the next parish of the Cathedral answered the boasts of the St. James faithful with an equal extolling of the virtues of their pastor, Father Sherwood. They pointed with pride to his superior degrees. He was both a doctor of divinity and a doctor of canon law, and Father James had neither.

Soon however, the St. James people could match that boast. In 1874 Holy Cross College again honored its first graduate. At the annual commencement, by virtue of the charter finally granted to it, the president and faculty of his alma mater conferred the degree of doctor of divinity on Father James Healy, thus recognizing his achievements in behalf of Holy Mother Church.

This reward came on the heels of Father James Healy's most masterful stroke in defense of the Church during all of his Boston years. It was his brilliant upholding of the Catholic position before the Massachusetts legislature's joint committee on taxing churches and religious institutions, March 21, 1874.

Father James went unwillingly, he said, to this public hearing on the hotly debated legislation, proposed by non-Catholics as a blow to the Church's welfare. But as the bishop's special deputy for the social apostolate, James fearlessly and ably presented the well-reasoned case for exemption of charitable institutions from the burdens of taxation that would put them out of existence. He clearly demonstrated that the Catholic institutions, refuges, orphanages, hospitals, foundling homes, and poor houses, were saving the state hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Crippled and closed by the taxation program, these institutions would no longer even be taxable, and the state would have the full burden of supporting the dependents cared for in them. The logic was ineluctable. The eloquence was masterly. The point was well scored.

Turning then to a defense of the churches' exemption from taxation, Father Healy with equal brilliance summed up the case for their immunity. He showed that his own parish was poor, and yet gave five thousand a year to support the Catholic charitable institu-

tions. If it were taxed to that amount, and all other churches likewise, the charitable agencies would be forced to close, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars more that the state would have to pay would hardly justify the miserly gain. He pointed out that the Sisters who staffed these institutions did so without salary, and thus enabled the church to operate them successfully.

Father Healy then wheeled up his big oratorical guns for an assault on the oppressive laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that bore heavily down upon the immigrant Catholics: the truancy laws, enforced only against Catholics; the disfranchising laws that restricted the vote; the law separating children from parents for minor reasons, even the absence of the parent at war or at sea; the laws forbidding Catholic services in public institutions where the Protestant minister was accorded full access; and the laws that prevented even the administration of the last Sacraments to the dying, if they were in public custody.

By the time James had reached his peroration to plead for a defense of religion as the basis of morality and of patriotism, he had neutralized the opposition. He won acclaim even in the secular press for his superb presentation of the case for the outcast immigrant in the strange land.

This feat and his other solid achievements did not go unnoticed at Rome. His name was high on the lists sent to the Eternal City containing those priests whose distinguished talents and integrity of life rendered them eminently fitted for promotion to the episcopacy.

But to his intimate friends in the parish, and to his devoted sisters at home in Newton, he was still simply "Father James." Whenever he and Father Sherwood could break away for a visit or an extended holiday they kept congenial company together with their sisters and foster mother Mrs. Hodges at the quiet home in the country. Neighbors noticed the piety of the household. Mothers told their children of the holy people who lived there. And when Father Patrick, now president of Georgetown University in Washington, managed to secure leave of absence, he too joined the family

group to speak of his own experiences since being made rector there on July 31, 1874. He spoke too of his dreams of rivaling James and Sherwood as builders by erecting a stately administration and classroom building with spires reaching high above anything in the District of Columbia on the heights above Georgetown.

It was in 1874 also that the two sisters, Josephine and Eliza, both decided to dedicate their lives to God in the religious life. Josephine was attracted to the Good Shepherd nuns, whose magnificent building in Roxbury had been erected largely through Father James' efforts. After the 1873 Fair that Father James promoted to raise more than ten thousand dollars for the Sisters, Josephine applied for admission to their ranks.

She was welcomed for her postulancy. She submitted to all of the tests and trials that sounded out the genuineness of her vocation. She developed a love for the combination of contemplative life and active apostolate on behalf of the hundred and thirty girls in the care of the nuns for rehabilitation. At the end of her three months' postulancy, she asked for the holy habit.

The mother superior, Mother Mary of St. Aloysius Charleton, an aristocratic Southerner born in Charleston, South Carolina, was reluctant to admit the olive-skinned and innocent young lady from Georgia. Despite Josephine's obvious goodness, her fitness for the life, and her many deep gifts of soul, she was told that she did not have a vocation. The other sisters knew that she had been refused mainly because of her mixed ancestry, an insuperable barrier in the eyes of the Charleston aristocrat.

Josephine left the Good Shepherd sisters. She did not abandon her vocation to the religious life. Applying for admission to the Hospitalier religious of Hotel Dieu in Montreal, she found a warm welcome there. For a brief five years, she lived and labored among them. She died July 23, 1879, after winning a permanent place in the hearts of the sisters. Even in death she did not forget her first love, the Good Shepherd Convent. In her will disposing of her patrimony, she bequeathed a considerable share to the Boston convent. There until today her name is found, if not on the community

roster, at least on the lists of the benefactors of the institution, alongside her brother James.

Eliza also went to Montreal in 1874, joining the Congregation of Notre Dame, in which her sister Martha had lived for almost ten years. She rose to prominence as a superior in Montreal, in Vermont, and down in Staten Island, New York, in the course of her long career with these Sisters.

Meanwhile in Boston the holy emulation between Father James and Father Sherwood continued. The debates between their respective parishioners on the relative merits of the two zealous priests also persisted. Speculation was rife in the closing months of 1874 as to which of the two brothers would be the first to be promoted to a bishopric by Rome.

Bishop Williams himself seemed to have a special predilection for Sherwood. In his diary he invariably refers to him by first name alone, though he regularly cited James with his full official title. Sherwood moreover lived in the bishop's house, ate at his table, entertained him with his brilliant conversational skill and his quick wit, and liberally placed at his service his keen facility as a canon lawyer and an accurate theologian. To impartial observers, and there were but few of these, it seemed as though Sherwood was destined for the first opening into which Bishop Williams' influence could secure his entry.

In 1874 two of the neighboring dioceses became vacant at about the same time. On November 5 Bishop David W. Bacon of Portland, Maine, died suddenly in New York on his return from Europe. Only a month earlier, October 2, Bishop Francis McFarland of Hartford, Connecticut, had also passed away. Thus two episcopal sees awaited their next occupants.

Those were the days before church practice imposed strictest secrecy upon the nominations of candidates for the episcopacy. The clergy, the laity, and the Catholic newspapers carried on open discussions on the candidates and the *terna*, or lists submitted to Rome. It was generally admitted that one or other of the Healy brothers

were on the *ternas* for Portland and Hartford. Rumor had it that Sherwood headed the list for Hartford and James for Portland.

In late February 1875 the news was flashed from Rome that a choice had been made for both of the sees. Father James Augustine Healy was elected by Pope Pius IX as the second bishop of Portland. And Father Thomas Galberry was elevated to the see of Hartford.

There was great elation in Boston over the honoring of one of its favorite pastors by the Holy Father. The bull of election was dated February 12. Upon its arrival in Boston, Father James resigned as pastor of St. James Church. He left next month for Portland to make preliminary arrangements for his consecration and installation, and to take over the interim running of the extensive diocese which included both Maine and New Hampshire.

Father Sherwood's friends and partisans took consolation in the belief that he had been passed over only because of his comparative youth. He was only thirty-eight at the time, compared to his brother's forty-four—also a rather early age for so grave and difficult a responsibility. Bishop Williams, passing over a number of older men, showed his confidence in Sherwood's ability by appointing him to succeed his brother as pastor of St. James. Sherwood took over the almost-completed church on April 5.

On July 25 the dedication services for St. James' new building were held. Father Sherwood showed brotherly affection for James by inviting the new bishop to deliver the sermon for the consecration ceremony. A month later, August 23, Sherwood had a serious breakdown. Two lung hemorrhages brought him to the point of death. Doctors despaired of him. He was taken to Carney Hospital two weeks later to await the end. On into October he lingered. "They think I can recover," he told Archbishop Williams, "but it is not so. Only let them pray for me." By October 20, the end was at hand. Bishop Healy hurried back from Portland. He was with Sherwood when he went home to God next morning at ninety-three.

Five bishops and one hundred and fifty priests attended the funeral on the twenty-third. New St. James' Church was filled to

capacity. The archbishop addressed the congregation with a few brief heartfelt words, telling them that they did not realize their loss. "His learning, his gentleness of disposition, the depth of his piety, made him one of the priests on whom we could always rely. . . . Many hearts will long cherish . . . his guilelessness. With all his learning and experience, his heart was as pure as a child's." Choking with tears, the prelate could utter but a few words more of his young friend. There were few dry eyes in the church that day.

To his memory, his devoted parishioners at the Cathedral dedicated one of the stained glass windows in the new building. At St. James, his full-sized portrait hangs in a place of honor with the other famous pastors in that "mother of bishops," as the church was called.

Part Three

DARK PURPLE

"The Bishop is a Nee-Gar!"

The scenic and historic fascinations of Maine and New Hampshire had long been familiar to James. He had often traveled the shores in the coastwise ships that lazily moved past the rocky panorama. He had gone by slow stage through the Maine hinterland, visiting the Indian reservations in company with Bishop Fitzpatrick. He had come to know and understand its native Yankee folk, its new immigrants from Ireland and Canada, and its old Catholic families like the Kavanaghs. And as he traveled up to take possession of his new see in April 1875, the young bishop-elect entered a realm that had been a pleasant vacation land for him in his Boston years.

Bishop-elect Healy was not without his misgivings about the reception he would meet at the hands of clergy and people. He remembered at least one incident that lent some apprehensiveness to his otherwise pleasant expectations.

On one of his vacation trips to Damariscotta, he had gathered together the young children of the neighborhood to teach them catechism. There was a priest at the next town down the road. But he seldom visited the children of the Kavanagh neighborhood. He heard however of Father Healy's ministrations. With some Irish indignation he paid a visit to the vacationing priest one day to protest against his interference with the pastoral work of the parish.

Father Healy had explained that he was simply endeavoring to help the children learn their catechism. The irate pastor informed him that he did not need any outside help, but was perfectly able to take care of the spiritual needs of his few Catholic families. Moreover, he threatened to denounce Healy as an interloper. James agreed to desist, and begged the pastor not to make a public denunciation.

The next Sunday nevertheless the pastor thundered from the

pulpit his denunciation of Father Healy. He asserted that he did not want any strange priests interfering with his office as pastor. Especially, he added with emphasis, he did not want his parish children to be taught by anyone "with indelicate blood."

Bishop-elect Healy brooded over the memory as he drew near Portland. The thunderstruck pastor had sent in his resignation when he learned of James' appointment by Rome. James would not accept it. As a new bishop, a new shepherd of his flock, he would forgive and forget. The offending pastor would remain at his post.

But James could not help pondering over the central problem that faced him: Would any of the other clergy resign? How would the teaching sisters react when they met the person about whom it was already whispered by the Irish gossips: "Glurry be to God, the Bishop is a *Nee-gar!*"? Would the laity revolt against his coming, refuse to submit to his authority, withhold their contributions or boycott him?

One thing he knew. By the grace of God and of the Apostolic See, he was the bishop of the Diocese of Portland. Even before his consecration, he had jurisdiction over the faithful, power to rule and govern, to judge and legislate, to make appointments and to dispose of diocesan funds. Revolt against him, for whatever reason, was rebellion against the Holy Mother Church which had assigned him the care of this portion of its wide domain. The gates of hell had not prevailed against her even when the whole Church had been ruled by popes who were ex-slaves, as were Pope St. Pius in the second century and Pope St. Callistus in the third. The same holy oils that had transmitted the sacred powers of the episcopacy to them as bishops would soon be upon his own brow. With that hope and anticipation, he emerged from the train when it had pulled into the Portland station. He set a sure foot on the ground over which he would walk as God's anointed vicar. If he were not accepted as such by the clergy and people, he could always resign. He could abdicate his dignity and retire to the security of a religious cloister. He could even return to Boston as auxiliary to

Archbishop Williams who needed the aid of an assistant bishop in his expanding archdiocese.

Welcomed at the station by Father John Barry, the administrator of the diocese during the interregnum, Bishop-elect Healy began to look with new and sharper eyes at the men who called him “Bishop,” and at the city that was his see. Portland had been cursorily known to James as a way station on the trip to and from Damariscotta. But as he rode up Congress Street that first day in April, he took a new measure of the historic sights of the old city, once capital of the state of Maine. He saw the everywhere dominant Protestant churches, the largest and most influential of which lined Congress Street, monopolizing it to the exclusion of the Catholic Cathedral, which was forced to build on a back street, Cumberland Avenue. Nonetheless Bishop Bacon had brazenly built his residence facing on Congress Street, a sprawling four-story “palace” that was the equal of any episcopal residence on the seaboard.

From the glassed-in cupola at the head of its grand spiraling staircase, James could survey the extent of his Portland parishes. He could see the outline of the saddle-shaped neck of land on which the city was built, surrounded on three sides by the water of Back Cove, Fore River, and Casco Bay. He could look eastward over the huddled warrens of Munjoy hill where the Irish immigrants were housed, separated as far as possible from the stately residences of Congress and State Streets, and from the western preserves of the dominant Protestant majority. But James could also observe that Portland no longer looked like the beautiful town that its favorite son, the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, had immortalized in his song to his lost youth. There were still the islands in the bay that were the Hesperides of all his boyish dreams; there were the black wharves and the slips, the magic of the tides, the beauty and the mystery of the bearded sailors and their majestic ships. But the pleasant streets and the shadowy lines of their trees had been devastated by the great fire of 1866. The nine years since then had not been time enough to erase all of the brands that had been burned

into the heart of Portland. It was still a city nursing its wounds and hoping for a full recovery.

One of the first structures to rear its head above the smoldering embers was his own Cathedral, a modified French Gothic mass of brick construction whose tall steeple rose like a symbol of hope in the burnt-out city in 1869. It was the mother-church of the thirty-six Maine parishes and the twenty-one in New Hampshire, which with the thirty-three mission stations cared for the spiritual wants of the eighty thousand Catholics in the two states.

It was impossible for James to assemble his fifty-two priests in the still wintry days of April. He postponed until June the date of his consecration and meanwhile set about familiarizing himself with the state of the diocese, its churches, schools, charitable institutions, and parish life.

To aid him in this process, James assembled his diocesan council, as prescribed by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. None had been appointed thus far in Portland. He relieved old Father Eugene O'Callaghan of his onerous duties as chancellor. He chose as his successor and as secretary to the council, Father Denis Bradley, distantly related to the Bradleys in Boston to whom James was so deeply attached. He retained Father John Barry as his right-hand vicar for New Hampshire, and Father John O'Donnell as vicar-general for Maine. He carefully selected one of the oldest Irish priests, Father Edward McSweeney, to give that faction of his clergy voice in the council. And he included one of the outstanding French-speaking missionaries, Father Charles Sweron, to respect the touchiness of the Canadian immigrants. Though each of these had hoped to occupy the ornate chair at the head of the council table that James now filled, they cooperated willingly in the task of forming the policies and influencing the decisions of the new bishop.

It is a tribute to James' winning personality that he gained immediate and lasting acceptance at his council table, nullifying jealousies and xenophobias. In the long hours of their discussion about the state of the diocese, James impressed them with his clerical

savoir-faire, his shrewd business sense, his mastery of men and situations, and his serene consciousness that he was in full command by reason of his proven competence, superior education, wide experience, and mental alertness, as much as by the grace and favor of Rome. He created confidence in himself and his administration on the part of these men, and they in turn spread it by the parish grapevines to the other clergy of the diocese. It soon became clear to all that a worthy successor of the lordly Bishop Bacon was now the incumbent of the see of Portland.

Briefed by his council on the general conditions and trends in the diocese, James then called in his trusted friend, James C. Madigan of Houlton, related by marriage to the Kavanaghs. From him he secured expert opinions on the state of the diocesan finances and of the deeds to the diocesan property. After a two months' survey of the books and deeds, as well as of the contracts for the six churches then under construction in the diocese, Mr. Madigan was able to reassure the young prelate that he was in a not-too-precarious financial condition, except for one or two parishes. The diocese was burdened with a debt of a hundred and ten thousand dollars, but was, in Madigan's opinion, well able to carry the interest and reduce the principal. He recommended a few fund-raising fairs to cut the principal down to even more manageable proportions.

There were two or three parishes whose affairs worried the bishop-elect from the very first. Just a few days after the unofficial announcement had told New England that he was to be bishop of Maine, one of the contractors for St. Joseph's Church, Biddeford, a dozen miles south of Portland, had written to James to tell him of the dangerous condition of the unfinished building, on which work had been suspended because of the pastor's insolvency. Three or four of the incomplete turrets had been toppled by the winds or removed for safety's sake. The building was in danger of collapse from the effects of the rigorous winter weather, walls out of line, basement flooded, and the brick work thus weakened. The administrator of the diocese, Father Barry, had been unable to resolve the financial impasse during the interregnum. He was glad to shift the

burden to the shoulders of the incoming bishop. This, and the vicissitudes of a parish in Portsmouth, promised to be an ominous blight on the bright beginnings of the new episcopate.

To make these beginnings as colorful as possible, Bishop-elect Healy decided to hold the solemn ceremony of his consecration not in Boston but in the Cathedral of Portland. Feeling that this most beautiful of all of the Church's grand ordination liturgies would impress upon his people the spiritual significance of his episcopacy, James prepared for the great day by inviting all of his friends among the hierarchy in New England so as to have the full panoply of the Church's majestic pageantry to usher in his regime in Portland. It would be the first episcopal consecration to take place in the new Cathedral, and the first in the whole state of Maine.

Wednesday, June 2, was the great day. James tenderly remembered all of the sacred details of the hours-long ritual performed by Archbishop Williams before a church full of prelates, priests, sisters and laity from all of his circles of friends and followers. In his sermons of later years, Bishop Healy often went back over the momentous ceremonies by which he was called a High Priest according to the order of Melchisedech. He relived the solemn scrutiny of his orthodoxy; the clothing of his person in vestments of wonderful variety and mystic symbolism; the giving of the crozier, the staff that represented his shepherding of the faithful; the placing of the episcopal ring upon his finger, signifying that he was a spouse of the Church alone; the laying of the book of the Gospels upon his bowed neck; the anointing of his head, signifying that he was a ruler among men, sacred to God; and the special sealing of his hands with oils in sign of the blessings they transfer from God to men; and finally, at the supreme moment, the placing of the consecrators' hands upon his head with the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. . . ." And James cherished the memory of his descent from the altar, conscious that he was sharing in the Fatherhood of God in a special way, alive with His original and divine fecundity in the order of grace.

Flanked by the honored dignitaries who had raised him to his

high office, Bishop Healy stood in the parlor of his palace to receive the homage of his clergy and people alike after the impressive ceremony was concluded. The awesomeness of the ceremony had cast a spell of reverence over the faithful who knelt to kiss his ring and receive his blessing. In their sincere tribute of faith and allegiance, James saw the triumph of grace over all of the man-made obstacles that had cast shadows athwart his path through life.

The same triumphal reception was continued throughout the summer. Soon after his consecration, the new bishop, in company with his chancellor, began his first official visitation of the diocese. It was a major missionary journey, but a journey of love. He visited the nearby parishes in Maine and New Hampshire by train, shuttling back and forth across the states in the rickety little lines that eventually found their way to the manufacturing towns up and down the rivers. Beyond the railheads, Bishop James took off by stagecoach or buggy to visit the missions of the far northern portion of his diocese in Maine, or the westernmost tip of New Hampshire, both peopled mainly by French Canadians from across the border. By the time the summer was over, he had traveled more than thirty thousand miles, had administered confirmation to upwards of four thousand children, and had preached more than a hundred sermons.

Much of the routine of the visitations was the same as it had been with Bishop Fitzpatrick on his tours of the Boston diocese when James accompanied him to relieve him of the burdensome details of checking account books, inspecting property, examining conditions in church and school. But there were many differences too. In the Boston diocese, the quarter-million Catholics were close together, packed into large cities and industrial concentrations in the 8,000 square-mile state. In Maine and New Hampshire, the population was sparsely scattered over an area of 45,000 square miles. Where the mother-diocese had many multi-parish cities with dozens of churches, in Maine there were only four cities with Catholic populations large enough to merit more than one church, and in anti-Catholic New Hampshire, only Manchester and Nashua had

two churches, one for the Irish and one for the Canadians. Everywhere the Catholic minority was relatively poor, lower-class, and undistinguished by any of the compensations that made the ministry in Boston and Massachusetts a stimulating and rewarding one.

The new bishop nevertheless conscientiously visited each of the smallest segments of his dispersed sheepfold. In some places the dangers he faced and surmounted were manifold. There were perils to life and limb as he traveled by boat and even canoe up the reaches of the Penobscot, the St. Croix, the St. John, and the Androscoggin, or took to horse for the woodland paths through the forests of Maine and the New Hampshire mountains.

But more trying were the perils from false brethren and bitter enemies of everything Catholic. It took courage for James in visiting the parishes nearer to Portland to go down to North Whitefield's Church of St. Denis and face the congregation there. From its pulpit he had been denounced for his "indelicate blood." Now he returned with the sign of God upon his brow and his soul. He courageously mounted the same pulpit to greet his new children in the Lord, and to challenge their faith to overcome the minor prejudices of their former pastor.

Father Peterson, the denouncer, had been transferred to Rockland by Bishop Bacon. Thither James also went on his inaugural tour. There at the door he confronted his denouncer with the forgiveness of a truly Christian spirit. He received from Father Peterson the humble tribute of his repentance, as he knelt to kiss the bishop's ring, to offer him holy water, and to conduct him reverently around the church, the rectory, and the parish on his routine chore of inspection. Peterson acknowledged contritely that there was no delicate heart but a strong one, pulsing the "indelicate blood" through the bishop's vigorous frame.

Farther eastward, in the Bangor area, there were the still crackling fires of anti-Catholic enmity. In Ellsworth, they had boiled the tar for the tar-and-feathering of Father John Bapst in 1854, and had burned down his church subsequently. James fearlessly drove into the town, presented himself to Father Coffey at St. Joseph's new

church, and administered the sacrament of confirmation despite the ominous opposition.

In the Eastport district, the easternmost point of the United States, which, like the Bangor area, had been a mission territory of Jesuit blackrobes up to the Civil War, Bishop Healy also discovered evidences of the strong antipathy to Catholicism. He inspected the charred ruins of the Church of St. Joseph in East Machias, burned to the ground by fanatics just a few days after his consecration in Portland, as though in protest against this perpetuation of Romish aggression in the Protestant stronghold of Maine. Undaunted, James ordered the immediate reconstruction of the Church in the very same spot, to rise defiantly triumphant over the narrowness of the nativists. He thus endeared himself to the cowed Catholics of the neighborhood by his decisive and courageous leadership.

Near Eastport and Bangor too the young prelate went out of his way to visit the least of his many poor and disfranchised congregations—the Abenaki Indians, still loyally Catholic in the faith that the Jesuit missionaries had brought to them in colonial times. At Old Town and Pleasant Point, James was welcomed by the Abenakis, paid the obeisance due to the great white father, and serenaded by the school children whom the Sisters of Mercy were training in their crude Indian schools. Good Father Moore, who had baptized James himself, had been a missionary among the Indians here for years after leaving the Cross. From him and from the other Jesuits who returned to the Cross and to Boston through the years, James had learned the perils and the price of that grimly unrewarding field of religious work. Now responsible for their spiritual and educational welfare, James inaugurated an apostolate among them that would be one of his major concerns throughout his quarter-century of episcopal rule.

Pushing on northward from the Eastport area, Bishop Healy ventured into the vast territory of the Aroostook. In its southernmost corner, he stopped to visit Bishop Benedict Fenwick's partially realized utopia, the all-Catholic colony of Benedicta, launched by the bishop of Boston as an experiment in rural colonization in

the eighteen-thirties. The "Paradise on the Moluncus" was a moderately small village built around the Church of St. Benedict. The grandiose plans for a college and seminary had long since dissolved. The ramshackle wooden structure built for the institution had been dismantled, except for one wing which served as the rectory. But on looking over the parish and the people of the nearby farms, James found them still solidly Catholic. They were still scratching the soil for subsistence, but no one was in dire poverty. There was no jail, no saloon, no crime, and none of the big city vices of Boston's slums. But for a change in Bishop Fenwick's plans, James mused, he might have been baptized here, might have received his education from this woodland college that never opened, because Fenwick decided on Worcester and the Hill of the Pleasant Springs as the ultimate site for his college. Nevertheless, the "Irish Settlement of Maine" was one of the most consoling stops on the bishop's itinerary.

Another series of all-Catholic rural settlements dotted the northern expanse of Aroostook County, in the region of the Madawaska River. From the time of his first official visitation, Bishop Healy reserved a special affection for these Acadians and French Canadians. In their quaintly Catholic territory, the first visit of the new bishop was greeted in the full religious pageantry of old France, still surviving in the wooded and farming lands of the St. John River basin.

In each of the half-dozen villages and hamlets that boasted a small church or chapel, James was welcomed with a full turnout of officials headed by the mayor in his rustic finery, and the clergy in their worn soutanes and wide-brimmed hats. The bishop's arrival was the signal for the formation of a procession, headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, which brought into line before him the children of the parish, the youth groups, and the church societies of the older folk, their banners held aloft in the summer breeze. As the procession wound up before the church, the mayor greeted the new bishop with the polite and profuse rhetoric of his traditional speech. James spoke a few brief words of greeting in return, his

fluency in the French language immediately endearing him to the faithful round about him.

James loved the simple faith and the colorful religious life of these rural Catholic settlements of Madawaska. In spite of the fact that the railroad ended at Houlton in southern Aroostook County, James pressed on by buggy or horseback for the spiritual consolation he derived from this little part of France within the borders of his diocese. Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield, Caribou, North Lyndon, Van Buren, Grand Isle, Frenchville, Fort Kent and Madawaska, as well as the chapels at the Dionne and the St. Francis Plantations were all dear to Bishop Healy's heart. Settled originally a hundred years before by Acadians fleeing up the St. John River from the marauding English, this wooded Indian territory, to which they were welcomed by the friendly Catholic redmen, was transformed by the newcomers into a smiling French countryside. The bishop noted with pleasure their deeply Catholic culture, their wayside crucifixes, their shrines to their patron saints, their medallions in honor of the Sacred Heart above their doorposts, and the numerous signs of their sturdy Breton ancestry and deep Catholic roots.

Upon these parishes and the other growing French Canadian communities that he found scattered about his diocese at Waterville, Lewiston, Biddeford, Skowhegan, and Vassalboro in Maine, and at Manchester, Nashua, Gorham, Lancaster, and Littleton in New Hampshire, Bishop Healy lavished a disproportionate amount of his time, energy, funds, and attention. But he reaped the reward of a solid loyalty on their part. He won them by displaying the full fruit of his Sulpician seminary training in Canada and France, and by treating them with the suavity of his Salesian spirituality. His mastery of the language of Father Felician was one more cord that bound them to him affectionately.

In those months of the summer of 1875, while he was thus examining the flock committed to his care, they were also closely examining him. At forty-five years of age, he appeared a very young bishop, “handsome, grave, self-composed,” one of them would write of him, “the ideal churchman and prelate.” Still in his vigorous

prime notwithstanding his constant bouts of illness, James wore his episcopal robes with dignity and assurance. His short cape fell gracefully over his broad chest, and his wide cincture still served as a colorful ornament rather than a girdle. He discovered that his head size was the same as the broad massive head of his predecessor, and so he wore Bishop Bacon's ornate mitres and birettas proudly. His chin was still single and strong, his dimple setting off his face as comely and well-shaped, with only the faintest lining of middle age creasing his cheeks. His eyes were gathering the first crow's feet, but these added a twinkle to his constant smile and a frame of geniality to his countenance.

Throughout the diocese, he impressed the faithful with his impeccable manners. And though they noticed the tell-tale confirmation of the rumors in the black streaks beneath his finger nails, in the swarthy complexion, and in the bushiness of his jet black hair, they were still overwhelmed by the impression of strong personality, by the impassioned oratory, and by the commanding eyes.

Soon too they came to know the breadth of his mental attainments, as he wrote letter after letter to be read sonorously from the pulpits. He planned one of his first pastorals as soon as he concluded his round of visitations in October 1875. But he was summoned to Boston for the last days and funeral of his brother Sherwood. He could write only a short letter to the clergy, telling briefly of the state of the church in Maine and New Hampshire, the dire need for priests and vocations, and the annual collection for the education of seminarians. Dated October 20, the day before Sherwood died, the letter told them that his present affliction prevented him from writing at length, and it was only at the end of the year that he returned to the task.

His first general pastoral bespoke his gratification at the hospitable welcome he had received in the strange land. He wrote under date of January 1, 1876:

I should be unjust to you, reverend and venerable brethren, after this first season of episcopal duty, if I failed to express the grateful feelings

of my heart for the good will manifested towards myself since my coming to the diocese. I must also express the satisfaction which I have experienced at the truly sacerdotal spirit and conduct of the clergy. Wherefore, I mention, with all consolation, the zeal of those who encourage and aid vocations to the priesthood among the youth committed to their charge; the prompt and generous collection made for the venerable head of the church; the munificent offering and kindly welcome extended to the present Bishop of this diocese. All these are signs of the truly sacerdotal spirit . . . of the cordial and intelligent compassion of the trials which are the unavoidable burden of a Catholic Bishop in this country. . . .

Bishop Healy went on to lay down regulations concerning the publication of banns for, and the registration of marriages; the duty of frequent and instructive preaching and catechizing; and other diocesan minutiae. But he reserved special emphasis for a neglected law against denunciations from the pulpit. He laid the serious church penalty of suspension from divine functions on any priest who would denounce from the pulpit by name either a lay person or a fellow priest. Remembering his own bitter experience at the hands of the denouncer in North Whitefield, he wrote:

I request you to consider, that to denounce by name is like to arbitrary and therefore unjustifiable excommunication; that personal feeling too often enters into the zeal of denouncing the wrong-doer; and that, with an undying hatred against the priest denouncing, many of the faithful conceive an aversion for all religion. There are temptations enough about the dwellers in this country without our adding to them; and the almost inevitable result of denunciation is to extinguish whatever little faith is left in the heart of the denounced person, and to wound the feelings of friends and relatives.

This, together with his other letters on the international aspects of the Church, such as his pastoral to the general Catholic public on June 22, had told the clergy and laity alike of the astuteness of their new spiritual leader. He continued through the years to roll off these pages of meticulous concern for the interests of Holy

Church and of the spiritual welfare of the souls in his care.

Before long it had become obvious to himself that the poor outcast of Boston days was now solidly established in the lives and hearts of a people who welcomed him as their own. He was no longer an outsider, a marginal man, or a Southerner. He was in reality their bishop, beloved father of their spiritual home.

The Human Shepherd

There was no diocesan weekly in Bishop Healy's time to record the week-by-week progress of his episcopate. In place of it, the people of Portland created a vivid churchlore about their second bishop, an oral tradition that is perhaps much more revealing than would be the formal pages of a diocesan register.

Alive to this day in the folklore of the Cathedral parish is the memory of a deeply human chief shepherd who, when he came to their seaport city, inaugurated a pattern of concern for the faithful parishioners of his own church. From the first, James set himself to the tasks of the parish in a determination to be more than a merely nominal pastor, delegating all of his parochial functions to a substitute rector.

His first concern was for the children and their proper schooling. Next door to the episcopal "palace" on Congress Street stood the unfinished building destined by Bishop Bacon to be the Cathedral parochial school. Launched by him in 1874 before he departed for Europe and for the next world, the work had come to an abrupt halt that year. The walls were barely above ground. They were an eyesore on the Cathedral property, a testimony to the neglect of the all-important progress of education in the neighborhood. The new bishop undertook to raise the walls to their full three stories in height soon after he arrived in Portland. He pressed the contractors ahead on the work all through the next year, doing his sidewalk superintendence from the windows of his house next door. The interior was finally finished in time for the opening of school in September 1877. Bishop Healy proudly dedicated the school to the memory of Maine's outstanding Catholic family, the Kavanaghs. Miss Winifred Kavanagh had given twenty-three thousand dollars toward the costs of the stately building.

Bishop Healy transferred the boys and girls from the slatternly

quarters of their Sheridan Street temporary school to the fine new edifice. He commissioned the Sisters of Mercy to conduct the classes. And he set about the task of making the school the model private school in the city.

Around the Kavanagh School are entwined many fond traditions about Bishop Healy. People who were children in those days still remember that he regularly visited the school both during class periods and at noon recreation time. They remember how he used to come unexpectedly into the classrooms and call for all hands on desks. Then he would walk up and down the rows, inspecting them for clean fingers or dirty nails. He made it clear to them that he wanted the pupils of Kavanagh School to be the neatest, cleanest, and most mannerly in the city.

At noon recess in the milder weather, Bishop Healy was often found under the big elm tree in the school yard with a garland of moppets around him, holding the youngest on his knee. He was hardly ever without a piece of candy to give the ones who could answer his catechism questions correctly. And he was not above playing guessing games with them, the stakes being holy pictures or medals.

It was not long before he became known as the children's bishop. They ran to him when they saw him coming up the street. With three or four of them holding the individual fingers of his outstretched hands, he was seen walking along the streets near the Cathedral, perfectly at home with them, suffering the little ones to come unto him.

In the late fall and winter, when the snow was on the ground and the children turned out for winter sports with their sleds, Bishop Healy was often seen abroad in his sleigh. Up on the eastern promenade of Munjoy Hill he would stop, inviting the youngsters to hitch their sleds to his horse-drawn sleigh. Then he would drive for hours around the park and up and down the hills with a train of happy urchins trailing in sleds behind him. For those who had no sleds, the bishop reserved the privilege of riding with him in the fur-blanketed comfort of the sleigh. It warmed the hearts even of

the cold Puritans to see the glee of the youngsters and the contented merriment of their bishop.

Through the children, and by direct action too, the new bishop also won a special place in the collective affection of the adults. His pattern of concern for them soon showed them that he was seriously intent on being pastor of the Cathedral flock. As he had done in Boston, Bishop Healy took his turn in the pastoral duties of the parish, especially the Masses in church and on the missions attached to the Cathedral—Saccarappa (later Westbrook), Falmouth, Gorham, and even the small wooden chapel of St. Aloysius up on Munjoy Hill for the convenience of the extremely poor who did not have money enough to buy Sunday clothes and were therefore reluctant to attend the Cathedral along with their better dressed fellow parishioners.

In a move to accommodate his people, Bishop Healy had early abrogated the unwritten law that held sacrosanct the gardens and grounds of the Cathedral Palace itself, laid out in the area to the rear of the Cathedral. Hitherto, the faithful had been obliged to detour all the way around the long block to the entrance of the Cathedral on Cumberland Avenue. In inclement weather this was a great inconvenience especially for the aged and the children who came on the Congress Street horsecar that stopped in front of the Palace. To relieve them of this hardship, Bishop Healy publicly announced from the pulpit that the parishioners were welcome to take the short cut through the Palace grounds to the back entrance of the Cathedral and its side chapel. "Come this way when you want to," he said, "these grounds are as much yours as they are mine!"

But it was in sharing his spiritual possessions with them that Bishop Healy manifested his most exquisite care. To lend an added note of color and interest to the proper performance of the liturgy of the Church through the colorful variations of the seasons of the Church year, Bishop Healy organized a choir of young boys. At his pontifical high Masses and on regular Sundays, they were the pride and delight of the Cathedral congregation. Arrayed in their quaint

miniatures of the priest's vestments, the choir boys looked like junior monsignors in purple cassocks, white surplices, high starched collars and red bow ties. For special occasions they wore white cassocks with red buttons down the front and shoulder capes that wreathed them in holiness. Their cherubic songs gratified both bishop and people at the major church celebrations. Their appearance lent a special dignity to school celebrations too, and they were in constant demand for public appearances at choral festivals in town.

As his own personal attendants, Bishop Healy chose the best among the altar boys, fitted them out in almost monsignorial robes, and carefully groomed them in the rubrics for pontifical Mass. He invariably made one of the principal requisites a smallness of stature that allowed the bishop to be head and shoulders above his servers. Nevertheless, the honor of being one of the "bishop's boys" became the most cherished one in the Cathedral parish.

In connection with his spiritual ministrations in the Cathedral some of the most revealing stories of his career are told to this day. There was an aura of mystery about him that provoked inquiry and gossip. Folks remarked about his color and his ancestry, and quite often speculation replaced facts when the discussion moved into unaskable questions.

As a part of his regular ministry, Bishop Healy heard confessions in the Cathedral on Saturday afternoons. One day, so the story goes, a young girl in her late teens entered the confessional. She was half-way through her recital of her sins before she realized that it was the bishop to whom she was confessing. She stopped. The bishop in a kind voice tried to induce her to finish her confession, but she balked. "I can't tell you the rest of my sins," she said.

James tried to reassure her by remarking that nothing that she mentioned under the secrecy of the sacrament would ever be repeated outside.

"But it's something I said against the bishop," she reluctantly admitted, almost at the point of tears.

"Well, now, my child, what did you say against the bishop?" he asked in a fatherly tone.

"I said the bishop was as black as the devil!" the distraught girl blurted out, not knowing what to expect by way of admonition and penance.

"Oh, my child," the bishop said, "don't say the bishop is as black as the devil. You can say he's as black as coal, or as black as the ace of spades. But don't say he's as black as the *devil*!"

The girl left the confessional chastened in the restrained fire of the bishop's warm human understanding and charity.

Another time a young lad rattled through his sins hurriedly on a Saturday afternoon. He finished his litany of peccadillos by saying, ". . . and I called the bishop a nigger!"

The bishop drew aside the curtain and said to the wide-eyed boy, "Well, son, is there anything wrong with being a nigger? Take a good look at your bishop. Is there anything wrong with being a nigger?"

The boy gulped in chagrin. "Oh, no, bishop," he answered with a shake of his head, uncertain whether to dive out of the confessional or wait for absolution.

Mild in his reactions to this type of faux pas, the bishop could be the wrath of God when confronted with a serious violation of his sacred office. An overgrown oaf of a boy one day slipped into the priest's section of the confessional in the Cathedral and began to hear confessions. An old man happened to detect him from the giggles behind the curtain as he was solemnly confessing his soul's state. He immediately summoned Bishop Healy. James took the culprit by the ear, brought him down into the basement of the Palace, and gave him a thrashing that left an indelible imprint on his memory and conscience. He would never again profane the sacred mysteries of the confessional as long as he lived.

But generally James was a mild, fatherly, and considerate pastor. He was strict and exact about the sacredness of the altar, insisting that all of the decorations be straight and in line, checking up on the sexton and his aides with meticulous demands. But all knew that his zeal for the house of God was deep concern for the best spiritual interests of his numerous flock. They came to appreciate

more deeply the beauty and dignity of the altar services and to share the sincerity of Bishop Healy's awe-filled approach to the sacred mysteries he performed so worthily, attentively, and devoutly.

The faithful showed their esteem for the bishop in a characteristic Catholic way. In the latter decades of the century, as they brought their children to the baptismal font, they most often bestowed on boys the name of James or Augustine, sometimes both together, out of devotion to the prelate. Mothers even found forms of his names for their daughters, and "Augusta" and other variants appeared in the baptismal registers as first or middle names for the newly baptized.

As memorials of his ministrations, Bishop Healy gave large and ornate confirmation certificates, inscribed with his seal and signature. Framed, these occupied honored places for decades in the homes of Catholic Portland. The pictures of the bishop were also multiplied and distributed about the parish and the diocese out of devotion to him. One souvenir was a thick glass paperweight with the bishop's image sealed securely inside the glass. These were cherished for years in memory of the beloved bishop.

As in Boston, James was on terms of easy conversance with the rich, both Catholic and non-Catholic alike. He struck up an early acquaintance with the Anglican prelate, Bishop Nealy, and had many pleasant exchanges with him over the inevitable confusion of their names on the part of townsfolk and postal authorities. He was well known in the local banking circles. Once, when in the midst of a period of unsettled business conditions, one of the local banks was crowded with clients who wished to withdraw their funds in a ruinous run on the bank, the non-Catholic banker called in one of his Catholic friends and told him to send for his little Catholic bishop. They brought out a chair for James to stand on when he arrived. He harangued the panicky crowd at length, telling them that if he had any more money he would deposit it in the bank to show his confidence in the management. He is credited with forestalling the run on the bank and thus preventing its failure.

But it was among the poor that Bishop Healy most solidly estab-

lished himself. In Boston, he had proudly declared before the members of the State Legislature that he was a "priest of the poor." In his new capacity as shepherd of the Portland flock, James set out to become the "bishop of the poor." He did not hold himself in aristocratic aloofness from the common people, as did his predecessor, the regal and wealthy Bishop Bacon, who had ruled in remote and superior style from his "big house," as the poor called his over-large residence.

Bishop Healy went to the poor. In their folklore they recall him as a friendly visitant who walked or drove through their neighborhoods with a greeting for each. He came to know them all by name, and to share their woes and afflictions. A goodly majority of the Cathedral parishioners were Irish immigrants of recent years, confined to work along the shore as dockers, or restricted to menial and manual labor in the breweries, in the sugar refineries, in the railroad yards and freight warehouses, in the pottery and cement works, and in all of the unwanted jobs about town—street cleaning, garbage collectors, hod-carriers, construction men, ditch diggers, bricklayers, and underpaid carpenters. At that time, hardly a man of Irish background was able to land a white-collar job at city hall or in the tightly-controlled commerce of the thriving port. Even the policeman's job was still one reserved to the Puritan peace officers by their own co-religionists. The bishop's parishioners were in the main poor folk, day laborers working from seven until seven every day for a top wage of nine dollars a week.

They were especially hard hit by the fluctuations of the business cycles and by seasonal unemployment. And they still recount in their reminiscences of the last century how Bishop Healy often paid their overdue taxes, took care of doctor's bills for the sick, and came to the aid of the penniless widows and orphans when the hazards of work in the port city had snuffed out the life of the family's breadwinner.

It is distinctive of Bishop Healy that he did not dispense his aid from the impersonal machinery of a social agency. He did it himself. At noon recess in the schoolyard adjoining his palace, Bishop Healy

kept a sharp eye out for the children of the poor. Noting the pinch of undernourishment or the bite of the cold on mittenless hands, James would casually ask, "And where do you live?" Though he did this in an off-hand manner, he concentrated on remembering the address for immediate use. In town that afternoon, he would shop for mittens, ear-muffs, winter caps, and for groceries too. Later, he would drop in on the housewife to make this surprise gift for her brood of children.

In the churchlore of the neighborhood, the good bishop still rides about on his well-groomed horse, his saddle bags filled with groceries. He is still envisioned as he stopped at the backdoors of houses where the underfed school children lived, there to dismount, knock at the kitchen entrance, and be welcomed into the humble quarters at the rear of the house. Like a ghostly episcopal Robin Hood, he found ways of discreetly inquiring about the joblessness or footlessness of the breadwinner, and in an equally discreet manner left behind him the necessary provisions to tide the family over the emergency.

The old folks remember that Bishop Healy would never accept an invitation to dinner at the homes of the poor. They realized that he understood the improvident hospitality of the proud but impoverished parishioners who would spend a whole week's wages to feast an honored guest and then go hungry until the next payday. To save them both the expense and the embarrassment, the bishop always begged off on a plea of chronic dyspepsia or other ailments.

The people came to be proud of their energetic young bishop. While the non-Catholic Yankees and some of the less respectful Catholics referred to him as "the nigger bishop," his own who knew him tipped their hats or waved to him as he rode his spirited horse down Congress Street or along Fore Street, his cloak flapping in the wind behind him. They knew they could approach him at any time and any place. They knew he liked them and had their interests at heart. Down along the wharves, the bishop was a familiar tourist, picking his way among the cargoes of the seven seas that piled up at Portland. He stopped often to chat with the men working there—

he called them all "Mike" in case he did not remember their exact names. He was interested in their working conditions, in their morale and morality, in their steadiness against the temptations of the port, lined up along Commercial and Fore Streets to fleece them of their pittance of wages at the end of the week. And in the case of frequent accidents, he was down there to administer the Sacraments to the victims of industrial juggernauts or inter-gang brawls.

He even braved the offensiveness of the Yankee bosses at the mills who employed child labor. He was determined to learn how his boys and girls were being treated, and though he was averse to mixing in politics, he championed the shorter working day for child labor and spoke out for precautionary legislation for their welfare.

Toward the sick too James was a fatherly and comforting friend. While at noon dinner at the rectory, he would inquire among his priests as to the names and addresses of the sick poor in the parish. For his afternoon relaxation, he would often drop in to visit them. Old Mrs. Murphy told for years how, when her son Jack, one of the "bishop's boys," took sick with pneumonia in the depths of winter, Bishop Healy hurried out to visit him, throwing his cloak over his cassock and trudging out into the snow and slush, his cassock trailing in the snowdrifts notwithstanding his efforts to hold it up.

In cases of dangerous sicknesses, the bishop did not hesitate to answer a sick call. He personally administered the last Sacraments to many of his poor, consoling the dying by his prayers and his presence. It was an added touch of the prelate's good shepherding when he entered the sickroom on his errand of spiritual mercy. "Bishop, I'm near my end," one of them told him one day during his daily visit. James stayed on to hear his last confession, to give him his parting absolution, to anoint him tenderly with the sacramental oils, and to bestow the special blessings for the sick in the hour of death. The old man died happily the next day. The neighbors were convinced that Healy was the bishop of the poor.

To protect the poor against themselves and their sentimental

desire for expensive wakes and funerals, Bishop Healy in his first year laid down special rules, limiting the amount of pomp and display for funerals at the Cathedral and at other churches. He saw some families of the poor who spent years paying out of their meager salaries for the grand outlays at the death of one of the family, just to be able to say that the funeral had more hacks and carriages than any other in the neighborhood, and mountains of flowers besides. James placed a sensible curb on these needless extravagancies. He forbade the use of more than eight carriages at any funeral. The rest of the relatives and friends either walked to the cemetery or rode with neighbors in humble conveyances or in the horsecars.

"It is greatly to be lamented," James wrote in his first annual pastoral, "that while Catholics are willing and anxious to spend so much in display about the poor dead body, they spend so little for the soul. Frequently no requiem Mass at the funeral; nothing but a yearly remembrance at All Souls." He urged his priests to teach sound principles of faith concerning the relief of the departed souls.

In the whole life cycle of the parish, Bishop Healy thus intimately integrated himself with the people. He attended all of their fairs and bazaars whether held in the City Hall or in the Kavanagh School hall. He showed his gratification over the special attention paid to the "bishop's booth" at these functions. He never failed to occupy the place of honor reserved for him at the school plays and exhibitions, or at the concerts and choral recitals held downtown. He was sure to be there for the parish picnics and boat rides, and he did not ignore invitations to wedding receptions or to housewarmings. He was not invited to join any of the exclusive social clubs such as his successor sought out so avidly among the Yankees, but Bishop Healy was thoroughly welcomed into his own Catholic circles. He was his own people's bishop, and they knew it.

It was in thus establishing himself in his diocese that James' days and months were consumed. During the first three years of his regime there were no great crises, and to all outward appearances no great conflicts. Periodically, his well-written and sonorous pas-

torals were read in all of the churches. Each of these gave a closer glimpse of the bishop's broad mind and wide experience. Thus his letter of May 21, 1877, was a masterly analysis of the complex problem of relations between the papacy and the Italian state, written on the fiftieth anniversary of Pius IX's consecration to the episcopacy.

All through the summer of 1877, Bishop Healy kept up the exhausting round of his official duties. With the onset of winter, his health was seriously impaired. Nevertheless he continued at work, even accepting outside speaking engagements. It was a great risk for him to travel down to Boston and give the main speech for the golden jubilee of Father James Fitton, the venerable founder of Holy Cross College, and the beloved spiritual father of all East Boston for the past quarter-century. But his reputation there, sustained by sermons such as his eulogy of Sister Ann Alexis in 1875 and his dedicatory address at the Redemptorists' Mission Church in Roxbury in 1876, evoked constant recalls for further oratorical efforts.

Upon his return to Portland in December 1877 however, his doctors ordered him to take another complete rest from labor and anxiety. They advised a prolonged trip to a milder and more congenial climate for the desperately cold winter months. James accordingly decided to fulfill his duty of an *ad limina* visit to Rome. With a farewell letter to his diocese, he departed on January 5, 1878, for an extended vacation in Europe.

It was only on his arrival at Queenstown ten days later that he learned his *ad limina* visit would not be made to Pope Pius IX. The Holy Father had died and had been buried during James' days at sea. While mourning the passing of the venerable pontiff, Bishop Healy lingered on in Ireland, England, and France, awaiting the election of his successor. He was in Paris when Cardinal Pecci was elevated to the papacy next month as Leo XIII. Shortly after, James left to make his way by slow stages to the feet of the new Pope. He tarried a week at Lourdes in Southern France, impressed by the devotional pilgrims, awed by his contemplation of the "very identi-

cal spot where Mary the Blessed Virgin was seen and heard by little Bernadette," as he wrote in his diary.

Still thinking of his people back home, he paused at Marseilles March 6, to write a long pastoral to them in eulogy of the dead Pope, and in a request for prayers for the new one, faced with the crises of the hostile nineteenth century. He rallied his flock around Leo XIII, "a prelate and pontiff worthy of the chair of St. Peter, a fit successor of Pius IX."

Bishop Healy soon had to put in practice what he preached to others about acknowledgment of the new Pope. After another week in France and northern Italy, he descended to Rome to face a crisis in his episcopal career, a serious conflict that threatened to jeopardize his entire future as shepherd of the mixed flock committed to his care.

The Bishop Resigns

One of the major paradoxes in the life of Bishop Healy is the fact that, after achieving his ambition and becoming securely settled in his new diocese, he suddenly handed in his resignation to Pope Leo XIII in person. Refused at first in this offer of abdication in 1878, James again repeated it in the following year. The Holy Father again prevailed upon James to retain his office, and he personally took a hand in settling the difficulties that led to these attempts by the bishop to surrender his enviable dignity.

The strange events that precipitated James' drastic action assumed menacing proportions during his visit to Rome in March 1878. Before that the cases that James had inherited from Bishop Bacon had been piddling nuisances rather than distinct threats. Two of his decisions in these matters had been appealed to Rome. In his routine reports and examinations during the course of his *ad limina* visit, Bishop Healy appeared before the congregation of Propaganda, which acted as sort of lower court of appeals for grievances against bishops on the part of pastors and other individuals.

Instead of a routine case, James then learned that one of his pastors had retained an astute canon lawyer, Monsignor de Angelis, and under his direction had prepared and published a two-hundred-and-twenty-page brief that appeared in book form in Rome in early 1878 under the title *Documents Relatifs à la Cause du Reverend Jean François Ponsardin, Curé de Biddeford, contre Monsigneur James Aug. Healy, Évêque de Portland*. Though privately printed and destined for the judges of the ecclesiastical court of appeals only, the document was distributed around Rome. It quickly became a *cause célèbre*, and James wrote in his diary on March 24, "I am amazed to find myself a notoriety in Rome. I trust it will not be for long or for evil."

L'Affaire Ponsardin proved to be both a long drawn out case,

and one of unforeseen evil consequences. When James had arrived in Portland, it had seemed to be a clear case of a pastor's neglect of duty and violation of canon law in the matter of constructing a new church building for the French Canadians of Biddeford. Considering Father Ponsardin, a foreign priest from Verdun, as a temporary visitor in the diocese, Bishop Healy had removed him from the care of the Biddeford parish. He had been found guilty of signing a contract for double the amount of money authorized by the bishop, of failing to pay the interest on the church debt, of discontinuing the construction and maintenance work on the building, and of paying himself compound interest on a thousand dollar legacy which he had invested in the insolvent project. For all these and other proven failures in his office, James had felt himself obliged to give Father Ponsardin his papers and inform him that his services were no longer required in the diocese of Portland.

It was, however, an entirely different version that appeared in the published brief of the case against the bishop in Rome. As James read through it, his astonishment mounted almost to apoplexy. His copy of the document is filled with marginal comments and exclamations that show the indignation with which he perused the cleverly constructed arguments.

In the first part of the book Ponsardin undertook the presentation of those documents which proved that he was not a mere visiting priest, but had been actually incorporated into the diocese of Portland by acts of Bishop Bacon. The French *curé* pictured himself as a zealous missionary fulfilling a lifelong ambition to work for the missions across the water, especially the neglected Canadian immigrants in the "Irish" diocese of Portland. He offered as his first exhibit the testimonial form letter from the bishop of Verdun upon his departure from that diocese. It spoke of his integrity of life, purity of faith and morals, and freedom from ecclesiastical censure. It seemed to be in order, but when later James wrote to the Verdun bishop in quest of the real reason for dismissal, he learned that it was just the opposite of the ones declared in the form letter.

But the whole case hinged on the canonical question of the admission of Ponsardin as a bona fide priest of the Portland diocese. There in the book James perused for the first time the documents he could not find at the Cathedral rectory: letters by Bishop Bacon stating he would accept Ponsardin, formal documents conferring the faculties of the diocese on him, and other allied papers. Bishop Healy sensed that these documents were the really crucial ones in the case. Ponsardin had removed them from the chancery during the interregnum, anticipating the difficulties that would later ensue. Now he presented them in Rome as corroboratory evidence for his version of the case. If the court of appeals accepted Ponsardin's brief, there was no foreseeing the trouble in store for the bishop.

In the second part of the brief, Ponsardin presented the documents relative to his withdrawal from the parish and dismissal from the diocese. The ingenious reconstruction of the history of the litigation between himself and the contractor was designed to fix upon Bishop Healy himself the full financial responsibility for all of the Biddeford involvements. James marked up the margins of these pages with repeated scribbling of his laconic comment: "*faussete.*" He underlined passages for special attention, wrote in the sums he had personally paid out, and listed dates for reference to his official acts in the case.

Ponsardin adroitly twisted into an unfavorable shape James' efforts to obtain a religious order for the Biddeford churches. Interpreting them as calculated to rid himself of financial burdens (thereby admitting his liability for them), Ponsardin distorted the picture as moves to unload the diocese's bad debts on some unsuspecting religious community.

For the next one hundred and fifty pages Bishop Healy perused similar misrepresentations. He read with amazement the eighty-five letters he had written to Ponsardin in the course of the three-year controversy. Never intended for publication, these personal and informal letters gave every evidence of having been hastily written without canonical or legal consultation, hurriedly composed as they

were in the course of his other and more important duties, and often written from mission stations up in the hills, with no possibility of reference to previous letters to secure perfect consistency and completely logical sequence. Yet each of these was adduced by Ponsardin as evidence against the bishop, as links in a concerted plot against an innocent pastor, as indications of confusion and incompetence in James' administration.

Alongside these terse and hurried notes, Ponsardin printed his copies of his own elegant French epistles, executed in the most exquisite French style, well-balanced, logically arranged, and always climaxing with rhetorical flourishes. His wit and facility in the language cast into the shadow James' somewhat halting and pedestrian French, and none of his lapses of the pen was allowed to pass without criticism.

The really critical issue from Ponsardin's point of view was the money question, especially the legacy he had invested in the construction project from his own funds. Though this was actually only slightly over a thousand dollars when he brought it back from France in 1873, Ponsardin after five years of compound interest, was claiming upwards of four thousand five hundred dollars as his investment in the *débâcle*, and he maintained in the printed brief that Bishop Healy had authorized him to reimburse himself to this amount from the parish funds, should they ever be solvent again. James commented on this by writing in the margin: "falsehood, absolute falsehood!"

The very opposite was true, James recalled. Because Ponsardin would not file an account of his finances with the bishop, James had appointed a committee headed by the vicar-general, Father John Barry, to examine the books. In December 1876, Barry had reported that he found them in better shape than he expected, but noted the irregularity of the pastor's charging compound interest on his own investment, granting only simple interest to other creditors, and not paying that at all while taking his own profits regularly from the diocesan funds. The bishop had refused to

recognize this illegitimate method of building up a mere eleven hundred dollar legacy into a forty-five hundred dollar claim over a period of only three years. And when all the rhetoric was dispensed with, this was the crux of the case. There were other minor discrepancies in his accounts too, such as the misappropriation of the parish pew rents and the proceeds of the sale of cemetery lots.

To prevent a further continuation of these, James had appointed a financial committee whose lay treasurer would handle all parish funds and authorize in the name of the bishop all deposits and expenditures. Ponsardin presented this in the brief as an impugning of his integrity. With an air of offended honesty, he portrayed himself as a zealous, disinterested and dedicated priest, humiliated by these degrading conditions that the bishop imposed. The point was subtly scored.

All of the other controversial elements of the case were likewise turned against Bishop Healy in the printed quarto volume. In place of the inexorable creditor of his flock, Ponsardin managed to depict himself as a beloved pastor who had directed his parish for seven years with zeal, fidelity, prudence, competence, and generosity, indefatigable in the service of the poor, the children, the sick, and the ignorant. He even published what purported to be a written protest on the part of loyal parishioners against the removal of this man of exemplary life, sober, frank, loyal, just and full of zeal for the house of God, whose forced estrangement from them would be for him an enormous injustice, and for them a true misfortune. Alongside this James wrote his curt dismissal of the document: "written by himself," as indeed the style and diction clearly manifest.

All through the rest of the wordy defense, James had penned similar comments, "not true," "*pas vrai*," "Incomprehensible," "misrepresentation," and the like. But as he finished the final summing up of the case and laid the book down, there was dismay in his heart. The weeks he spent working over his answer to the case were trying ones. In his diary he records some of his worries. On Tuesday, April 2, he wrote:

I had a very bad night, sleepless, being occupied with thoughts of Biddeford. I awoke very early, and wrote out a hurried report. . . . My cases are to give me trouble.

Next day, a further laconic note is added:

April 3. Wednesday. I was rather discouraged this morning at finding myself unwell. My arguments are not such as would carry conviction to the congregation of cardinals. . . . I find to my astonishment and disgust that I am a subject of gossip among some priests at Rome. The Blessed Virgin of Lourdes shows light ahead today. . . .

As the preliminary hearings of the case got underway in April 1878, it became apparent that Bishop Healy's health was unequal to the exacting tasks of the inquiry. He had arrived in Rome with a serious case of threatened pneumonia that had kept him in bed for days. The doctor had further diagnosed an alarming enlargement of the heart, and had ordered James to avoid all heavy duty or exercise for the coming months. Accordingly, some plans for compromise were discussed in early April. Both parties seemed satisfied. James began to feel somewhat relieved. He put his affairs in the hands of the canonist Cavacchioni, and left Rome to spend a few days in Naples.

Returning to the Holy City for the Holy Week services, James was again plagued by illness. He was unable to pursue his cases any further, and so again left Rome on April 26 to spend the rest of his vacation sightseeing in Northern Italy and in France, visiting shrines, renewing his priestly fervor at the Sulpician Seminary, and even taking a side trip to interview the famous stigmatisee, Louise Lateau, in Belgium. He returned to Portland and awaited the decision of the sacred congregation in *l'affaire Ponsardin*, and his other cases.

It was late summer before news of the final decision reached Bishop Healy. The verdict was in favor of Ponsardin. The court of appeals decided that his documents did prove that he belonged to the diocese of Portland, and therefore that the bishop was respon-

sible for all of his debts. The congregation reinstated Ponsardin as pastor of Biddeford with the same emoluments he had enjoyed before. It awarded him his claim of sixty-five hundred dollars against the bishop. Ponsardin was jubilant at his triumph. He wrote from Paris a letter flooded with rhetoric in which he signified his intention of returning immediately to the diocese, now that Rome had spoken and had cleared up all of the differences that existed between James and himself.

But it was now Bishop Healy's turn to appeal. He entered a demurrer at Rome, asking for a new hearing, and appealing the decision of the congregation until he should have time to gather documents for a full presentation of his own side of the case. In September, the court of appeals decided to allow him a re-trial of the matter, provided he in the meantime restore Ponsardin to his parish, and also drop all civil action against him for damages. James complied with the second condition, but, believing it would be to the detriment of souls to reinstate Ponsardin, he adamantly refused to allow him to function as pastor of the Canadian parish at Biddeford. He was willing to allow him to say Mass anywhere but in his former parish.

As soon as he could conclude his round of official visitations of the parishes in his extensive diocese in the early fall of 1878, Bishop Healy hastened back to Rome with all the evidence he could assemble in the Ponsardin case. When he arrived in the Holy City in mid-November, he immediately arranged for a series of conferences with Giovanni Cardinal Simeoni, the prefect of the congregation of Propaganda, and head judge of the court of appeals. After the first few sessions, James saw that his case against the intransigent pastor was well nigh hopeless. Simeoni informed him that he was canonically responsible for church debts at Biddeford because he held title to the property as successor to Bishop Bacon. Moreover, it was an accepted principle of church procedure that once a bishop had given permission for the building of a church edifice on his property, he was responsible for whatever debts were incurred in the process, let the pastor do what he would by way of neglect

or mismanagement. The cardinal further stated that no pastor could be removed simply for the parish's inability to pay its debts or the interest due on them, nor could his salary be curtailed for that reason, as James had urged in Ponsardin's case. The decree of the congregation therefore stood stoutly behind this bulwark of church law and precedence.

James' first reaction to this unfavorable verdict was to hand in his resignation. On the spot he asked Cardinal Simeoni to present it to the Holy Father and notify him that he would abdicate his bishopric rather than submit to the decree of the congregation.

Cardinal Simeoni was unmoved by the proposal. He informed James that the question of his resignation was a matter to be settled between himself and the Holy Father in person. He refused to transmit it to the Pope.

Bishop Healy accordingly arranged for an audience with Leo XIII. Explaining all of the published and unpublished details of the case, he regretfully tendered his resignation to the Holy Father. Leo XIII, knowing from all of the other reports that James was a competent and holy bishop, would not accept this drastic action in what was obviously a minor case. He assured James that some compromise could be worked out and he remitted the case to the congregation of the Propaganda for further hearings and for a reconsideration of the appeal. He promised to take a hand in the settlement of the case, and actually directed Cardinal Simeoni to write to Archbishop Williams in an effort to persuade Father Ponsardin to accept a transfer from Biddeford to Salmon Falls in New Hampshire.

Back at the tedious work of negotiation with the canonists of the Propaganda and the endless conferences with Ponsardin's legal counsel, Monsignor de Angelis, James was unable to make any progress whatsoever toward a solution. The unaccountable delays, the circumlocutions of the consultants, the impudence of de Angelis as he repeated the almost slanderous charges of the brief time and again, the adamant refusal of the congregation to reconsider or withdraw its decision all vexed and wearied the young prelate

beyond endurance. He returned to the Holy Father again on Monday, November 18, to report his fruitless search for redress. Leo XIII was sympathetic with James and inquired about the case in detail, asking whether the cardinal prefect had written to the archbishop in Boston. James informed him that he thought the letter had not been written because it might be considered useless. Leo XIII insisted that it must be sent, and he urged James to continue the negotiations in quest of a compromise solution.

After another week of the worrisome negotiations, Bishop Healy, on the advice of his lawyer, left Rome to return home, hoping that delay and postponement would settle what direct appeals and conferences did not. He was half sick, not only from the Roman weather, but also from the unrelieved strictures on his administration by de Angelis and others, from the criticisms of his own and his fellow bishops' financial ways and their removals of pastors for financial reasons, a procedure considered to be uncanonical by the experts at the curia. Turning the whole matter over to his lawyer, James enlisted the aid of all the friends he could find in Rome, Cardinal Mazzella, a good friend of his brother, Father Patrick, and a former Jesuit professor at Woodstock College in Maryland; Father Captier, a fellow seminarian of James' at St. Sulpice; Father Rouxel, also a friend from seminary days; and even Ella Edes, an American newspaper woman who had many influential contacts in the diplomatic circles in Rome. But James relied above all on his friendship with Archbishop Williams, and the obvious sympathy of the Supreme Pontiff himself.

In Portland in mid-December, Bishop Healy was obliged to resume the vexatious negotiations again. Together with Archbishop Williams, he worked out what he considered an agreeable compromise, listing the conditions of an honorable settlement. These were transmitted to Ponsardin by Archbishop Williams in February 1879. The French curé absolutely refused to accept these new conditions, declaring them to be ruinous, and "moral suicide." Actually, James had only asked that he take his due risks as an investor in a bankrupt parish and wait with the other investors for the long-term

payment of a return on their unwisely placed money. Ponsardin interpreted the move by the prelates as another effort to circumvent the Roman decree in his favor. He accordingly announced that he was embarking again for Rome to stand on his rights.

James by this time was seriously ill in Portland, suffering from the heart ailment diagnosed at Rome, and from the pulmonary trouble brought by the severe Maine winter.

In Rome, Ponsardin laid his new letters from Williams and Healy before the congregation and managed to give them the impression that both were endeavoring to evade the decree of the congregation instead of coming to terms with him. On the advice of de Angelis, Ponsardin even increased his monetary claims against the bishop to indemnify him for the losses incurred by his expensive trips to Rome.

After further hearings of the case, his friends in Rome wrote to Bishop Healy warning him to prepare to submit to the hard decision that would certainly be imposed. Captier urged him to telegraph his lawyer Cavacchioni that he would fully accept the first decree and conform to it. Otherwise, there was no hope of success, and prospect of only deepening involvements.

The case dragged on all through the summer. His lawyer managed to secure delays by insisting that further documentary evidence would be forthcoming. But all of the new evidence amassed by James and his friends was dismissed as not germane to the canonical question on which the case hinged. Both the lawyer and Captier wrote to James in August to inform him that the most to be hoped for was a reaffirmation of the first decree. At this point, James decided again to send in his resignation, pure and simple. He wrote to Captier, August 19, 1879:

I will send it to you all signed, for the purpose of abridging the labours and troubles of the Sacred Congregation. . . . I have also proof of his oppressive claims against this poor people, and I will make them known to all the people when he returns. But I stop. I can hardly write, my head and hand are so tired. I have received at the same time a letter

from Rome in which it is urged that I make no defense. . . . The same letter says that Cavacchioni was not a lawyer; he is certainly not a lawyer for this case. . . . But what to do. I will not make another journey to Rome. I cannot give any more of my time, my work, my health to defend myself. . . . As a result, if by your knowledge of facts and persons, you believe that is useless, don't do anything; write me "all is useless." I will place my resignation in the hands of the archbishop. And I assure you that to be quit of the charge of being bishop in these actual conditions would be my most sincere desire.

This pathetic toying with the idea of surrender continued for another few months. In September he wrote to his friend Cardinal Ledochowski asking him to go immediately to the Holy Father and request him to accept the abdication, now proposed for the second time within a year. Cardinal Ledochowski declined the office of intermediary and wrote a sympathetic letter to James urging him to submit to the sufferings and crosses of his predicament, and to hope that Providence would permit things to take a better turn and so remove the need of having recourse to this extreme measure.

There were some rifts in the clouds. The first rays of a possible compromise broke through the gloom in a letter James received in late September from Father Rouxel in Rome. He told James that the terms of the suggested compromise involved a reinstatement of Ponsardin in Biddeford with the understanding that in a few days he would be transferred either to a new parish or another diocese. Thus James would literally fulfill the decree of the congregation without facing the prospect of further troubles from the same source. Ponsardin would be placated because he could thus retire with the empty honors of the battle. His departure would then cut short further embarrassments.

Rouxel urged James to accept the compromise so that the case could be speedily terminated. He intimated that even if James considered it a hard bargain, it would be less disagreeable than a final decision after court costs had multiplied.

His other correspondents in Rome also banded together to urge

an acceptance of this possible solution of the case. His final effort to stave off defeat had ended in failure. He had sent Father Denis Bradley to Rome to find a way out of the dilemma. The mission was completely ineffective. Father Bradley had nothing to report for all of his miles of travel.

By October, Bishop Healy's spirit of resistance and of uncompromising rigidity was broken. In a long letter to Father Captier, he indicated his willingness to surrender as a last resort. He said in part:

But there is talk of compromise. Dear friend, I cannot do the impossible. I do not possess the mines of California. And if the people refuse to pay Ponsardin, I am not in a position to supply the default. I am swamped by debts incurred by my predecessor. I am obliged to sacrifice everything to face the expenses of this episcopal city. At the moment I write you, I haven't twenty francs outside of the common treasury. And if the Catholics of Portland came to learn that I burdened myself with another debt toward this priest of Biddeford, I know for certain what it would do to my influence in their regard. So I ought to add that the compromise to restore this priest who has wrecked everything would be a shame for all Catholics and a dishonor for the Holy See. Nevertheless, supposing that the first decision is reaffirmed, . . . I will submit by declaring M. Ponsardin the pastor of the Canadians at Biddeford. (October 17, 1879)

By thus agreeing to reinstate the former pastor for a brief period (a compromise apparently worked out by Cardinal Mazzella), Bishop Healy opened the way for a settlement of the case. Captier reported to him that Cardinal Simeoni was insisting that the case be terminated by this route of compromise, rather than by requiring the congregation to revoke its decision. He added that the Holy Father himself had agreed to this technical fulfillment of the terms of the original decision. Captier also urged James to withdraw any other conditions that might deepen the conflict and prolong the case.

At the November meeting of the congregation of Propaganda,

the compromise settlement was agreed upon. Cardinal Simeoni communicated the terms officially to Bishop Healy, urging him to telegraph his immediate acceptance even of the sixty-five hundred dollar claim against the diocese. But the controversy over the exact terms continued for some months more. James repeated his financial inability to meet the excessive demand for the cash settlement, and his objections to other terms proposed.

Finally, in early 1880 Leo XIII officially intervened. He personally tried the case and definitely decided on the terms of the compromise. James was ordered to pay the required claim to Ponsardin, to give him a token pension upon his departure from the diocese, and to allow him to function as a priest in Biddeford when he returned to settle his affairs. "His Holiness orders this to be observed strictly by both parties, with all tergiversation removed, and notwithstanding any objections whatsoever," Cardinal Simeoni concluded.

The execution of these terms was a series of bitter experiences for Bishop Healy. He was obliged to go to Biddeford in person when Ponsardin returned from Rome. There James ascended the pulpit to reinstate the former pastor for his brief, face-saving days of ministry. The bishop humbly added some words of public apology for all the mistakes of the case, and for the financial embarrassment of the parishioners.

A few days later, upon Ponsardin's surrender of his position as pastor and of all claims against the diocese, Bishop Healy presented him with the cash settlement specified by Rome in full solution of the case. James thought that this would rid him of the worrisome nuisance. He was wrong again.

Ponsardin stayed on in Biddeford for another fourteen months, stirring up trouble, causing factions in the parish, giving unauthorized lectures, and damaging the reputation of the bishop by circulating copies of the book he had written and printed in Rome. By July 1880 Bishop Healy was forced to telegraph to Cardinal Simeoni asking him to intervene and order Ponsardin to leave the diocese as agreed. The unhappy curé found one reason and another for

prolonging his stay to "wind up his affairs." He refused to be hurried on his departure lest he be given the appearance of a vagabond or an adventurer. Finally, the reason for his reluctance emerged. He refused to surrender the account books and the official registers of the parish unless he received written guarantees that they would not be used against him in a court suit. He was afraid that the congregation or the trustees, on finding how he had mis-handled funds, and knowing that he had at least five or six thousand dollars to his name, might sue for the recapture of that amount from their former pastor.

Even an ultimatum from Bishop Healy in July, and another in August of 1880 failed to dislodge the man. It was November before he finally departed, after advising the bishop that he was retaining a lawyer in Biddeford and deputing him to receive his semi-annual pension payments. Within a few days after his departure, a committee of lay leaders in the parish filed another complaint with the bishop. They charged that Ponsardin had absconded with some valuable baptismal registers and other parish records.

Another half year of litigation was required to secure the return of these much-needed documents. Ponsardin settled in Boston and used his possession of the books as a bargaining point to obtain written guarantees from Bishop Healy against further civil suits. Appeals to Rome by James brought only the answer that he should give in again and settle the affair once and for all by furnishing the man with the written guarantees. It was June of 1881 before the unsavory case was finally cleared up. The aftermath for Ponsardin was no happier. He managed to secure a missionary assignment in the Far West. There again he was in trouble with his bishop before another decade had passed. He finally disappeared from clerical circles and from Bishop Healy's life.

This thorn in his side was not without its salutary instructions for James in the gentle art of governing a diocese. He realized now more than ever before that men were men, despite the clerical broadcloth. He became very cautious in his acceptance of foreign priests into the diocese. He grew extremely meticulous about ad-

ministrative details that had been handled in a quite free and easy way in the past.

For one thing, having lost the case for lack of copies of official acts by his predecessor, Bishop Healy began to keep a letter-press copy of each letter he wrote from that period forward. In the course of the years, volume after volume of these five-hundred page books filled up with the massive record of his administration. When the definitive history of his regime is written, those eleven volumes will yield a detailed account of his conscientious fulfilling of his office. They will reveal his intimate solicitude for each of his churches as they sprang from the planning stage into full reality during the decades of his episcopate. They will manifest his personal friendship for and constant communication with each of his zealous pastors, encouraging them in their pioneer work, supporting them in difficulties, raising them up from occasional falls, but wisely defending himself and his flock against the possibility of another Ponsardin incident.

The letters of Bishop Healy also show the masterly way in which he handled the major administrative problem of his regime: the bi-lingual and bi-cultural division of his flock into the Irish-American and the Franco-American churches. James' letters are almost equally divided between the two languages, and he made it a principle that all of his priests should learn both languages, even preach twice at every Mass if the congregation were a mixed one. And his letters spell out the stages by which he drew the Franco-Americans surely into the fold, fending off schisms, mollifying them for apparent injustices and neglect, and winning their confidence and cooperation by his sincere appreciation of their deeply Catholic French cultural background.

It is through those letters, as well as in his personal diaries and journals that Bishop Healy reveals the breadth of his interests and sympathies, the vastness of his solicitude for individual members of his flock, for the blind and the orphans, for the Indians and their many serious problems aggravated often by ill-disposed Indian agents, for the education of the young and the recruiting of religious

orders to undertake that imperative apostolate, and especially, as in his Boston days, for a defense of the outcast immigrant struggling for survival and for recognition in a hostile non-Catholic environment.

As one reads through the hundreds of documents, one sees the vigorous hand of a strong leader writing daily in behalf of his well-loved followers. One sees the work of the wise guardian of morality, the eloquent and inspiring defender of the faith, the sympathetic consoler of the bereaved and the downtrodden, and the solicitous foster father of his own family, in spite of his strong moral indignation against his brother Eugene, ostracized by the bishop and the family for squandering his patrimony as a gambler, marrying a divorced woman outside the church, and then coming to Portland to trade on his brother's name and position.

Through all of the letters runs a serene spirituality that continued to surmount crises like the Ponsardin case without becoming embittered or soured; a quaint and subtle vein of humor that wittily turned away wrath and administered severe reprehension with a light touch; and especially a truly Catholic sense of broadness of vision, all-embracing charity, and other-worldly orientation of the spiritual and mundane affairs of life.

Part Four

THE LOVED OUTCASTE

His Dear Daughters

In the course of time, Bishop Healy achieved a unique acceptance by the various sisterhoods laboring in the diocese for the care and education of youth. His letters manifest the high level of cordial relations that existed between himself and the Sisters of Notre Dame, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Grey Nuns, and especially the Sisters of Mercy, whom he invariable addressed as "my dear daughters." The volumes of his correspondence contain the hundreds of letters he wrote to and for them as the provider of their daily needs, the master strategist of their long-term plans, the most generous benefactor of their foundations, and the well-loved sponsor of their spiritual progress.

But it was not always thus. The Sisters of Mercy openly admit in their *Annals* and in their jubilee publications, that they experienced considerable difficulty in adjusting themselves to the newcomer when Bishop Healy first ascended the episcopal throne in Portland. At the time, the "Irish" Sisters were operating St. Elizabeth's Academy and Parochial School in Portland, and were conducting two orphanages, one in conjunction with their convent in the see city, and another, built by the Kavanaghs, at North Whitefield. They also had an academy and parochial school in Bangor, and another pair in Manchester, where their motherhouse was located, with academy and orphanage attached.

The mother superior, Mother Mary Frances Xavier Warde, one of the pioneer nuns of the order in Ireland, and the founder of its American branch, was then making her headquarters at the Manchester motherhouse. She had come at the invitation of Bishop Bacon in 1858, after having established houses of the sisterhood in the dioceses of Hartford, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere. She had weathered the storms of the Know-Nothing days, and had become a power in the diocese, specially favored as she was by Bishop Bacon

and by Father William McDonald, the respected spiritual patriarch of the Manchester parishes. Mother Warde ruled her community in the fashion of the mitred abbesses of old, and she secretly hoped that one of her friends, preferably Father McDonald, would be named as head of the diocese when Bishop Bacon died.

Instead, the young unknown Bishop Healy came to govern and to rebuild. He was at first very critical of the sisters, contrasting them constantly with the more efficient teachers back in Boston. Mother Warde averred that she thought him prejudiced against her by certain interested parties upon his first arrival. There was a certain strained feeling between them. While showing him the respect due to his office, she did not always consider it an unmixed pleasure to do business with him.

The Sisters in Portland were also somewhat alienated from Bishop Healy at first. They had heard reports to the effect that Miss Winifred Kavanagh had given Bishop Bacon fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a stately convent alongside the episcopal palace on the main street. Bishop Healy instead applied the money to the Kavanagh School, leaving the Sisters in the old residence on Free Street that had been the bishop's house formerly.

In his efforts to raise the standards of the Kavanagh School to match those of the other private schools in Portland and in Boston, Bishop Healy was perforce very fussy about the sisters' methods of teaching, their preparation for the job, and their management of the school. Some of the sisters said he had "an ugly bark, but never bit." They longed for the good old days under Bishop Bacon.

Moreover the sisters felt a repugnance for his racial characteristics. They too noticed the tell-tale black streaks beneath his fingernails and heard all of the parish and diocesan gossip that confirmed the suspicions about his humble origin. They were averse to serving him at the palace, although Bishop Bacon had designed the house with a cloistered section where the sisters had stayed during his regime. Even when he was ill, the sisters with nursing experience were unwilling to tend the episcopal patient. Bishop Healy hired

Sarah Kelly to do his cooking. He had outside nurses to take care of him during his illnesses.

It is to his credit however and to that of the good sisters, that, as the first years went by, these minor estrangements were patched up. The first impressions wore off on both sides. The bishop and the sisters became devoted friends in their common task of laboring for the children of the diocese. As the bishop proved himself by the pattern of concern he manifested for the little ones, the sisters warmed up to his real worth. They began to see that beneath his critical attitude and his somewhat formal exterior was a sincere zeal both for their and the children's welfare. When the Kavanagh School achieved recognition as one of the finest of its kind in the State of Maine, the sisters realized the wisdom of Bishop Healy's apparent severity with them.

The year after its opening in 1877, the bishop was able to put the sisters' mission work among the Indians on a firmer basis also. Hitherto they had operated part-time catechetical centers among the Indians of Old Town and Pleasant Point, withdrawing to Bangor for the winter months. Bishop Healy committed to them a school and convent at the Old Town Mission in 1878, another at Pleasant Point in 1879, and a large convent on Louis Island in 1880. Through the years, James accorded special consideration to these missionary sisters, constantly sending them money and supplies, and encouraging their pastors to provide for them likewise.

Hardly anything revealed the inner attitude of the bishop toward the sisters more intimately than did the numerous letters and journals he wrote them when he was away from the diocese on his various pilgrimages. He began this custom on the first *ad limina* voyage in 1878, writing each day's adventures in the pages of the medium-sized copy books he carried with him as his diaries. As he filled each one with the well-written, minutely described progress of his journey, he would send it back to Portland or to Manchester to be read by the sisters for their community recreation. Often enough, the pages of the diaries were profound spiritual reading, as for instance, were those which described his visit to the mystic Louise

Lateau in May 1878. It was a new revelation of their bishop as well, when he told with absorbed reverence how he had sat beside the stigmatist's bed during her re-enactment of the passion, and had tenderly held her wound-pierced hand, watched its bleeding in sympathy with the Savior, and witnessed her radiant reaction when he placed in her hands his pectoral cross with its relic of the true cross.

In the diary James had further bolstered his status with the sisters by describing his friendship with the new Holy Father, Leo XIII, with Cardinal McCloskey, Cardinal Simeoni, Cardinal Manning of London, Cardinal Cullen of Ireland, and others whom he met at the Vatican. It did him no harm to mention the cordial reception he met with in convents and hospitals in Rome, Paris, Naples, and elsewhere, and in general his letter-diaries served a good educational purpose among the Irish sisters, whose background of the clannish spirit of Old Erin where Irish blood was the key to acceptance, required some broadening Catholic experiences like these.

Even Mother Warde mellowed in her attitude toward Bishop Healy after the first few years. The earliest surviving letter of the bishop to the reverend mother, written shortly after she had lost her sister Josephine, and within a few months of the death of his own dear sister Josie, is signed "your sincere friend in Christ." And the tone of the letter confirms the growing friendship that had supplanted the first antipathy between them.

The friendship had reached its full flowering by the time Mother Warde celebrated her golden jubilee in religion in January 1883. Through his connections in Rome, Bishop Healy secured the Holy Father's blessing and a special plenary indulgence for Mother Warde, who in 1833 had been the first Sister of Mercy to pronounce her vows in the order founded by Mother McAuley in Ireland.

As the host bishop for the gala celebration, Bishop Healy supervised the preparations and the reception. To honor the aging spiritual matriarch, James assembled two archbishops, four bishops, and more than fifty priests for the solemn pontifical high Mass in

St. Anne's Church, Manchester, on January 24. He enlisted the eloquence of Bishop deGoesbriand of Burlington to deliver a panegyric on the life and works of Mother Warde, foundress of no less than thirty-six convents and many more schools in her long useful career. Archbishop Williams was there to intone the *Te Deum* in gratitude for the great works wrought by God through the American founder of the Sisters of Mercy.

There was a jubilee banquet in the large convent dining hall. Mother Warde was personally served at table by Bishop Healy who waited on her and her distinguished guests with a humility that was not lost on the sisters who had declined the task of waiting on his table in Portland. At the climax of the day, Bishop Healy spoke a few touching words of response for the good Mother, too worn and feeble to make a speech in reply to all of the many greetings given her by her guests. Bishop Healy then presented her with the gifts that came from Maine: an Indian basket with fifty small canoes, each holding a silver dollar; a tree from whose branches were suspended as many gold pieces, donated by the Convent of Mercy in Portland; a crown of gold placed upon her head by two winged angels chosen from among the school children; and James' own gift, an album of pictures of all the thirty-six houses established by Mother Warde, together with a purse of fifty gold dollars.

Bishop Healy was so engrossed in the direction of all of the day's functions that he forgot to eat until tea time. He took a slight bit of refreshment at the corner of one of the tables, eating the leftovers. The self-forgetful service of that day was but a small repayment in kind for the years of unselfish labor that Mother Warde had rendered to the bishops in Maine and New Hampshire.

James had one more foundation that he wished Mother Warde to make before she went home to God: a motherhouse for the sisters in Portland. Bishop Bacon had dreamed of shifting the center of the Mercy Sisters' activity from Manchester to Portland. He even planned the substantial edifice alongside the episcopal palace as the center of training for the sisterhood in Portland, and the sisters believed that the unfinished walls he left when he died were those

of his dream convent. Bishop Healy envisaged rather the building of the motherhouse in suburban Portland, near the Deering's Woods cherished by Longfellow in his song to his lost youth. James managed to purchase the F. O. J. Smith estate when that was put up for sale in the early 1880s. But funds were lacking for the erection of an adequate structure to suit the needs of a motherhouse.

Moreover, as it became evident that the diocese would soon have to be divided off from New Hampshire, Bishop Healy and Mother Warde agreed that the sisterhood should also be split, and that a motherhouse in Portland be constructed for the sisters laboring in the State of Maine.

The bishop and the sisters worked out the plans for enlarging the Free Street convent with a beautiful chapel and community room, and other provisions for the sisters' convenience. The orphans who also lived there were removed to North Whitefield, and the boarders of St. Elizabeth's Academy were moved to the F. O. J. Smith house in Deering, where the sisters renamed the institution St. Joseph's Academy.

Soon after Mother Warde's golden jubilee the permissions were secured from Rome and the secret plans for the division of the community were drawn up. These entailed the delicate decisions as to which sisters should be assigned permanently to New Hampshire, and which should remain in Maine under Bishop Healy. Rumors began to spread both among the sisters and among the laity. To forestall further disagreements, Bishop Healy prematurely published the decree of division on June 29, though the official separation did not occur until a month later.

From the summer of 1883 forward, Bishop Healy became increasingly concerned with the development of the religious congregation of the Sisters of Mercy in Maine. He completely conquered their earlier antipathies by a series of benevolent benefactions that demonstrated to them his high estimation of the pioneer work they were doing in education and social welfare in his diocese.

Besides enlarging and rebuilding their Free Street Convent, Bishop Healy gave to the sisters full possession and control of the

large and valuable property he had purchased at Deering. He applied to their benefit a large legacy left by the James Reynolds of Gardiner, a sum large enough to build a combination convent and old ladies' home in Deering. He turned over to them also the deeds for Little Diamond Island in Casco Bay which he had purchased as a vacation site for the sisters and the orphans of St. Elizabeth's Home. And up and down the full stretch of Maine, as school after school was built, Bishop Healy dug deep into diocesan resources to build adequate, comfortable, and devotional convents for the hard-working sisters.

It was as a provider for their spiritual needs that Bishop Healy made his most lasting and appreciated contributions to the Sisters of Mercy in Portland. His Sunday afternoon conferences to the community on Free Street became an established custom whenever he was at home in his see city. Taking with him one or two of the "bishop's boys" from the Cathedral, James would drive up to the convent for benediction. After the service, his custom was to deliver a short community exhortation or instruction on the spiritual life. The sisters valued the conferences for their gentle Salesian spirit, as well as for the honor James did them in singling them out for special attention from among all of the other religious orders who were working in the diocese. He became their spiritual godfather, and customarily addressed them as "my dear daughters." Even when speaking to one individually, James kept the relationship alive by addressing her as "my daughter," or "my dear daughter."

The actual text of very few of these conferences survives to this day. The sisters faithfully copied down most of them for their own spiritual reading and instruction, and also as mementoes of the bishop. Many of these were kept, together with other papers, diaries, and journals that Bishop Healy had sent them over the years. They were packed in a trunk up in the attic of the motherhouse on Free Street. However, one day a young sister was sent to clean up the attic, and finding this old trunk filled with what looked like useless papers, she took them all outside and burned them. The few that survive reveal the depth of spiritual perception and the vivid use of

scriptural imagery in the portrait of the ideals of the religious life.

In one of the surviving conferences, given for a vow-day in 1888, Bishop Healy developed an analysis of the religious life from the theme of the spiritual nuptials described in the Apocalypse of St. John, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his bride hath prepared herself." He spoke glowingly of the betrothal of the soul to the Divine Spouse, of the cultivated flowers of undivided love as the wedding bouquet, of the invisible ring as sign and proof of the divine espousals, of the dowry of poverty, the wedding garment of chaste love, and the ornamental jewel of complete abandonment to her Lover through perfect obedience. He developed these well-used themes of pious religious literature with skill and smoothness. He elaborated their inner significance by allusions to the saints of the mystical life who had lived in full conviction of their deep meanings in the soul's commerce with God. He alluded to St. Catherine of Siena, St. Rose of Lima, St. Agnes of Rome, and the master mystic of all hagiography, St. Paul. It was an aesthetic yet practical talk. It wove the high ideals around the commonplace duties of daily religious life in a way that lent spiritual importance to the otherwise routine lives of the devoted nuns. In voicing their inner longings and their unvoiced aspirations, Bishop Healy elevated their minds and inspired their souls with the zeal that was apparent in their faithful work.

One can catch a glimpse of James' great respect for the sisters in reading his simple words about their vocation:

The virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that is, how she may please Him and Him alone, and how she may be holy, that is, sacred, consecrated, separated from all that is of earth, holy therefore in body and in spirit. . . . Only remember that the Holy Spirit which perfects these espousals is a jealous Spirit, for as St. Paul tells us, "Even unto envy doth the Spirit covet which dwelleth in you." Your bridal garment must please no other eyes or love, no mixture, no alloy, no division. . . . Love Him first, and all others in Him and for Him. Such love is to be your bridal robe.

St. Agnes of Rome, the first Saint of that sweet name, declares that

the Divine Spouse had placed a sign, a mark upon her forehead, making her so completely His own that she could admit no other lover. . . . And yet I dare say that upon that brow . . . your Spouse seeks one and only one jewel, and that shining jewel betokens the submission not only of your heart by such love as I have endeavored to explain, but the submission of your will and mind by holy obedience. . . .

Such was his esteem for their vocation and his realization of the importance of the work of the sisters in perpetuating and extending the Church, that Bishop Healy became their most energetic recruiting agent for new postulants and novices. Wherever he went in the diocese on his annual visitations and on other occasions, he took the opportunity to speak to the schoolgirls of the beauty and worth of religious life. In his sermons to the congregations around the two states, James managed to include some eulogy of the sisters' way of life. His constant exhortation was, "Send your daughters to the Convent to consecrate them to the Lord."

In his personal contact with the students at Kavanagh School, at St. Joseph's Academy in Deering, and at other grammar and high schools around the diocese, the bishop singled out likely candidates for the teaching sisterhoods and spoke out in favor of their entrance into the religious life. To one he said, "Does your mother think you're such a treasure that she wouldn't let you go into the convent?" Repeated at home, the question brought its obvious answer, and the girl entered the convent. She was named after the bishop at the time of her profession, to show that she was, in a special way, one of his spiritual daughters in the Lord.

His brother, Father Patrick Healy, once advised the bishop not under any circumstances to interfere in the internal government of any religious order. While it is evident that James did little to concern himself with the inner regulation of the Dominican order or of the Marists, he felt a personal responsibility for the Sisters of Mercy owing to the fact that they were a diocesan congregation and directly under his spiritual care. What might have been sheer meddling in matters that were canonically out of his sphere of jurisdic-

tion became in this case a matter of conscience and deep spiritual obligation.

As in other religious sisterhoods, Bishop Healy was required to examine the candidates for vows and certify to their freedom of action and their capacity for undertaking the serious duties of religious life. If he were in the diocese at the time, the bishop would personally conduct the examination. Quite often, having known the children from his close contact with the families in the parish, and having carefully shepherded them through school and through their period of religious training, the bishop fulfilled the formality in a somewhat informal way. But he was seriously intent upon keeping only those who had the required capabilities and the sincere piety necessary in the community. He personally assumed responsibility for refusing or sending away those who had proven intractable and unsuited to the religious life.

Bishop Healy did not consider it undue interference in the internal government of the congregation when he joined in the selection of names for the new sisters. He was not beyond threatening a young novice that she would be given some outlandish name like Sister Cunegunda. But that was a sign usually that she would end up with a beautiful name, or one fashioned after the bishop's own names or favorite saints.

The bishop made it a point of honor to be present for the vow Mass of his dear daughters in the Lord. At least once he dragged himself from the sickbed to receive the vows of the newly professed, and if he were able, he personally preached the sermon for the important ceremony. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, the bishop insisted that all the priests of the city should also attend. If one missed the profession without sufficient reason, he was certain to receive a calling down from Bishop Healy.

In the interpretation of the rules and in the elaboration of the local customs, Bishop Healy often took a hand, both in matters of great importance and in the minutiae of convent etiquette. The files of his correspondence are full of letters written to the mother superior about new regulations and specific prohibitions for the

diocesan congregation. Most of the provisions laid down by the solicitous bishop were constructive and helpful. Because of the obvious dangers in the seaport town, the bishop legislated absolutely against any going out at night. To protect them from the occasional insults that were hurled at them by some narrow-minded Yankees on the streets in broad daylight, Bishop Healy forbade them to walk the streets on shopping tours. He bought them a carriage and some horses and insisted that they ride in style.

In the matter of convent etiquette, Bishop James both by his wise regulations and his well-aimed admonitions kept close check on the progress of his daughters. Ever fastidious about the delicacies of conduct in safeguarding their chastity, the bishop outlawed even the custom of shaking hands with the sisters. He insisted that they bow instead of shaking hands when first introduced to strangers.

Before the modification of their habit to eliminate the trains that trailed the floor behind them, Bishop Healy insisted that these appurtenances serve and achieve the purpose for which they were designed. Coming to the convent one day, he asked for the Mother Superior. The young sister who answered the doorbell hurried up the stairs to notify reverend mother. The bishop called to her before she was halfway up the flight. "My daughter," he asked, "why do you wear a train? Ladies don't run when they wear trains."

On another occasion, the bishop crossed the yard to the Kavanagh school in search of a young boy to accompany him on some trip. He heard the teacher talking to the class in a much too loud tone. As he went into the classroom there was more than the usual twinkle in his eye. He cheerfully greeted the youngsters who rose to welcome him, and after choosing his companion for the day, he walked out singing softly a line from the popular song, "Annie Laurie" that ran "and her voice was sweet and low."

Insistent on personal neatness, the bishop had a gentle way of notifying the sisters when the skirts of their habits needed hemming again. Trailing as their trains did upon the splintery floors, their habits became easily frayed at the edges. In a formal conference or in an informal visit to the community recreation room, the

bishop would politely make reference to dear daughters who went to school showing "hems no dressmaker ever made."

It was however in the appointment of superiors and teachers that Bishop Healy concerned himself most seriously, and thereby neglected to observe Father Patrick's earnest recommendation.

As early as 1880 he canvassed the convents of the diocese to ascertain whether the sisters wanted their current mother superior to continue in office. For this, James would be obliged to apply to Rome in quest of a special dispensation. Rather than do so, he privately wrote to the mother superior urging her to write him and request him not to apply to Rome for the permission. Thereby she was allowed to retire with good grace and save herself the embarrassment of a defeat at the coming elections.

In fulfilling his canonical duty to supervise these elections, James exerted the most painstaking care. He rarely deputed his vicar-general to represent him. On at least one occasion he recommended the postponement of the election rather than miss it. Moreover, as ecclesiastical superior of the diocesan congregation, Bishop Healy was obliged to review and approve the appointments of local superiors. On occasion he deftly made use of this routine power to influence the transfer of superiors, or to fend off the removal of one who was giving eminent satisfaction. He was not slow to inform the mother superior when he deemed even good and aimiable sisters to be poor choices for the difficult role of superior.

If a sister proved to be unfit as a teacher in one of his schools, Bishop Healy often enough intervened personally to order her back to the motherhouse for further training. One teacher whose lack of ability had caused the loss of three pupils in a single year and the estrangement of their families from the Church was summarily dismissed from Portland and sent back to the motherhouse on the next train. As bishop, he had promulgated a serious regulation, requiring all Catholics to send their children to the parochial schools under pain of refusal of the sacrament. He was determined that the sisters keep the schools staffed by worthy teachers.

Other regulations for the schools were laid down by the bishop

as though they were to be perpetual and irrevocable. He put an absolute prohibition on the wearing of jewelry by any of the convent girls, hoping thereby to lessen the embarrassment of the poorer children. He made it a strict rule that no teacher should slap a child or administer corporal punishment in any form. He forbade any dancing in school socials or plays, and insisted that the nuns teach sewing and home-making instead of frivolities. He showed his displeasure in regard to over-elaborate styles of dresses, and even at a public exhibition or choral recital, he would stop the program and order off the stage any girl who appeared with too much décolletage or who accompanied her songs with a dance that showed her lace pantaloons. There is no doubting the fact that Bishop Healy was a strict gentleman of the old school, and the sisters bore the brunt of his severity in regulations like these.

In other things however he made rules that savored of laxity in school administration. He interdicted the expulsion of any child by a sister principal. He made a formal decree to this effect in March 1883:

James Augustine, by the grace of God and the good pleasure of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Portland, to his dear children in Christ, the Sisters of Mercy in the City of Portland.

It must be evident to you all, dear children, that whether in your community or in the streets, you are always and everywhere under the most severe scrutiny and criticism. In your conduct to children, you bear a responsibility not only of your souls, but of those placed under your charge as far as your duties and limits allow. But should any father or mother withdraw a child from the Catholic School, that father or mother is excluded from the Sacraments.

Now if that withdrawal is the consequence and result of any fault on the part of the teacher, whether by neglect in instruction or by undue severity, a whole family, perhaps a whole generation is alienated from the Church. Now this is a responsibility which the Bishop reserves to himself alone. Hence let it be for once and all understood that no child is to be excluded from the schools without his express permission. If any child is found obstinately disobedient, the case is to be presented first

to the head or first teacher; then to the local Superior; that failing, to the Rector of the Cathedral or to the administrator of St. Dominic's Church. But no child is to be sent away from the school, and especially no child is to receive corporal punishment from one of the Sisters. Any disobedience to this rule is a grave offence reserved to the sole judgment of the bishop.

✠ James Augustine Healy
Bp. of Portland

Another regulation laid down in later years also seemed to limit the sisters' control over their own schools and classes. Thus he wrote September 11, 1897:

Dear Rev. Mother,

In promoting classes, no obstacle is to be taken as a bar to promotion with the class except non-attendance. This is the rule of the Public Schools, and it must be ours, to avoid constant trouble. Yours in Christ,
James Aug. Healy

Still, in spite of these restrictions, and notwithstanding his custom of declaring holidays upon the least provocation, Bishop Healy did try to raise the standards of the schools and improve their curricula. He yearly brought the Christian Brothers from New York to evaluate the sisters' work and make suggestions for improvements. All these meant more work for the teachers, but, getting accustomed to the bishop's oddities and eccentricities, they gradually adjusted themselves to the rugged tasks of teaching in the State of Maine.

One cannot fail to become aware of the deep attachment and the friendly relations that existed between the bishop and his dear daughters as the years wore on. They noted a mellowing of his personality. During the years of the Ponsardin troubles, when James' health was precarious and his nerves rasped with worry, the sisters found him sharp and even sarcastic, disposed to keep everyone at a distance. With the passing of time, and especially after the establishment of the motherhouse in Portland, Bishop Healy became

more easy to approach and more at home with the sisters and the convent children both in the city and at Deering.

The distinctiveness of his concept of the episcopal office became apparent to the sisters when they saw him playing a languid game of tennis with the girls at the Academy in Deering of an afternoon, or when they joined with him and their pupils in a songfest of old Irish songs and southern melodies as they sat around the fire in the long evenings or gathered outside in summer on the benches under the trees. They knew he was no pompous and officious clerical bureaucrat when they watched him ice-skating in the winter on the pond behind the convent, executing fancy figures, and proud of his ability to skate backwards as fast as he went forward.

Bishop James felt perfectly at home among the sisters and the children of the convent. One day at Deering he arrived and told the sister superior to call all the girls and sisters together in the main study hall. He walked in with something hidden in a handkerchief in his right hand. He announced that he had gathered them all for the purposes of scientific experiment. With that, he uncovered the mysterious object in his right hand. It was a little mouse that jumped down and ran toward the girls and the sisters. There were squeals and screams, as both the girls and the sisters jumped up on chairs and shivered with fright. "That's all I wanted to know," he laughingly said; "I just wanted to find out if it were true that women are afraid of mice."

Anyone else might have been hated for a practical joke like that. But apparently, Bishop Healy could be his odd self and still manage to keep in the good graces of his dear daughters.

Nor were the sisters slow at banter and repartee. In the convent recreation room one day, Bishop Healy sat visiting with the community, and, with his usual insouciance, he was enjoying a big cigar. As the clouds of smoke billowed up, the sister next to him coughed. He inquired whether the smoke bothered her. Waving her hand to clear away the billow, she said, "Oh bishop, I wouldn't have a cloud come between us for anything."

The bishop's feasts became community festivals for the sisters in

Portland. They celebrated his birthday, his anniversary of his ordination, his day of episcopal consecration, and even the day of his baptism. A little program at school or in the community room commemorated the days. Their honored guest sat in the midst of his dear daughters and hugely enjoyed the songs, the poems, the compositions, and the musical numbers that were presented in his honor.

On his part, the bishop stoutly defended the sisters and was ever generous with his praise of their grand work. Sister Raphael was criticized one day for being afraid of thunder and lightning. The bishop stated in her defense: "I don't know anyone besides the devil who isn't." Another time, Father O'Dowd objected to Sister Stanislaus' assignment to his school because of her bulbous nose. The bishop drily wrote:

Her nose is as God made it, and it would be absurd and unjust and unkind to be prejudiced or to show prejudice for such a reason. Let all things be done in charity.

One of the sisters expressed the tender and affectionate solicitude of the bishop for his dear daughters by stating that he "guarded you with the tenderness of a mother, and the fine heart of a father."

Churchman Among His Equals

As he entered the middle decade of his long episcopate, Bishop Healy stepped into the wider arena of national Church affairs. He came into contact with the entire body of American cardinals, archbishops, bishops, superiors of religious orders, and many theologians and presidents of seminaries. Among them, he achieved the recognition due to a fellow prelate. Through his work with them, he exerted some noticeable influence on the course of American Catholic Church history.

At the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 Bishop Healy became active as a churchman among equals. At this historic assembly of the entire American hierarchy, James was able to make an important series of contributions in settling some of the issues that confronted the burgeoning Church in the United States. The unfavorable publicity he had received in Church circles as a result of the Ponsardin case did not seem to lessen the esteem in which he was held both in his own right, and as a bosom friend of the revered Bishop Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Williams of Boston, and as a close intimate of Cardinal McCloskey, the ageing head of the New York archdiocese.

In fact, it was at the height of the Ponsardin disagreeableness that Bishop Healy received a signal recognition from his fellow bishops of the New England province. He was selected to perform for them the function which is among the most impressive and most characteristic of the episcopal office—the ordination of priests. On May 22, 1880, Bishop Healy was the ordaining prelate for the large class of seminarians at St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, New York. On that day more than a dozen of the young levites received their minor orders from James' hands, another half-dozen were ordained as subdeacons, nine were raised to the diaconate, and eight were elevated to the sacred dignity of the priesthood. Three of these

were ordained for Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid of Rochester, one of the leaders of the conservative party in the Church during that decade. Another pair were destined for service in the priesthood under Bishop Francis McNierney of Albany, New York, and a like number for the archdiocese of New York under Cardinal McCloskey. Almost all of the dioceses of New England and New York were represented among the many seminarians ordained to the other offices that day. Assuredly, James was functioning as a fully recognized prelate among his fellow bishops.

He appreciated too the recognition accorded him during the drawing up of the plans for the Plenary Council of Baltimore. One of the features of the Council was to be a series of dogmatic sermons by the outstanding Catholic orators of the time. Bishop John Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, was chosen as the most vocal spokesman of the liberal party, along with Bishops Keane of Richmond and Spalding of Peoria. Archbishop Corrigan, coadjutor of New York, and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester were selected as representative speakers for the conservatives. Bishop Healy was also approached in the spring of 1884 with the invitation to deliver one of the scheduled orations. Though he felt flattered by the offer, James was obliged to decline. His health had not been too good through the preceding winter. He had to answer his good friend, Archbishop (later Cardinal) Gibbons, through his chancellor, Father John S. Foley, that his health would not permit him to give a public sermon at Baltimore. However, he promised that he would not use that as an excuse for absenting himself from the actual meetings of the assembly.

Though his priests had advised him to stay out of the South because of the insults he might receive, Bishop Healy risked the embarrassments of the segregation system by traveling to Baltimore for the solemn opening of the Council, November 9, 1884. He registered at the St. James Hotel under the critical eye of the clerk and proceeded to participate in the sessions of the assembly. He took his place as twenty-fifth in seniority among the sixty bishops present for the conclave. He carried his purple robes with dignity in the

grand opening procession for the solemn pontifical high Mass in the Cathedral, and he made his profession of faith along with all of the other prelates, theologians, heads of religious orders, mitred abbotts, and lower clergy involved in the serious business of the Council.

At the public and private sessions of the Council held in the spacious assembly rooms of St. Mary's Seminary, Bishop Healy followed the discussions of the proposed legislation in the fields of religious life, of the education of clergy and laity, and of church administration. He moved among his fellow prelates with no visible restraint or aversions. His Irish name was a welcome card for a good fifty percent of the prelates, who were either Irish-born immigrants or Irish-Americans. His facility in French and his French seminary training enabled him to mingle easily with the dozen French and Belgian bishops in the group. And the common cause and common loyalty that bound them all together put far in the background the minor issue of his mixed ancestry, which was magnified into a major issue in the social circles of Baltimore and Washington and the South.

At the private sessions of the Council the various ecclesiastics had their opportunity to shape the course of the legislation that was to become a milestone in the history of the American Church. By a strange coincidence, the biographers of most of the outstanding prelates who were in attendance at the Council have assured us that their own archbishop or bishop was really the key figure in the proceedings. Cardinal Gibbons' Catholic and non-Catholic biographers agree that he was the major force shaping Church policy. Bishop McQuaid's very enlightening biography attributes to him the major role. Archbishop Williams' chroniclers are certain that Boston quietly led the country in that month-long session. The liberal-minded, under the leadership of Archbishop Gibbons and Bishop Ireland, pointed to the decrees as vindication of their policies, such as the advocacy of a Catholic University. The conservatives pointed to the tightening of discipline and of orthodoxy as a manifestation of their ascendancy.

While it is obvious that Bishop Healy belonged mainly in the camp of the conservatives, his role at the Council seems to have been one of a go-between and a conciliator of opposing views in at least a few of the controverted issues. He felt free to protest against the ultra-liberal policies of Bishops Ireland and Spalding. But he also criticized some of Bishop McQuaid's cherished opinions.

No overall claim of dominant influence in the Council's affairs can be made for James' modest contribution. Until the definitive inner history of the private and secret sessions is written, most of the hypotheses about the power structure of the assembly will be but tendentious guesswork. But in at least three of the many instances of clashing opposition, Bishop Healy did suggest the compromise solution that won the day and was accepted.

In the session on the course of studies and training for the higher seminaries, the private minutes of the Council reveal a medley of diverse opinions, especially about the problem of providing religious vacations for the seminarians in church-financed villas and camps. Bishops Dwenger of Fort Wayne and O'Connor of Nebraska opposed the villa plan because of the expense. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia suggested a middle way. He urged that younger theologians be sent home and older ones be kept at the seminary to prepare for ordination. Bishop Spalding urged that students be sent home to spend their vacations at their own expense, and he was supported by Bishop McQuaid who believed that this period of testing was necessary for determining their worth and sincerity.

After McQuaid's long speech, Bishop Healy suggested a compromise. He reworded the proposed law to face the realities of the situation as it then existed. He felt that the Council should oblige the superiors and teachers of seminaries to prepare the seminarians for a fruitful spending of their vacation by instructing them about how they should conduct themselves among their relatives and fellow citizens in all modesty and holiness. In his well-expressed and realistic words, the assembly recognized the acceptable compromise they sought. His plan and his law was voted almost unanimously. When the decrees went to Rome for final approval by the Holy

Father, this section was accepted verbatim though it radically differed from the Roman version of the proposed legislation.

Bishop Healy contributed his support also to the vital school legislation of the Council. Climaxing a half-century struggle to adjust the American Catholic Church to the Protestant-dominated public school systems, the conciliar decrees once and for all settled the issue. The assembled prelates laid down the law on November 26 that each parish must within two years provide a parochial grammar school, financed and supported out of church funds.

In a further phase of the discussion about the schools, Bishop Healy again emerged with the acceptable solution of a hotly debated issue—the admission of non-Catholic pupils to Catholic schools. The bishops were divided on the issue. Archbishop Seghers of Oregon, sponsor of the original school legislation, was in favor of admitting non-Catholic pupils to help finance the schools. Archbishop Corrigan of New York and Elder of Cincinnati presented objections to one or other aspect of his proposals. Bishops Ireland and Spalding were unable to reconcile the opposing parties. The disagreement was deepening when Bishop Healy proposed a compromise. In place of the stringent regulations recommended by Rome, he offered a mild substitute. The schools should be allowed to admit strangers to the faith. But the superiors of the school should be cautioned to guard all the more religiously the morals of the pupils, so that Catholics would suffer no harm from the non-Catholics, and would likewise not scandalize the strangers. These sensible proposals were approved by almost all of the members, and ultimately by Rome also.

A similar contribution was made by James in the discussions centering around the establishment of Catholic University which was finally determined upon by the Council. Though both the main foundress, Mary G. Caldwell, and the bishops seemed to favor an executive board made up of bishops, Bishop Healy suggested that priests and laity also be included. His recommendation in this matter was also approved.

The significant element in all of James' proposals was not so much the content itself. It was rather the fact that he met his fellow

bishops on a completely equal footing. His opinions were listened to and weighed for their intrinsic worth. His judgments were followed because they proved competent analyses of knotty questions.

In the execution of the plans for Catholic University, Bishop Healy did not play an active part. He preferred to leave to others the full management of the affairs of the foundation. Even when consulted by Cardinal Gibbons about various problems as they arose, James signified his willingness to abide by the decisions of the board of bishops which was steering the project through its turbulent seas. At the time, Bishop Healy had his hands full with the founding of his own college in his own diocese, a small institution for the French Canadians in Van Buren, Maine. Instead of endeavoring to operate it as a diocesan project, Bishop Healy wisely recruited the Marist Fathers and turned the foundation over to them. In 1886 the college was opened under the name of St. Mary's, and it was soon filled to capacity.

On another of the Council's major projects Bishop Healy did participate in both the legislative and the executive phases. He was drafted for the special subcommittee to deliberate on legislation for the Negro and Indian missions of the United States. The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866 had laid down some broad proposals for the stimulation of missionary work among the freedmen and the hapless tribes of the West. But non-Catholic churches and missionary societies had far outdistanced the Catholics in the apostolate among the Negroes. For all practical purposes, and thanks to Know-Nothing agitation, the Catholic Church was still absent from the greater part of the former Confederate States. There ninety percent of the colored freedmen still lived. The vast majority of them were still untouched by the Josephite missions and by other Catholic missionary efforts.

Bishop Healy and his fellow members of the special committee for this problem moved the Council to decree that each bishop should, where there were large enough groups of colored Catholics, endeavor to erect churches, schools, and orphanages for their use. Elsewhere, the Council decreed that an opportune and suitable

place be provided for them in the common church and that the sacraments be administered to them without any discrimination. The Council took measures to stimulate the interest of seminarians and of religious orders in the colored apostolate, and also to support the missions among both Negroes and Indians by a nationwide collection every year in the spring. Furthermore, it set up a permanent Commission for the Negro and Indian Missions as a successor to the Committee on Indian Affairs already functioning in Washington since 1874.

Because of the fact that he had direct experience in both of the apostolates, Bishop Healy was named a member of the new commission. For seven years he served with Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Marty of the Dakotas in organizing the work of the commission, setting up its Washington office, and allotting the thousands of dollars that were collected for the apostolate. Bishop Healy was influential in the appointment of his friend, Father J. Havens Richards, S.J., as the Washington representative of the commission. However, it was not long before the secretariate was entrusted to a Sulpician Father, Rev. Dr. Chapelle, who thenceforth managed the mission affairs in the Capital.

Dealing with Cardinal Gibbons on terms of intimacy and equality in the commission, James came to be quite friendly with the outstanding prelate of the age. He was often a guest at the Cardinal's palace in Baltimore. And the Cardinal repaid the visits by traveling up to Maine to spend brief vacations with James both in Portland and at the summer cottage he had built on Little Diamond Island out in Casco Bay.

With other bishops also Bishop Healy kept up his contacts after the close of the Council in Baltimore in December 1884. In the following spring, in spite of the warnings of his priests to the contrary, James again decided to brave the dangers of insult by venturing into the Deep South. With his brother, Father Patrick Healy, he sailed from New York on a steamer bound for New Orleans. He almost lost his life on that trip, incidentally. The bishop found the blue waters of the Gulf to be so inviting that he went overboard

for a swim, clinging to a tow-line lest he be left far behind by the boat. He frolicked while the harmless porpoises swam beside him, jumping out of the water, and even poking their noses against him occasionally. But the fun turned to near-tragedy as a shark scattered the porpoises and made directly for the swimming bishop. Thrashing about in the water to confuse the shark, James screamed for those on deck to pull him up. They drew him out of the water just in time.

In New Orleans, he also escaped the embarrassments of the other dangers of the Deep South. He was a guest at the Jesuit College on Baronne Street. Notwithstanding his reluctance about appearing in public among people who could readily detect his mixed ancestry, Bishop Healy consented to preach at the High Mass in the Jesuit Church. He called upon Archbishop F. X. Leray, whose acquaintance he had made at the Baltimore Council. The archbishop entertained James and his brother at dinner, and regaled them with stories that they later wrote into their diaries of the trip. One that amused James especially concerned the archbishop's confirmation service, at which "fifty mothers kept their babies quiet by keeping them at the maternal font while he preached."

With another archbishop, James was on even more intimate terms. He struck up a deep friendship for the coadjutor archbishop of San Francisco, Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan, who was a native of New Brunswick in Canada, just across the St. John River from James' diocese. Archbishop Riordan often stopped at Portland on his way back and forth to visit his family, and he invited Bishop Healy out to San Francisco on a number of occasions. Both in 1889 and in 1891, James escaped the worst of the rigors of the Maine winters by traveling out to San Francisco and enjoying the hospitality of the archbishop and also of the Jesuit Fathers. On both occasions, he was in demand as a special speaker for solemn ceremonies. He was well accepted in Catholic circles in California. Many of the outstanding Catholic leaders in San Francisco had formerly been his parishioners back in Boston. Now they were rich and enjoying the fruits of their pioneer days. From them James was

able to secure large donations to help him with his many projects in his impoverished diocese.

Elsewhere in the country, Bishop Healy was also welcome as any other bishop might be, even below the Mason-Dixon line. He periodically traveled down to Norfolk, Virginia, to spend some weeks of vacation or recuperation at the Sisters of Charity Hospital and Clerical Rest Home. Like other bishops, and often with them, he enjoyed the Sisters' hospitality, and in return they prevailed upon him to give them some of the sermons and spiritual conferences which he was accustomed to deliver to the Sisters in Portland.

But it was in New England clerical circles that Bishop Healy moved on a plane of confident equality with both the older and the younger bishops. The great test of high status among his fellow prelates was for James as for others the naming of new bishops to vacant sees and the securing of the approval and confirmation of these nominations both by the other bishops of the province and by the Holy Father In Rome.

Bishop Healy's first successful effort in this regard was his nomination of Father Denis Bradley as the first bishop of Manchester when New Hampshire was severed from Maine to form a separate diocese in 1884. Rome followed this and all of the other suggestions that Bishop Healy offered in effecting the division. Though Father Bradley was only thirty-eight at the time, James was certain, from his work as chancellor in Portland, and from his four years of eminently successful pastorate in Manchester, that he was a logical choice for the bishopric. Subsequent events confirmed the sageness of his judgment.

Besides being on terms of the most intimate friendship with the new bishop of Manchester, James was also very close to Bishop McMahon, the ordinary of Hartford. As Father Lawrence McMahon, he had returned from Rome about the same time as Sherwood did in 1860. He had been an assistant at the Cathedral under James in Boston when he was rector. And as administrator of the diocese, James had opened the way for the young priest's first bid to exceptional achievement as a chaplain of the Massachusetts

regiments in the Union army. In 1878, upon the occasion of his consecration to the episcopate, Bishop McMahon had selected James to be the orator for the solemn ceremony. Thereafter they remained close friends, meeting on common ground at the major events in New England church life, at the Baltimore Council, and at the meetings of the bishops of the Province of Boston that were held every two or three months.

At one of these meetings in the year after the promulgation of the decrees of the Baltimore Council, the question came up of naming a successor for Bishop Hendricken of Providence, who had died June 11, 1886. Another of James' personal friends was chosen by the bishops and elevated by Rome to the vacant see. He was Father Matthew Harkins, pastor of Bishop Healy's old Boston Church of St. James. Interest in the young priest had begun as far back as 1863 when James had taken him overseas with Eugene and had enrolled him in the seminary-college at Douai. James had followed his career as pastor in Salem and in Arlington before he had come to St. James. He had met Father Matt often in company with Archbishop Williams, whose confidant and theologian he was at the Baltimore Council. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, Bishop Healy had voted for his elevation to the bishopric in Rhode Island, and on April 14, 1887 when he was solemnly consecrated in Providence, James was again given the honor of delivering the sermon for the ceremony.

Even before his consecration, when still only bishop-elect, Bishop Harkins had begun the long series of trips to Portland to consult Bishop Healy and receive guidance in all the major and minor decisions of his diocese from his more experienced friend. Almost every other month except when Bishop Healy was away in Europe or elsewhere to escape the sub-zero season in Portland, the two episcopal friends would meet either in Providence or Portland or Boston. Together they welcomed Cardinal Gibbons to Portland when he visited James in 1890. And they were both down at the pier at Narragansett Bay to welcome the great cardinal upon his arrival in Providence in 1893.

In the last dozen years of Bishop Healy's episcopate, the two bishops were almost inseparable. Together they attended to official duties of the hierarchy such as the meetings at Catholic University, the assemblies of the bishops of the province of Boston, and the official visitations of the seminary at Troy, and when that was closed, of the new seminary at Brighton. Together they traveled in Europe for their vacations, finding in each other's congenial company a holy and relaxing friendship.

Bishop Healy especially enjoyed the pleasure of a few days' respite from official duties that his visits to Providence afforded him. He could and did drop in unannounced at Bishop Matt's house, even if he were not at home. He would take Bishop Harkins' carriage and drive out to Elmhurst, the palatial Convent and Academy of the Sacred Heart nuns in the suburbs. There he would visit those of his flock who were now members of the sisterhood and were teaching at the famed academy. Or he would drop in at St. Joseph's Church for a surprise visit to his brother, Father Patrick Healy, who during these years was stationed as a curate at the Jesuit Church in Providence.

James liked Bishop Matt's genial and pleasant personality. Not overly given to asceticism as was the austere Archbishop Williams, Bishop Harkins proved much more companionable to James than did the spiritual patriarch of the Boston archdiocese. Whereas both gave to the venerable prelate the respect and friendship due to his high office and personal loveableness, the two younger prelates were much closer to each other than to Archbishop Williams. Though he knew that it might hinder his chances for further advancement in ecclesiastical dignities, Bishop Harkins visited the archiepiscopal palace fleetingly and at longer intervals as the years went by. He invariably by-passed it and continued on to Portland when in quest of relaxation and jovial companionship.

Bishop Healy nevertheless contrived to keep the esteem and confidence of the archbishop. Williams owned that they were just like two brothers, even though he was eight years older than James in age, and twice that in sombreness of life and quiet, slow-paced

taciturnity. At the meetings of the bishops of the entire province which Archbishop Williams summoned at regular intervals and when a vacancy occurred in one of the sees, the older prelate seemed to defer to Bishop Healy's readily offered opinions and his well-vocalized judgments. He even at times surrendered his own chosen lines of thought to accede to James' suggestions.

This is visibly illustrated in the matter of the succession to the see of Boston. Always a delicate and difficult subject, the process of selecting a successor to oneself in an important bishopric such as Archbishop Williams occupied was a serious and trying one. Theoretically, each of the suffragan bishops was a potential candidate for the role. Yet, according to the new regulations laid down by the Baltimore Council, these very men were to be assembled to deliberate on the list of names to be submitted to Rome.

It was in April 1890 that Archbishop Williams first broached the idea to the assembled bishops of the surrounding dioceses. Worn by the quarter century of his toil as head of the large archdiocese, Williams informed his fellow New England bishops that he wished to provide for present relief and contingencies by an arrangement such as Bishop Fitzpatrick had secured in the last year of his reign—the appointment of an assistant bishop, a coadjutor with a right of succession after his death.

None of the bishops manifested outwardly any ambition for the graver responsibilities of the metropolitan see. But, being human, they doubtless each felt that it would be a signal honor if Rome would promote himself to the higher dignity. The wordless interplay of light diplomatic maneuvering that followed Archbishop William's proposal cannot be noticed in the laconic records of the meetings. But it does seem that James was torn between opposing desires. Perhaps he realized that he would most likely not outlive the still vigorous archbishop. Perhaps too he wished his younger friend, Bishop Harkins to be advanced to that position of heir-apparent to the highest throne in New England. At any rate, he together with the other suffragan bishops agreed that it would be

advisable for the older prelate to institute the process of selecting a coadjutor and successor.

Archbishop Williams obtained authorization from Rome in the following winter to proceed. He carefully scrutinized the list of his suffragans, but discarded the idea of transferring one of them from the headship of an independent diocese to the subordinate position in Boston. Whereas it would be a promotion to move into the vacant archiepiscopal see from a suffragan see, it would be somewhat of a demotion to be made a mere coadjutor.

Besides, despite Bishop Healy's urgings, the archbishop did not warm up to the idea that Bishop Harkins was the most logical choice for the future archbishop of Boston. Of later years, Williams had come to believe that Harkins did not measure up to the caliber of an archbishop. Though his age was about right for the choice, still in his virile forties, his lightheartedness, his love of travel, and his dislike for Bishop McQuaid all told against him.

Others in clerical circles believed that Bishop Healy himself should and would be given the enviable position. They relied on Archbishop Williams' known preference for James' friendship and intimacy. But his recurrent ill health and his enforced absences from New England for long periods at a time militated against his chances.

It was not surprising therefore that when the prelates gathered in Boston on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Williams' consecration as bishop, the aging prelate presented them with a list that the diocesan consultors had drawn up just the month before. On that terna were the names of Father John Brady of Amesbury, and Father William Byrne, the current vicar-general of Boston.

In a move perhaps to leave an opening for a future promotion of his dearest friend, Bishop Harkins, James declared that he did not feel that he knew these men well enough to vote them as qualified for handling the future of the important archdiocese. He suggested instead that the archbishop petition Rome to make one of them a simple auxiliary bishop, without the right of succession.

Perhaps he was also still hoping that either then or later the high honor would at least be offered to himself for the declining.

At any rate, Archbishop Williams yielded to James' suggestion. Bishops McMahon of Hartford and O'Reilly of Springfield also voiced their agreement with the new plan. The choice therefore of Father Brady was settled upon, and he was subsequently appointed to assist Williams as auxiliary bishop of Boston.

Because Archbishop Williams was destined to outlive Bishop Healy by six years, this move paved the way for James' own successor to become elevated to the archbishopric of Boston and later to the cardinalatial dignity as the unforgettable William Cardinal O'Connell.

We have mute testimony to the fact that James' disagreement with and reshaping of Archbishop Williams' plans did not lessen the archbishop's affection for the younger man. The Boston prelate still continued to give James the high honor and preferential treatment he showed by inviting him to be the feature speaker at his Silver Jubilee celebration in 1891. His sermon on that occasion pleased the archbishop as an eloquent summary of the work of his reign by showing that in it, the Church had progressed as much as in all of the preceding episcopates put together.

Archbishop Williams continued his high regard for James until the end. He said of him then, "We were just like two brothers. No one was more dear to me than he." He ranked James higher on his list of friends even than Sherwood. He felt closer to him than to Bishop McQuaid who was more nearly his equal in age, and more often his host for his vacations in western New York.

There is no gainsaying the fact that James was not a second-class bishop. He was accepted with equality by his fellow members. Only the historical unknowns, as will be seen in the next chapter, prevented him from moving higher in Church circles and ultimately becoming a cardinal. But as we shall see in the remainder of our narrative, he did win honors that were just one step below the enviable cardinalate. Even Rome, forgetting the Ponsardin episode, ranked him high among the world figures in the Church.

Open Foes and Hidden

Bishop Healy could number his friends in the thousands, some intimate, others friendly to him as a Catholic bishop, all recognizing his winning personality. But he also had his enemies. He numbered these in the tens of thousands. Whereas he experienced very little prejudice and animosity as a colored bishop in Catholic circles, he came to know hostility and discrimination as a Catholic bishop in American public life in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

It was an age that saw a recrudescence of the Know-Nothingism of the mid-century. With the flooding in of new million-fold masses of immigrants from traditionally Catholic countries, the reaction set in on the part of the nativist elements. Under the aegis of the American Protective Association, and with the fictional help of Maria Monk, Eliza Hill, and Mrs. Shepherd, the "No Popery" crusade was whipped up into serious proportions. Catholic blood flowed in Boston. Churches and convents were burned down in New England. And Catholics generally, from the bishops to the children in the threatened schoolhouses, felt the whiplash of fear and hostility.

Much of this anti-Catholic activity was attributable to secret societies. The APAs were but one of the many "dark lantern" societies that functioned in the night with secret meetings, passwords, oaths, and rituals of a caballistic nature. Fed exclusively on their own anti-Catholic propaganda that was a forerunner of the later horror stories and mysteries, these organizations mushroomed especially in New England. The National League of Flag Defenders, the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America (Knights of Pythias), and others joined forces with Masonic lodges, with Odd Fellows, and with the Loyal Women of American Liberty to intensify anti-Catholic sentiment throughout the country.

Because of the activities of these organizations, secret societies

became Bishop Healy's *bête noire*. He believed they were the termites of the social order. He saw in them the most sinister enemy of the Church both in Europe and America. His opposition to them was implacable and persistent. He pressed his campaign against them energetically and incessantly, warning his fellow Catholics against them, and repeating the historic papal condemnations of Freemasonry and other secret societies. He saw their essentially anti-Catholic character, hidden beneath the guise of a fanatic chauvinism, an intolerant nationalism.

James' denunciation of and activities against secret societies were but corollaries of his intense devotion to the Church and the Holy Father. Even when Rome was imposing its hard decision on him in the Ponsardin case, he was active in furthering the battle against them. In the midst of his correspondence over that case, he found time to transmit to Rome the secret oath he had unearthed as the one taken by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the "Molly Maguires." Both of these societies were under investigation as secret societies, possibly hostile to the Church. Other groups, such as the Fenians, the Clan-na-gael, and the Grand Army of the Republic were likewise suspect. James applied the blanket condemnations of secret societies to all of these organizations, even though Catholics, such as Civil War Veterans, had joined one or other of them. James did not relent in his opposition until they had cleared themselves of the charge of being secret societies, and had submitted their constitutions and rituals for examination by church authorities.

Bishop Healy retained his most implacable opposition for one secret society in particular, the Knights of Labor. Though modern historians of labor unionism have, with remarkable hindsight, singled out this lone organization as the main forerunner of legitimate unionism of the present century, it was not at all apparent in the post-Civil War era that this secret and oath-bound society was any different from the groups of Masons, of Carbonari, of terrorists and of anarchists that were spreading among the new immigrants in the country.

The efforts of the "Secret Brotherhood" (as the Knights called

themselves) were hardly such as to win good will on the part of men like Bishop Healy. When they moved into Maine to organize the mill and dock workers, James could see only a trail of violence, strikes, boycotts, and impoverishment of the poor. Little permanent good was accomplished by their methods, even after Catholics, like Terence Powderly, assumed charge and relaxed the laws about secrecy.

In 1882, Bishop Healy had been forced to threaten with excommunication those Catholics who joined the "secret brotherhood" and by their secret oaths made themselves likely dupes of unknown and possibly irresponsible leaders. He was unmoved even when the local organizers secured authorization from the national board to submit to him a full account of the inner working of the Maine assembly of the Knights of Labor.

James shared the alarm of the Canadian hierarchy when he and they saw the success of the Knights in signing up the Franco-American in Maine and even French Canadian workers across the border. In 1884, the Canadian bishops petitioned Rome for a condemnation of the Secret Brotherhood as a secret and forbidden society. The preliminary decree was given that year, and further clarified next year. James regarded the condemnation as applicable also to the Knights of Labor in his own diocese. In his pastoral of that year he reiterated his opposition to the membership of Catholics in the condemned organization. Other American bishops also voiced their suspicion of the Knights, and though the Baltimore Council of that year did not make a positive stand on the debatable issue, the assembled prelates repeated their condemnation of secret and anti-Catholic societies.

When he returned from Baltimore, Bishop Healy had sent a telegram to Rome asking for his own information whether the Knights of Labor were a condemned society. He received the answer that it was. On that presupposition, James continued his policy of opposing their spread in his diocese. The zeal he showed in prosecuting the attack on them made him the outstanding antagonist of the Knights among the hierarchy in the country. Moreover, his

opposition was effective. Where the Knights could number 50,000 members in New York, and 96,000 in Boston, they could muster only 3,500 (1,900 by another count) in the whole State of Maine in 1885, their peak year.

The Catholic leadership among the Knights of Labor immediately appealed the condemnatory decision to Rome asking the Holy Father to reconsider the whole matter. Moreover, Terence Powderly, the Master Workman of the Knights, made a special trip to Portland to intercede with Bishop Healy on behalf of the organization. His efforts were nugatory. James was implacably opposed to the Secret Brotherhood as a condemned secret society. He warned Powderly against spreading it in his diocese. Powderly, considering it as a labor union, denied Bishop Healy's right to prohibit it or to interfere with his organizational work. The visit ended with both sides unchanged and intransigent.

Later in the year, a committee of Knights of Labor from Maine called on Bishop Healy to explain their efforts in favor of the working class. They knew that James had a great concern for the poverty of the workers, for the dehumanized conditions of their slums, for their wretched wages and long working hours. Their appeal for his sympathy was successful to the extent that he agreed not to press any further condemnation of the brotherhood, pending action on their appeal to Rome. So cordial was the reception given them by Bishop Healy, that George McGregor, the non-Catholic head of the committee, proposed James as the logical man to present their appeal to Rome. However, Powderly vetoed the proposal and thereby removed James' chance for making labor history.

Instead, the task of intelligently championing the cause of the Knights of Labor and of oppressed workingmen everywhere fell to the lot of another Catholic churchman, James Cardinal Gibbons. In 1886, after personally hearing Powderly's side of the case in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons and nine other archbishops voted against condemning the Knights of Labor. Cardinal Gibbons wrote a masterly memorial on the case to Pope Leo XIII. He defended the Knights, answered all objections against them, and demonstrated

that the working class would be lost to the Church if the Pope did not take a strong moral stand in defense of them. The encyclical *On the Condition of Labor (Rerum Novarum)* promulgated in 1891 by Leo XIII was the official solution of the Knights of Labor problem.

In Portland, the news of Rome's reversal of its former decision against the Knights automatically resulted in Bishop Healy's withdrawal of his prohibitions against it. In his own defense he wrote to Rome to explain that his opposition to them was on the basis of their condemned secrecy of oath and ritual, not their constructive efforts to better the condition of the workingman. But by that time, James had already lost a possible rendezvous with history, a chance for promotion to the higher dignity of the cardinalate and to an archiepiscopal see.

The Knights of Labor were not the only enemies to test James' mettle during the stormy years of his regime in Portland. There were other open and secret foes whose machinations also plagued him with their outright hostility and their nullification of his efforts on behalf of the poor and the oppressed.

A window is opened for us on Bishop Healy's soul by the letters he wrote and the controversies he engaged in for the waifs and strays of his large diocese. He was the tenderly all-fathering solicitor for funds to support the orphanages of the diocese. He even succeeded in securing more than four hundred dollars a year from the Yankee politicians as an annual subsidy for St. Elizabeth's Asylum. He bought and enlarged their present home at High and Pleasant Streets in 1888, and that together with the French Sisters' institution in Lewiston (which they named the Healy Orphan Home in honor of the bishop), took adequate care of the majority of the homeless waifs of the diocese.

His letters tell of the bishop's minute attention to the needs of even the least of his hapless flock. In behalf of two blind children, he sought ceaselessly by letter until he managed to obtain a home for them in Montreal. In the case of children requiring foster homes,

James wrote letter after letter to look after the children, even after the foster parents had moved away.

The same personal touch lent a fatherly atmosphere to all of his dealings with the orphans in Portland and in Lewiston. His regular visits to them were features of his weekly order. The children ran to him when he came to call at High Street, informally entering the side gate while they were playing in the yard. With a smile, he gathered them all about him, picking the youngest up in his arms, pretending to pull off the nose of another, and distributing the little prizes of candy or holy pictures to the eager waifs.

In his own institutions, James could and did adequately provide for these dependent children. But he worried all during his long episcopate for the spiritual and physical welfare of the Catholic children who were confined to state institutions. As in Boston, he early endeavored to secure access for his priests to these public homes, especially to the Maine State Reform School at Cape Elizabeth, just a few miles outside Portland.

Bishop Healy's heart ached for the impoverished immigrant children who were invariably caught straying from the straight and narrow path in the crooked unpaved neighborhoods of the seaport town. Hunger and destitution often drove them to petty pilfering at the markets and down along the wharves. The vigilant nativist police were sharp on the lookout for these stray urchins. Apprehended in the villainous act of filching an apple from a fruitstand, they were hustled from the Dickensian conditions of the slums, through a routine court procedure, into the dreaded Reform School at Cape Elizabeth. There they were placed under a regime that made *Oliver Twist's* fate seem mild and benign.

Investigations ordered by the legislature in the eighteen-eighties revealed the desperate conditions in the bleak reformatory. The squalor, the almost systematic starvation, the promiscuous confining of older perverts with boys of eight and ten, and the reign of terror by corporal punishment mounted up to a demoralizing unhappiness for the boys. Though no worse than any other institution of a like

nature in the country at the time, the Maine State Reform School was a tragic tomb for youth.

By constant petitioning, Bishop Healy secured the appointment of a Catholic trustee on the Board of the Reform School. Through his intervention, permission was obtained to have Mass for the boys once a month in 1879. Over his protests, the authorities of the school also obliged non-Catholic boys to go to this lone religious ceremony on those Sundays. But in general, the superintendent was cooperative. He insisted that the Catholic boys learn and say their Catholic prayers, and he made them study their catechism as well. But trouble began in 1885 when a former non-Catholic minister, Mr. Albion Little, was appointed to succeed the superintendent.

The new head began to make things disagreeable for the visiting priest. He abolished the Catholic catechism and imposed the Protestant one even on the Catholic children. He discouraged boys from attending Catholic services and instructions. He insisted on being present when the boys went to confession, overhearing everything they told the priest. He openly showed his displeasure at the coming of the priest and at all the trouble involved in setting up the altar for Mass in a separate room. These annoyances increased to such a degree that in October 1885, Bishop Healy was obliged to force a showdown. He temporarily withdrew his priests from the institution in a protest against the unfair treatment. He informed the Catholic trustee, Mr. Thomas O'Donoghue, of the conditions that had precipitated his action, and he asked him to seek redress before the Reform School Board.

Therewith began a long controversy in which James was subjected to humiliations and recriminations from all the open and secret enemies of the Church who rallied behind the intransigent superintendent.

The first to support the new policies were the non-Catholic majority on the Board. They vetoed all of O'Donoghue's proposals for separate Catholic services for Catholic boys. James wrote that he had no desire to make noise or trouble, but only to do his duty for the Catholic children. This he was not allowed to do, save on

the unacceptable terms imposed by the arbitrary superintendent.

James hoped that the Board would yield in order to avoid more unfavorable publicity on top of the damaging criticism published by the legislative investigating committee in 1882. The non-Catholics nevertheless refused to budge. The conflict therefore broke in the public press. At the end of the year Colonel O'Donoghue refused to sign the majority report. Instead he filed with the governor a separate minority report in which he took a strong stand for Bishop Healy's main contentions on the basis of the state constitution. One of its articles guaranteed that no one "shall be hurt, molested, or restrained in his person, liberty or estate for worshiping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience." The obstacles placed by Albion Little in the way of the boys' practice of their Catholic religion constituted a violation of his principle, the report held. Going beyond that, it also criticized the administration of the school for graft, for detaining lads in the institution for full terms notwithstanding good conduct, and for the custom of letting incorrigibles and pervers mix with the young boys. Contrasting the enlightened practices of other states such as Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, the report censured the Maine reformatory for procedures that had a "tincture of the prison rather than government of a school for juveniles on the family plan."

Bishop Healy's letter was published in the minority report and reprinted in the public newspapers throughout the state. Immediately, the case took on a narrower sectarian aspect. The *Portland Daily Advertiser*, a non-Catholic paper, took a strong stand on the side of the majority of the trustees. It accused James of trying to evade the by-laws of the reform school which provided that no sectarian teaching shall ever be allowed. Construing the hearing of confessions as "sectarian teaching," it pilloried Bishop Healy for his objections.

Other non-Catholic papers in Maine took up the cry against the bishop. The *Zion Advocate*, the *Portland Daily Press*, and the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* voiced their opposition to any conces-

sions. They maintained that Bishop Healy was only trying to sectarianize the schools. In the bishop's defense Colonel O'Donoghue wrote an open letter explaining the sense of the by-law. He recalled that the trustees had agreed, before adopting the by-law, that to teach Catholic catechism to Catholic boys would not be sectarian, but to impose the same or the Protestant international catechism on all the boys assembled at once would be in that category. But this did not quiet the controversy.

All through the summer the debate continued. Self-appointed critics of Bishop Healy filled the correspondents' columns of the local papers with their gross misunderstandings of the issues, and their revival of the ancient canards against the Church. Official conventions of the various sects passed resolutions during their annual meetings to head off Bishop Healy's onslaught on their sacred freedoms.

James bore all this without retaliation in kind. He was willing to submit to the vilification if only he could thereby serve the spiritual welfare of the children who were incarcerated at Cape Elizabeth. During his visit in Augusta that summer, he called on the governor, the Honorable Frederic Robie. He was pleased to learn that the governor had not been stampeded into drastic action against him. After a pleasant and understanding talk, the governor suggested that James have a conference with Mr. Little to reach a solution of the controverted matter.

Months went by before Bishop Healy could secure the interview. He reasoned with the superintendent patiently, spelling out the terms of a settlement, explaining why the Catholics objected to the Protestant Bible lessons, and outlining his own reasons for withdrawing his men from the institution. Though he seemed conciliated by the talk, the superintendent shifted the responsibility to the board of trustees, and insisted that Bishop Healy appear before them at a formal hearing. James saw that this would be useless, as the board was hopelessly prejudiced against him. He therefore determined to carry the case to the floor of the state legislature.

Bishop Healy secured the good offices of a non-Catholic member

of the legislature, Judge William Putnam of Portland, to sponsor some action in Augusta. By this time, however, a new governor was in office. He refused to reappoint a Catholic to the Board of Trustees when O'Donoghue's term of office expired. And he selected an even more anti-Catholic man than Little to be superintendent of the reform school. The new official immediately printed and circulated among the members of the legislature a wordy justification of the exclusion policy, even quoting a New York authority as saying that reformatories must be kept free from sectarian or political bias.

The result of this was a complete nullification of James' moves in Augusta. Though other Catholic legislators joined forces with Judge Putnam, mapped their strategy, and secured a hearing before the committee on the reform school, they were unsuccessful in securing any redress of grievances. The committeemen stood by the trustees' interpretation of the state law that insisted on nonsectarianism in state institutions.

Bishop Healy again came to the defense of his boys. While admitting that state institutions should be nonsectarian, he maintained that this did not imply that any sect should have the right of introducing its own books and imposing them, as was now being done. He pleaded that the boys in the reformatory should have the rights not denied even to the greatest criminals in the land. He asked that they be not refused the consolation of their religion in life or in dying just because the superintendent opposed the administration of any sacrament in the school, as savoring of sectarianism.

It was all to no avail. The Maine State Reform School remained closed to Catholic priests. By the summer of 1887, the Boston *Daily Globe* reported that the long fight had ended in total defeat for Bishop Healy.

James did not give up the fight. Still intent on diminishing the many unjust prisonbrands inflicted on his children for petty faults, he wrote next year to the new acting governor, Honorable S. S. Marble, in an effort to reopen the case. His appeal obtained a new hearing before the legislative committee, which invited Bishop Healy himself to come to Augusta to present his case to them.

James was willing to go to any lengths to help the urchins at Cape Elizabeth. He accepted the invitation, even though the committee scheduled the hearing for February 9, 1889, in the senate chamber itself, and warned him that non-Catholic ministers would be given a chance to reply to his speech. James decided to risk the personal insults and indignities that would inevitably be consequent upon such a public debate as that.

There was a packed audience waiting him in Augusta, most of the state legislators remaining for the event. Accompanied by Fathers Plante and Doherty of Augusta and Father McCarthy of Gardiner, Bishop Healy solemnly entered the senate chamber and was ushered up to the rostrum as the first speaker. He saw in the audience many non-Catholic ministers from Portland and elsewhere, and two members of the board of trustees of the reform school, Little and Emery.

James nevertheless launched into his carefully prepared appeal to the fair-mindedness of the legislature. He began by deploring the harsh legislation that sentenced boys as young as eight years of age to a reformatory for petty crimes. He urged a more humane program. He outlined the long experience and study he had in the field at home and abroad since 1854. He explained the necessity of religion in reforming wayward youth. He patiently elaborated the reasons why Catholics could not submit to the so-called "non-sectarian" Protestant services and catechisms. He repeated the main points of his request, weekly instruction, monthly Mass, quarterly communion and confession, annual confirmation, and if needed, special notification of the priest in the event of dangerous or fatal illnesses. He asked only that Catholic children be given their own Catholic services. It was a good lucid appeal. James made it clear that the respect, honor and welfare of the State of Maine demanded that it be heeded.

Instead, he was subjected to a vicious attack in the senate chamber. One of the non-Catholic ministers got the floor, a Dr. Wittaker of Portland. He objected that since the Catholic boys were criminals they had no legal status and no right to freedom of conscience or

of worship. He then launched an attack on the Catholic Church, and he ridiculed Bishop Healy's proposals as certain to produce confusion and injustice. James was utterly dismayed at the unreasonableness of the man. He was further disheartened when Mr. Farrington, the anti-Catholic superintendent of the school, rose to place all the blame on Bishop Healy. He declared that the system was working well until the priests were suddenly withdrawn from the institution by order of the bishop. The discussion deteriorated into an APA assault on the Church in the person of Bishop Healy. The hearing was inconclusive. Bitterness developed where understanding was hoped for. James left the senate chamber thoroughly sick at heart. He grieved not so much for his own embarrassment as for the utter impotence he felt about accomplishing anything for the welfare of the children.

He nevertheless continued the fight. Through his friends in the legislature, he secured another hearing later in the month and sent Father Thomas Linehan to trace out the main lines of his requests. The mission was a failure. Wrangling over details and dust-raising objections again blunted the effect of the clear statement about the position of the bishop. The ever-horrendous non-Catholic suspicions of the confessional were brought into play to discredit Father Linehan's manifest sincerity. The hearing again failed in its objective.

Later in the year, Catholic legislators managed to bring the matter to the senate floor for discussion. It was tabled, lest opposition of the non-Catholic clergy in Portland be aroused. The matter was pigeonholed for two more years.

Meanwhile, the long bickering in the Portland press was kept alive by the many letters sent in over the signatures of prominent non-Catholic clergymen. James was personally attacked. The usual canards against him and the Church were taken up and repeated. Catholics were accused of having a disproportionately large percentage of the inmates of the Reform School and the State Prison. They were berated for filling the poorhouses with shiftless immigrants. They were criticized for crowding the government hospitals with

Civil War veterans. It was even computed that a child trained in a parochial school was more than three-and-a-quarter times as likely to land in jail as a public school student. Thus went the chant of hate and prejudice. James did not know much of this as a colored man. But he knew the fangs of prejudice sinking deep into his sensitiveness because he was a Catholic.

It would be flattering to be able to record that Bishop Healy found a way to triumph over these narrow-minded bigots. But such was not the case. Each time it seemed likely that the authorities of the reform school were weakening in their stern determination to keep the Catholic priests out of the institution, the vigilant guardians of public morality screamed their protests in the public press and made them echo in the halls of the state legislature. The state that was liberal enough to have a Catholic governor in the first half of the nineteenth century could not brook the presence of a Catholic priest in its reform school for ministration to the hopeless strays of its slums.

In 1891, after other unsuccessful efforts at redress, Bishop Healy endeavored to find a way around the impasse by projecting a Catholic reform school. In letters to one of the legislators he stated that if he could get from the State of Maine half of the money it spent annually for the Catholic boys of the reform school, he would be willing to erect a separate institution, subject of course to state inspection. This plan came to naught. Funds were not forthcoming either from the state or from private sources. Bishop Healy abandoned the matter, and turned to petitioning each of the new governors as he took office.

It was only in the second to last year of his episcopate that the issue was finally settled and priests were again allowed to resume their ministry to the unfortunate strays of the reform school. By his patience and perseverance, James found a way to circumvent the raucous opposition. The pandemonium of prejudice exhausted itself by its hoarse shoutings. The quiet sanity of Bishop Healy's approach proved more durable and lasting.

In the interim, though James seemed to be losing ground by the

frustrating defeats he suffered, he was actually entrenching himself all the more firmly in the hearts of his own flock and in those of fair-minded non-Catholics like Judge Putnam and his many friends. They came to appreciate all the more deeply James' deep unselfish interest in the welfare of the children. They saw his fortitude in facing the attacks of the vicious opposition and his unflinching determination to see his just cause through to victory. They knew they had a strong and holy leader in the person of their bishop. And the more the opposition hurled its insane rage against him, the more his own faithful rallied to his side. They would possibly have loved him less, if his open and secret foes had not opposed him so intensely.

Golden Afterglow

By the early eighteen-nineties, it was apparent that Bishop Healy had reached the evening of life. Turned sixty with the beginning of the decade, James actually looked older than his three-score years owing to the long sieges of insomnia and the wretched condition of his lungs. His hair was beginning to be streaked with grey. His eyelids were drooping. The sharp incisiveness of his speech was becoming mellowed and softened. His intermittent vertigo was affecting even his usually vigorous gait and carriage.

He still remained young in spirit, alive and interested in the new generations of children who flocked to Kavanagh School and crowded the children's Mass on Sunday. As their parents had done, these youngsters gathered around the aging bishop sitting under the elm tree in the corner of the school yard. He still allowed them to kiss his ring without the formal curtsey, to hold his fingers as he walked the yard with them, and to sit on his lap while he told them stories of his travels, his visits to the Holy Father in Rome, his pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of Europe.

His gentle approachability enabled him to continue to the end of his life as the "children's bishop." He became the spiritual grandfather of these youngsters.

The children Bishop Healy grandfathered so graciously in the last decade of his episcopate remembered his deep affection for them through their lives. They remembered the happiness he provided for them at the annual "Bishop's Picnic," a gala excursion for an all-day outing on Little Diamond Island in August of each year. All the school children and parishioners of the city and vicinity were gathered for this major social event in Catholic Portland.

Bishop Healy was with them as they crammed the morning ferries by the hundreds, crowding to the edge of the wharf for the

first chance to board the boats that shuttled back and forth across the bay.

On the island, James was their genial host. The picnic was held on the grounds of the summer home that he had provided for the orphans. There he stood in their midst to receive the generous donations that the good people brought in food, clothing, and even scarce dollars for the orphans' upkeep. Through the day, James moved about among the people, sharing their amusement as the fiddlers stirred the crowd into the jolly rhythmic hilarity of an Irish clambake, barbecue, and chowder party. In his heyday as a champion big league baseball player, Louis Sockalexis, one of the bishop's Indian protégés, was there to entertain the crowd with his long-distance ball throwing and fungoing. In the evening, when the picnic fires were burned out, they took an affectionate leave of their good bishop who stood in their midst like a giant oak, sheltering all of them beneath his outstretched arms.

In the autumn, James' favorite afternoon relaxation through the nineties was still a buggy ride out to the Sisters' Academy and Old Folks' Home at Deering Woods.

Both to the young girls at the academy in Deering and to the old girls in the home for the aged, Bishop Healy remained the perfect gentleman, the kind and solicitous grandfather. He knew each of the old ladies by name, inquired about their infirmities, and had a happy word for each as he passed through with a blessing. Many of them were poor, unable to pay even the pittance that others were contributing to the expenses of the house. Bishop Healy assumed their burdens and cared for them gratis until death. Some had been housekeepers for his priests on the missions in Maine. These particularly James gratefully sheltered in the church home. One old colored cook who had for years taken care of the rectory in one of the out-of-the-way missions was admitted to the Deering home after her years of service were completed. There she spent her last decade in peace as Bishop Healy's guest.

He could thus write to an inquiring New Yorker in 1893 that there was no distinction or discrimination as to colored people in

the churches or schools of his diocese, even though there were only three hundred Negro Catholics in the whole state.

For these, Bishop Healy assumed spiritual responsibility and discharged his duties with unfailing care and exactness. But he had very little to do with other colored Catholics outside his diocese. He annually wrote a letter of recommendation for a representative of the *American Tribune*, a colored Catholic newspaper published in Cincinnati. He praised the aims and achievements of the paper and of the colored Catholic Congress, and he urged his people to help support their projects. He personally did not take active part in the movement. Invited each year to give an address or to appear at their annual convention, James preferred to decline the honor, pleading poor health or some other excuse. In 1892 he wrote that he had some apprehension about conventions held on such strictly racial lines. He preferred to remember and remind them that "We are of that Church where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, slave nor freeman, but Christ is all and in all."

In this, Bishop Healy was not evading the great issue that was almost incarnate in his own person. Rather, he tended to relegate the issue to its minor place in the total scheme of his relations with his fellow men. Feeling settled and secure in his own diocese and assured of the affection of his fellow Catholics, he felt less and less reticence about the obvious facts of his ancestry. In addressing one of the sodalities in Portland, he told them frankly that his mother was an octoroon. Neither the good ladies of the Cathedral parish nor their beloved bishop seemed perturbed by the revelation. It had none of the devastating effects that it might have caused a thousand miles to the South.

True, Bishop Healy did discourage research into his life and his background. To a young man who wished to write his biography, he wrote stiffly that all he wished to be published about himself had already appeared in Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of Biography*. There his mother is described as a scion of an aristocratic Southern family, which no doubt was literally true. With reason, James shunted off

inquiries about the family background by saying that his mother was from Santo Domingo (a not too unlikely surmise), or that she was from an old Virginia family. At all costs, he was concerned with drawing a veil over the slave background, keeping it as a family secret even from his younger brothers and sisters.

His proffering of the excuse of poor health in 1892 was not a subterfuge. His sicknesses did seem to multiply once he turned his sixtieth birthday. He had injured his hip in a fall from his horse some years before. Sciatic rheumatism periodically attacked him as a result, immobilizing him abed for weeks at a time. In 1891 he had taken a winter trip to California to regain his health, but he was incapacitated again in October and November. Next month, "la grippe" forced him to discontinue all of his correspondence. In January 1892, he wrote to l'Abbé de Fouville at the Grand Seminary in Montreal that his health was shattered. Next summer, bronchitis plagued him, keeping him hors de combat for three weeks. He had barely thrown that off before influenza prostrated him in September.

Nevertheless, between his intermittent sicknesses, Bishop Healy determinedly fulfilled the many demands made upon him both by the routine duties of the diocese, and by the extra work he undertook outside the diocese. Of the two, the extra-diocesan work seemed to sap his strength more dangerously. He was in constant demand as a preacher for state occasions in New England Catholic circles. The invitations were often sent in such a manner that he could not gracefully decline them. Thus in 1890, when James' personal friend and supporter, John Boyle O'Reilly, died suddenly, the family requested that James deliver the eulogy for the dead poet and journalist, editor of the *Boston Pilot*. He accepted. It was a magnificent sermon, delivered in the heat of the August weather and under the emotional strain of his sorrow at the parting of his friend. It told seriously on his weakened constitution.

Every other month there was a similar demand on his time and energy. In 1891, he spoke at the Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Williams in Boston, and later at the rededication of the Church of St.

Ignatius in San Francisco. Next year, on top of the sudden saddening impact of the death of Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, James pronounced the final eulogy over his dear friend of Boston days, and co-consecrator in the grand ceremony in Portland in 1875. His last tribute to his faithful friend was a moving one, but it cost him dearly.

After a summer-long bout with bronchitis and influenza, Bishop Healy again threw caution to the winds. In late autumn he accepted a speaking engagement for the civic celebration for the unveiling of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Congress Square in Portland. There in the open air, Bishop Healy praised the patriotism of Catholic soldiers and sailors in an oration that was the outstanding speech of the day.

He realized that any of these extra efforts might be his last. He sensed that his end might be near in 1892. He revised his last will and testament early that year and sent copies to his fellow bishops for their inspection. He also wrote a letter in due form appointing an administrator, Father Michael O'Brien of Bangor, *sede vacante*. "I do not know that these documents will be in demand very soon, but I am preparing carefully for all possible contingencies," he wrote to Archbishop Williams.

It looked as though his time had come in 1893. His effort to escape the worst of the winter by a month's leave of absence in Norfolk during February and March seemed insufficient. Instead of taking a complete rest while at the Sisters' hospital there, he yielded to coaxing and consented to preach each Sunday during his stay. His only respite was from the zero weather of Maine. He wrote to Sister Jane in Portland that it was somewhat different from Maine, "no snow, no ice except at table, overcoats often too heavy, birds twittering all about, farmers ploughing and planting, early vegetables coming up. . . ."

On resuming the harness in Portland, James soon again rendered himself liable to the complaint his brother Patrick constantly lodged against him, that he did not "seem disposed to take proper care of himself nor obey his doctor."

In June the bishop invited Patrick to travel with him for the summer excursions and confirmation tours. Two months of tireless questing for the far-scattered flocks of his diocese were exhausting to both brothers. By the third of August they returned to Portland, the bishop plainly fatigued and Patrick much the worse for the wear. There was a mountain of letters waiting him. James started the day-long task of writing out his answers in his own hand, patiently copying them in his letter press and dispatching them to his correspondents up and down the country. He went to bed exhausted on Friday night, but was unable to sleep in the hot breathless room. In the morning, when he failed to appear for Mass, Patrick rushed up to his room. He found the bishop unconscious from a stroke. Doctors were called. They pronounced it an embolism that had affected his brain, causing a loss of memory and partial paralysis. He failed to improve during the day, though he did regain consciousness somewhat. He was still unable to speak. His brother's efforts to secure a trained nurse were unavailing. Old Kate Nagle, the housekeeper, watched up with the bishop all through the night and into Sunday morning. Still James did not respond to treatment.

By Monday, August 7, Doctor Weeks called in Doctors Dana and Donovan for a consultation. They agreed that the outlook was anything but cheering. Bishop Bradley hurried up from Manchester to be with the stricken prelate. He stayed overnight in expectation of a crisis. But next day James began to recover. Doctor Weeks felt relieved. He even changed his diagnosis from an embolism to an attack of acute indigestion.

Through the rest of the hot month, James was kept abed, his memory still impaired somewhat, and his speech uncertain. He took another turn for the worse when informed of Bishop McMahon's sudden death in Hartford. His good friend, Bishop Harkins, had been with James for a few days before the sad news arrived. Even his usually refreshing presence did not cushion the shock of his friend's demise. They feared again for his life.

By the end of the month, nevertheless, Bishop Healy had recovered his facility in speaking. He was feeling much better. But

on August 30 a rumor was circulated that he had suddenly died. The false report was started by an unexplained ringing of church bells. Next day, James felt cheerful again, relieved that the rumor had proved to be unfounded.

Doctor Weeks finally made James realize that they would ring again for him very soon if he did not take a complete rest for at least a full year. With that, the bishop appointed Father Michael O'Brien as official administrator of the diocese, and relinquished all official business.

Freed of those worries, James recovered more rapidly. By September 8 he was well enough to come downstairs and to drive out for a brief respite from the sickroom. He had regained his mental vigor enough to dictate, a few days later, the official announcement of Father O'Brien's appointment as administrator, and of the prospect of his extended absence from the diocese.

In another two weeks, Bishop Healy was strong and seaworthy. He journeyed down to Boston for a few days, and to Providence to spend a fortnight with Bishop Harkins. The younger prelate welcomed his ailing friend. He took charge of James' convalescence, walking out with him for his morning constitutional, riding with him in the afternoons through the parks and the suburbs. Archbishop Williams came down to visit him in early October. Bishop Bradley also dropped in to inquire about his progress. By October 20, Bishop Harkins was waving farewell to James as he sailed from the pier at the end of Canal Street, bound for California. They met again next summer in Europe, whence James' extended vacation had carried him. Together they toured the Rhineland and sojourned in Paris.

It was late August 1894 before James again set foot in Maine. Doctor Weeks again examined him carefully. He ordered the bishop to continue his regime of rest for some months more. James consented to do this. But there is no suggestion that he thought of retiring or of asking for a coadjutor or an auxiliary bishop such as Archbishop Williams had in Boston. He looked forward to a resumption of his apostolate. He wanted to die in office. "I am as you

know a sickly and feeble man," he wrote to Cardinal Satolli, "and still I must do my duty. . . ."

For six more years he did his duty as good shepherd of his people. He realized that any one of his journeyings on their behalf might be his last. Yet he sallied out on his visitation tours each year, careful not to miss even the smallest congregation in his all-embracing concern for their souls. He knew that the strain of his work might bring on another stroke. Yet he persisted in writing out his business and personal letters by hand, and in composing the many English and French pastoral letters that filled his copy books during those years. He kept close contact with his clergy, with the sisters, and with the laymen who were carrying on his battles for him in Augusta and elsewhere.

It seems that he took special care during these latter years of the young priests he had ordained and set to work in his extensive diocese. He was quick to admonish and reprove them in a fatherly and whimsical way should they forget their seminary training. But he also took up their defense in cases where they were being overworked by inconsiderate pastors. Strict as a disciplinarian, Bishop Healy held up to his priests, young and old, his ideals of courageous unselfish service and high clerical integrity. He kept watch over the weaker members of his religious family. His strong exhortations about safeguarding chastity and avoiding "spiritual weakness" fill some of his letters with a stern moral tone. To fend off temptations occasioned by anonymous hotels, James made the episcopal palace an open guesthouse for any priest or seminarian passing through Portland, insisting that clerics stay in the hospitable rectories rather than in hotels or lodging houses.

At the palace, too, James gathered his priestly colleagues about him periodically for theological conferences and for their annual retreats. The twenty-odd spacious rooms were readied for the visitors. With them the bishop himself performed the spiritual exercises he had learned to love in his college days and in the seminary. He led his men well, like an active general showing the way in the

battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. He retained their devoted loyalty to the very end.

In his last years, too, he invented new ways of keeping in close touch with his people. His infirmities forbade his visiting around the parish and the city as often as he had done in his earlier years. But he could not resign himself to a life of isolation from them. On Sundays, he regularly said the seven o'clock Mass when not pontificating at the late high Mass. This early Mass left him free. At the later Masses he made it his habit to walk up and down the aisle before the ceremonies began, greeting the family groups, calling the children by name, asking a few catechism questions, and in general mingling with the faithful instead of remaining remote and inaccessible.

His sermons to the Cathedral congregation tended to become more mellowed with the tenderness of his Salesian spirituality as he became more deeply chastened by his sufferings. He portrayed his own often expressed ideal of the Christian preacher, not as a son of thunder bringing down wrath or denunciation on any individual person, city, town or village, but as a channel of the Word of God, warning his hearers against the scourge of sin, especially that of heresy, but not excluding anyone from his charity.

If anything, these weekly homilies in Portland grew simpler and more direct in his latter years. He told the people the simple stories of the saints from his first-hand experience in visiting their shrines and birthplaces abroad.

He was not, even in the pulpit, bereft of his whimsicality. On one occasion while delivering a sermon, he was distracted by a late arrival, a young lady, who walked up the center aisle to a vacant pew not far from the pulpit. She was a not unattractive figure. All eyes were on her as she genuflected, knelt for a brief moment, and then sat down. So noticeable was the switch of attention that the bishop himself stopped and waited until she, still knowingly unaware that she was the center of all eyes, had settled herself down and arranged her dress about her. Leaning over the pulpit, the

bishop whispered to her, for all to hear, "Are you quite comfortable, my dear?"

Outside the diocese, he was in demand through these years. In 1897 Bishop Healy seemed to be taking a new lease on life. In September of that year the new Carmelite Convent was dedicated in Roxbury. James was the honored guest speaker. He gave a glowing sermon in the imagery of the Old Testament, comparing the consecration of the new home and chapel for contemplatives with the anointing of the stone that Jacob set up in the holy place of his dream. He elaborated all the details of that vision of angels ascending and descending as a symbolic description of the hidden life of Carmel. As the spiritual father of the Tuckermans, one of whose daughters was the foundress of the new convent, James had made his own contribution to the foundation by training her in her early steps of piety during his Boston years.

Like an old man in his reverie, Bishop Healy returned to Boston again the next month to reminisce over his other memories of the past. He accepted the call to deliver the golden jubilee sermon at the Jesuit Church of St. Mary's in Boston's North End. As a former pupil and a lifelong friend of the Jesuits, James delighted the hearts of the fathers and the old faithful members of the congregation. He spun out the recollections of six decades, speaking with the nostalgic fervor of an enthusiastic alumnus.

Again in 1899, he relived his early experiences among the Jesuits when he was given a happy invitation to preach at the golden jubilee celebration of his Alma Mater, Holy Cross College. The home that had sheltered the young outcaste now welcomed him back proudly as its first and most outstanding graduate, its oldest living alumnus, celebrating his own fiftieth anniversary of graduation.

Fully appreciating the broadness of mind and generosity of spirit that had given him his start in life, James made repeated efforts to scotch the rumors that he was anti-Jesuit along with some of his friends in the hierarchy. He was proud of them and of their rebuilding of his alma mater into a full-scale recognized college. He

directed young and promising men to matriculate there, even athletes such as Sockalexis. As a token of his esteem, he annually contributed a modest sum for one of the competitive medals, the Bishop Healy Catechetical Medal. He presented the library with some valuable volumes, such as the 1582 edition of the Rheims New Testament, an incunabula that was a collector's item. In defense of his former teachers and lasting friends, he wrote many letters at the time of the controversies over Cahensleyism, when the Jesuits were linked with these proponents of a reorganization of the Church as a fragmented federation of national-ethnic churches. He regretted that the Catholic population of Maine was not large enough to justify the establishment of another Jesuit college there. He had turned to the Marists for the staffing of his college in Madawaska only because no Jesuits were available at the time. To the end, he remained a loyal alumnus of both Georgetown and Holy Cross.

Like his spiritual foster father, Bishop Fitzpatrick, James kept the Holy Cross before him to the end. He had fulfilled a lifelong desire to follow in the footsteps of the Savior on the Way of the Cross by visiting the Holy Land and Jerusalem in 1898. It was no vacation this time. He trod the sacred places with a wound in his hand that gave him much pain along with all his other infirmities. On the first day he landed in Palestine, while coming out of the traditional house of Dorcas in Jaffa, James had fallen down the stone stairs, escaping grave injury only by desperately clutching for support. In doing so, his hand was gashed severely. With that throbbing and painful wound, he made the dolorous pilgrimage up to Jerusalem, to Calvary and Gethsemani, and to the other holy places in the environs.

For a while, it seemed as though he would die in the Holy City itself. His clerical companions, Fathers Lee and McDonough, were gravely alarmed by his constant coughing, his fevers and chills. The nights were sleepless in the ancient city's best hotel. James was gravely ill, but he wished to offer Mass at each of the sacred places and to ponder over the mysteries of Redemption as he visited them.

His only complaint was that he did not have "time, leisure, and solitude to bring oneself to a realizing sense of the Divine Presence passing over the cold silent pavement," as he wrote in his diary.

It was a deep religious experience for him when he finally secured authorization to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the crypt of the very tomb of Christ, using the stone slab on which His body rested as the altar for his Mass. "When once the Holy Sacrifice was finished," he confided to his diary, "then the conviction, the feeling, the impression were overpowering. A few moments only could be enjoyed, for then it was necessary to give place to the schismatics. . . ."

The spiritual soul-stoutening of these experiences, as well as the rejuvenation he felt in Rome when he soon afterwards had his last audience with Leo XIII, sustained Bishop Healy for his carrying of his pectoral cross worthily and courageously for the remaining months of his life. With no apparent regard for his advanced years, he resumed his regular schedule of duty. Approaching seventy in 1899, he still traveled about his diocese with the vigor of a man under fifty. We have a small sample of his work in the schedule he maintained that summer during the heat of August. From the twentieth to the end of the month, on successive days, he visited and inspected the parishes of the north, Ashland, Wallagras, Fort Kent, St. Francis, Frenchville, St. Agatha, St. David, and Notre Dame at Grand Isle. On the thirtieth he held a conference for all the clergy of the northern parishes, and next day another at Van Buren. Continuing on into September, he visited North Lyndon on the first, Caribou on the second, Fort Fairfield on the third, and so on down the line. It was enough to tax the endurance of a lumberjack. But the aging bishop pressed on, bearing the exertions of his long journeyings by buggy over the unimproved country roads, his sleeping each night in a different bed, his painstaking and methodical inspection of parish affairs and conditions, and his exhausting round of sermons and official ceremonies. "A Christian must suffer," he had declared, "there is no use trying to get away from it." He knew each of his journeyings as a continuation of the Way of the Cross he

had trod in Jerusalem. For his flock he was willing to sacrifice himself.

The consummation of his priestly and episcopal sacrifice was not far distant from him in that fall of 1899.

The Celtic Cross

The year 1900 opened ecclesiastically with the blows of the Holy Father's silver hammer upon the Holy Year door in the Eternal City. It was proclaimed a year of jubilee. All Christendom was beckoned to Rome for the jubilee pilgrimage to the chair of Peter.

For Bishop Healy the year 1900 was also to be one of jubilee. He looked forward to the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as head of the Portland diocese. It would also be a year of beckoning for a pilgrimage to a throne higher than the chair of Peter at Rome.

In the early months of the year, James carefully husbanded his spent strength. To avoid again the crippling complications of the Maine winter, he spent January in Washington as a special guest of Georgetown University and of Cardinal Gibbons. His stay there included a well-remembered visit to the now famous Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown. There, as in former years, he gave the cloistered sisters a conference breathing of the spirit of their great founder, St. Francis de Sales. In a touching paraphrase of the Our Father, Bishop Healy communicated to the nuns his deep love of the Sacred Heart that had been strong in his inner life through the years.

During that January visit, the Visitandines observed that James seemed his old self again, bright, cheerful, whimsical. He stood in the vestibule of the convent after the ceremonies, waving toward one of the nuns from Maine, and, as she showed her chagrin at his departure, he gently sang, "How sweet 'twill be for me to think it holds no drop for thee!" With his jolly chuckle, he disappeared through the giant door, leaving behind him a trail of wistful memories of his last quaint bits of genial humor.

In New York later in the spring, Bishop Healy joined Bishop Harkins in a visit to Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, where some of his devoted spiritual children from Maine were also

dedicating their lives to the cause of Catholic education. Mother Winifred Kavanagh Madigan and Mother Mary Edwards were among his favorites there with the Madames of the Sacred Heart. At the end of his stay, Mother Madigan accompanied her "dear bishop" on a walk down to the end of the grounds. They conversed about all their dear ones, Father Sherwood Healy and Sister Josephine, and the host of their friends up in heaven already with the pious Kavanaghs and Madigans. It was so pleasant a visit that Mother Madigan owned she hardly dreamed it would be the last time she would see him on earth.

Back in Portland after taking leave of his bosom friend Bishop Harkins in Providence, James resumed his round of official duties. His eyesight was failing, so he wrote his letters in a much larger scrawl than formerly. But he turned them out by the hundreds each month, faithfully fulfilling his daily duty of guiding his entrusted charges.

By May, the preparations in Portland were going forward at full speed for the gala celebration of the bishop's silver jubilee. An orchestra of Boston musicians was engaged to supplement the church organ and lend added glee to the musical program. The choir of sixty voices practised almost daily on the Mass of Gounod selected for the occasion by the bishop as his own personal preference. Father Denis O'Brien, rector of the Cathedral, took charge of all of the myriad details of the big function.

Invitations were sent out to all of the bishops of the province, and to the clergy of Portland, Manchester and Boston archdiocese with whom the bishop had labored all through his career. Father Charles Collins, native of Bangor and now serving as secretary to the bishop and chancellor of the diocese, issued the formal invitations under the bishop's seal and looked after the questions of protocol and precedence that were brought up by the responses. So great was the anticipated gathering for the Cathedral Mass of the day, that tickets were printed to reserve the many thousand seats in the huge church and in the adjoining side chapel.

On the great day, June 5, the solemn procession with the repre-

sentatives of religious orders and almost a hundred priests of the diocese in the van, filed into the Cathedral from Cumberland Avenue. Honoring James with their presence in the procession ahead of him were Bishop Bradley of Manchester attended by old Father Barry; Bishop Harkins of Providence, also attended by his vicar-general, Father Doran; Bishop Beaven of Springfield, chaplained by Father Patrick Healy who had come up from New York some days before to be with "his amplitude" of Springfield, as he calls him. There was also Bishop Michaud of Burlington, Vermont, and Bishop Tierney of Hartford, and in the place of honor, after Bishop Healy, was Archbishop Williams of Boston, the celebrant of the solemn Pontifical High Mass.

All the seats in the church were filled, and outside, the overflow congregation stood in the street and in the Cathedral yard to participate at least distantly in the great joy of their bishop.

Instead of choosing an outside speaker to pronounce a panegyric over him on the occasion, Bishop Healy himself mounted the pulpit as it was rolled out into the center aisle. He paused briefly to let the congregation settle into attentiveness. Then he announced the text of his oration, a simple, revealing line from St. John's Gospel, "Others have labored and you have entered into their labors." (John 4:38) The setting, the occasion, the spirit of the perfect day in the month of June, and the pathos and literary beauty of his address made this one of the finest of his many outstanding speeches. Without any artificial literary embellishments or any strained comparisons, James spoke from the abundance of a grateful heart. He began by stating that his purpose was not to give eulogy or even a sermon, but to give thanks to God for all his mercies present, past and to come. He then sketched a short history of his diocese, from the time of Bishop Cheverus through the work of Bishops Fenwick and Fitzpatrick whom he had known and loved. He spoke of the great experiment in Catholic colonization at Benedicta, started by Fenwick as an all-Catholic settlement destined to be a thriving center of Catholic culture and education. He gave a brief review of the work of his noble and aristocratic predecessor whose nineteen years

of labor transformed a missionary land, staffed mainly by Jesuit missionaries, into a well developed diocese of three dozen churches and many schools and missions. "This church in which we stand today, and the noble house adjoining, and the school next to St. Dominic's are the chief monuments to his successful mission in the state of Maine," Bishop Healy remarked in praise of his predecessor. He urged the grateful hearts of the thousands who had benefited by Bishop Bacon's life and labors to cherish forever his name, his memory, his labor and sacrifices.

Of his own coming to the episcopal office in Portland, Bishop Healy then said:

The inscrutable Providence of God brought the diocese under the guidance of the one for whom this celebration is made. What has been done is sufficiently evident for all; what has not been done, God best knows. But I am obliged to tender to you, most reverend archbishop, my grateful thanks, not only for the imposition of your anointed hands on the day of my consecration, but also for all your brotherly kindness and friendship during my subsequent twenty-five years in Portland. What I had experienced as a priest in Boston is laid up in the treasure of a grateful heart.

After similar words of gratitude to the other bishops present, and to the priests of Boston and of Manchester who had come to renew the ties of common faith, love, and personal friendship, James turned to the priests of his own diocese:

And now, what can I say to you, my reverend and dear brethren of the diocese of Portland? Others may tell of what has been accomplished in our diocese during these twenty-five years. Others may attribute it to the bishop, weak in health, often in appearance at least on the brink of the grave; more than once fainting under the heavy burden and willing to be relieved of it; others will attribute to him the success of what has been accomplished; but I, speaking in the presence of God, of angels, and of men, can say, with all sincerity, that what has been accomplished has been due to the zeal, the energy, and the sacrifices of you, my rev-

erend brethren, and your predecessors, far more than to the efforts of the bishop.

It has been his duty to guide, to supervise, and sometimes to hold in check the overabounding spirit of his priests, but he is proud to say that all, beginning from the city of Portland where he has been placed, even to the uttermost parts of Madawaska in the northeast of Maine, has been the result of the labors of the priesthood.

He then went on to describe how all eighty-six of the churches, except for ten large brick ones and about as many small wooden ones, had been built by the clergy during his years, together with seventy-nine mission stations. All twenty parochial schools, except two, had been constructed by his men, as well as the three Indian schools and the colleges and academies of the diocese. He spoke of the other works of charity and piety that had been inaugurated during the quarter-century of his administration, and his modesty attributed them all to the generous work of the clergy, to the co-operation of the laity, and especially to the support that they and their fellow citizens and even the civil authorities had given to the Catholic institutions through the years.

James reserved his tenderest tribute and his most touching note of gratitude for his "dear daughters in the Lord":

But how could I forget or lightly pass over those who [are engaged] in all that makes the life of a bishop or a priest, pastor of souls, tolerable and consoling and pleasant? Those devoted women whom we call with all reason our sisters in religion, and whose labors, sacrifices, and devoted piety often bring us with shame and confusion of face to the presence of the divine judge. Heaven's choicest blessings must be for them who labor without hope of reward in this life, unless it be the reward of duty well done, and the very imperfect and infrequent visits and words of bishop or of pastor. I can only promise them, as well as to the clergy that to my latest day, a grateful heart will everywhere acknowledge and a willing tongue will give testimony that they lighten the burdens of every pastor, and give to every bishop a fountain of unfailing hope.

And so, to the King of Ages, immortal and invisible, to the only God, honor and glory forever and forever. Amen.

With that, the bishop was finished. He gave his blessing to his visitors and to his flock, and he returned to his throne of honor on the epistle side of the sanctuary. Another rose to read the greetings of the Holy Father to James on his great day, and to announce that, in token of the Pope's high esteem for his service to the church, Bishop Healy had been officially promoted to the rank of Assistant at the Papal Throne, one of the highest honors in Rome, just below that of the enviable cardinalate.

The Mass over, a gala banquet was served at high noon in the spacious hall of the Kavanagh School. The guests of honor flanking him at the speakers' table, Bishop Healy received the tributes of congratulation from each of the many speakers, and the purse of five thousand dollars presented to him by his clergy.

Over in the Cathedral Rectory, it was open house for all of the parishioners who filed in through the long day to look at all of the gifts that had come from the thousands of friends of the bishop, including the odd assortment of presents from the children of the forest, his dear Abenaki Indians.

After the banquet, the bishop moved among his people, greeting each of them tirelessly, acceding to every demand from children as well as from adults, and gracing with his presence all of the rooms of the palace that were thronged with his guests and well-wishers.

Exhausted by the ceremonies that had started on Sunday, June 3, with the formal civic reception sponsored by the men of the city, and had continued with the other receptions at Deering and at the institutions in Portland on Monday the fourth, Bishop Healy retired to Little Diamond Island the day after his jubilee. It was but a brief respite. Next day he was off to Brunswick on business. He left instructions with Father Patrick to supervise the disposal of his presents, many of which he sent to friends up and down the coast.

On the ninth of June, Eliza came down from Montreal with her Reverend Mother to share in the aftermath of the great celebration.

Her visit and his other social engagements proved noticeably wearing for the bishop. He persisted nevertheless in his scheduled routine of episcopal tasks. In mid-July, he again performed the long and meticulous ceremony of ordination in the Cathedral, resuming his summer tour of visitation and confirmation immediately when he went to Machias far up near the Canadian border.

There was one more official engagement in Boston that summer. For the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church that was his pride and joy, built brick by brick under his gratified gaze, Bishop Healy traveled to Boston and ascended the old familiar pulpit of St. James' Church to preach the anniversary oration. His talk again drew from him the fullest exploitation of his oratorical powers, as he extolled the great St. James in whose name the edifice was dedicated, and after whom he himself had been named. His sermon bespoke James' deep devotion to his namesake and patron. He outlined St. James' apprenticeship in the college of the apostles, his years of missionary labor, and his martyrdom for the cause of Christ. Turning them to his patronage of Spain as Santiago of Compostella, Bishop Healy digressed to protest against the hardships imposed on Catholic Spain in the recent war, and he had a good word to say even for the national enemy that had been so vilified in the *leyenda negra* and in the propaganda justifying the recent conflict.

James lapsed into reminiscences about the old parish and the ties that bound him to it, especially that of hard-earned experience which had served him well in the wider fields of labor for the Church. But he foresaw the decline of the parish as the march of business moved into the area, and as Chinese took over Harrison Avenue's extension as a Chinatown, the Syrians settled in the Cove, and new Negro in-migrants moved into the close-packed row houses of Washington Street. He bade farewell to the old parish for which he had given nine years, and Sherwood had sacrificed his life.

Next day, back in Portland, James found waiting for him the official documents concerning his appointment as an Assistant to the Papal Throne. They had been transmitted to him through the

Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Sebastian Martinelli, of Washington. True, the actual setting in motion of the machinery for the conferring of the honor had been the work of Father Narcisse Charland who was in Rome some weeks before the jubilee celebration and persuaded a friend of his to speak to Cardinal Ledochowski of the congregation of the Propaganda. Ledochowski agreed to propose the matter to the Holy Father at his informal conference with the pontiff, and there on the spot he had the necessary papers signed and sealed just in time for notification to reach Portland in the midst of the jubilee celebration. The official documents were longer in coming, and James sat down to write his appreciation to Martinelli:

Portland, July 30, 1900

Your Excellency,

I have received your notification of the high honor which the Holy Father Leo XIII has been pleased to confer upon me, also the Apostolic Brief. I cannot sufficiently thank our venerable Pontiff for the undeserved honor. I humbly pray you to express my gratitude when you next write. I am profoundly grateful to your Excellency for the graceful words in which you communicated the information to

Yours sincerely in Christ,

James Aug. Healy, Bp.

The notification had come none too soon. James left not long after for a brief trip to Canada on business. He was back in Portland by Friday, giving a sermon again for the First Friday devotions, August 3, in the Cathedral itself.

With still no rest, he drove off in his buggy to Biddeford the next day. The new St. Andrew's Church was in process of construction. Having had one sad experience with buildings in the town, he was closely checking progress on this new structure. The ride back to Portland over the dusty road in the heat of the late afternoon was exhausting. That evening he was taken sick after dinner, and two doctors were hurriedly called to his bedside. Again, the illness was diagnosed as a passing attack of indigestion. They

felt that the bishop would be better by morning and able to celebrate the seven o'clock Mass as was his wont.

Instead of a night's rest, however, Bishop Healy had another of those long sieges of sleeplessness. He lay awake all through the hours of the night, as he had done so often before. In place of counting sheep, it was his custom to go in spirit to each of the churches of the diocese, saluting the Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament there, reviewing the state of the altar's cleanliness and neatness, the condition of the parishioners' devotion to Christ, the manner in which his priests were heeding his constant exhortation that they be found beneath the light of the sanctuary lamp, reading their office and praying to their Sacramental God.

Plagued by the pain that banished sleep, Bishop Healy gazed about his diocese and his Cathedral parish. His prayers came to rest upon the sacramental Presence of His own dearest Guest, abiding in the tabernacle of the chapel on the next floor just above his bedroom.

By morning, he was in a critical condition. He could not leave his room for the appointed Mass. The doctor was again summoned. Father O'Brien hurriedly called a nurse to attend the bishop. By the time she came the doctor had eased the cruel sufferings of the bishop by a merciful administration of morphine. Gradually, the pain left him. In an hour he was resting comfortably. Sleep came at intervals. Between the naps, he spoke with the nurse, Mrs. Pacheco. She remarked that he had been working too hard and should have a complete rest. "I am going to take one," James assured her.

From his room in the rectory, the bishop followed the rhythm of the morning Masses. The big bells tolled the summons for each new congregation. When the consecration bell rang, he recited a psalm. At the intervals between the Masses and his dozing, he spoke again about his journeys through the diocese.

By twelve-thirty, he had another heart attack. He asked the nurse to call one of the priests. Sarah Kelly too came in again, relieved of her cooking chores downstairs momentarily. Father

O'Brien, having returned from the celebration of the feast of St. Dominic at the church named for him across town, became alarmed at the bishop's condition. He even doubted that James was still conscious. But Bishop Healy spoke up, told him that he wanted to receive the last Sacraments.

Viaticum was soon brought. James received his Lord in peace. Father O'Brien hastened through the last anointing. Shortly before one o'clock he was finished. In his pain, James clasped the helping hands of the faithful nurse and of Sarah, his devoted cook. "I wonder if heaven is worth it all?" he had cried, when his pains were intense beyond bearing. "Yes . . . Yes," he had answered his own query, "it is worth all this, and infinitely more still. . . ."

The tolling of the Cathedral bell spread the sad announcement around the parish to the good people just finishing their Sunday dinner. The first to be smitten with grief were the "dear daughters" in the Free Street Convent, the High Street orphanage, and St. Joseph's in Deering. Even the Reverend Mother, who was supposed to give the example of composure and fortitude, broke down and cried with all of the other sisters. They could hardly answer the telephone that kept ringing with inquiries about the sad news. Other sisters up in Bangor were making their annual retreat. The priest announced the bishop's death to them while leading them in the meditation on death, exhorting them to picture the scene of their bishop on his deathbed. One of the sisters burst out crying in the chapel. All accompanied her in grief over the unexpected tidings.

Father Patrick was in Bath, Maine, that Sunday, helping out the priest with the extra work for the summer vacationers. To him, Father McDonough broke the news gently, for Patrick had been very ill and the doctors were afraid that the shock would be too much for him. It was two days before he was well enough to come down to Portland.

His sister Eliza, Sister Mary Magdalene of the Congregation of Notre Dame, took the first train down from Montreal. But she did not arrive there before the bishop's nieces. James had written to them, inviting them to come spend a few weeks at Portland and on

the island with him. They arrived on the four o'clock boat from Boston and came to the Cathedral Rectory, puzzled that no one had met them at the boat in the bishop's carriage, as was customary. They saw the crepe hanging on the door of the palace, and thinking that one of the priests had died, they quietly went around to the kitchen. There they found Kate Nagle and Lizzie Higgins weeping their hearts out.

"Who died?" they asked. They received only sad looks and tearful eyes for their answer.

Upstairs, the undertakers had embalmed the emaciated remains by five o'clock. The body was laid out at first upon his own bed, until the casket arrived. Around it, the household, the priests, and the two nieces gathered. Another near relative came in, Eugene, the black sheep, his eyes filled with tears. He knelt down at the side of his brother's bed and shook with sorrow as he wept over him.

Soon the body was placed in the casket, and the wake was begun in the reception parlor downstairs. The bishop's orders were carried out. He was garbed in vestments and an alb of the plainest description. Extravagance over a corpse, he had written in his instructions for the funeral, would be ridiculous. The coffin was of plain, durable wood. The little crucifix he had brought with him from Holy Cross College in 1849 was, according to his wishes, placed in his cold hand. On his breast was laid his little catechism, the only one he ever used.

At the bierside, the Sisters of Mercy took up their vigil. For three days they waked him. As the body lay in state, the endless file of the faithful passed in and out of the room for a final farewell. They paused for a last look upon the face of their bishop, now calm, majestic and silent in death. The poor came in. Father O'Brien had to keep a strict watch over them lest they touch their beads to his hands, as some attempted to do, so great was their veneration for their shepherd and father.

On Tuesday, the children from St. Elizabeth's orphan asylum marched in, two by two. Kneeling in a circle in wide-eyed silence, they prayed their rosary for their best benefactor. The older girls

kept weeping quietly, and the young ones joining in the whispered prayers for their unforgetting patron.

On Wednesday, August 8, at four in the afternoon, the coffin was taken in solemn procession to the Cathedral. Midway across the gardens, a sudden shower drenched the procession. Nevertheless, the priests assembled for the first nocturne of the office of the dead. When that was over, the men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society waked their dead leader through the long watches of the night. Taking turns with them were the members of the Montgomery Guards, and even the local chapter of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, whom Bishop Healy had so long opposed as a secret society.

The funeral was set for Thursday, August 9. The Cathedral, which only two months before had been the scene of the gala commemoration of the bishop's jubilee, was now draped in black and white festoons. The throne that James had occupied in jubilation in June, was now hung with the black shroud. Archbishop Williams returned to intone the requiem of the Mass. With him in the sanctuary were also Archbishops Begin of Quebec and Bruchesi of Montreal, Bishop Bradley of Manchester, Bishop Harkins of Providence, and Bishops Tierney of Hartford, Michaud of Burlington, and Beaven of Springfield. One hundred and fifty priests filled the front pews of the Cathedral and chanted the office of the dead before the Mass began. All of the religious orders were again represented. The high officials of the city and state, non-Catholic ministers, judges, and representatives from the legislature were ushered to their places in the crowded church. Around the outside of the Cathedral the thousands of his flock stood in silence and in sorrow.

According to his instructions, no eulogy was pronounced over Bishop Healy's remains. A simple request for prayers by all of the assembled faithful was all that he wished for and allowed. After the last absolution was pronounced by Archbishop Williams and Archbishop Begin of Quebec, the parishioners were allowed one last view of the remains under the black canopy. For more than an hour they filed by in patient lines. Then it was all over. The coffin was closed and sealed. The funeral procession formed.

Against pomp and ceremony to the last, the bishop had ordered that no more than eight carriages be allowed in the funeral procession. These were barely sufficient for the highest dignitaries and the immediate family. Other thousands walked out to the cemetery or rode the special cars provided by the railroad company for the last journey.

In the funeral line were the St. Dominic's parish band, the Hibernians, the Catholic Total Abstinence Cadets, the Holy Name Society, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Montgomery Guards and Sheridan Rifles.

They were followed by the hearse, drawn by four black horses, covered with the black funeral netting. To the accompaniment of the muffled drums, the procession defiled out in the noonday sun to the cemetery outside of the city. There in the midst of the graves of his children Bishop Healy had chosen to be buried, rather than in the crypt of the Cathedral alongside Bishop Bacon. There he was laid to rest as Bishop Bradley prayed the age-old committment of dust unto dust, and of Christian soul unto glory.

A final salute was given by the soldiers who bore arms in the recent war, and at last came the lowering of the coffin, while each of the standersby tossed in a bit of earth.

It was the end of life that had started without much hope in the technical bonds of slavery in a far distant state. The last chapter was still to be written in heaven. But the testimony of the thousands of friends and acquaintances who stood silently around the grave of their beloved bishop shouted out to heaven for its benign confirmation of the splendid kindness and generous love Bishop Healy gave to the fullest of his ability.

At the palace where Father Patrick had stayed, too ill to attend the funeral, there was left only the melancholy task of winding up the bishop's affairs, straightening out his papers, and executing his will.

The reading of the will did not occur until September. Gathered in Portland for the revelation were the members of the family, the representatives of the church, and the lawyers and witnesses for the

civil authorities. The provisions of the will were simple enough. All of his buildings and real estate in Maine were devised and bequeathed to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, still to be named by the Holy See. The rest of his holdings, some family investments in Boston, and less than ten thousand dollars in stocks and bonds, were left in trust to his friend and fiscal agent, William S. Pelletier, who was instructed in the will to divide the net income semi-annually among his surviving nieces, and their heirs and assigns. Other assets were willed to the Bishop of Portland, his successor. Executors for the estate were chosen to be Fathers Michael O'Brien and Michael C. McDonough, both of Portland.

There was great disappointment among the other members of the family that the fortune of their episcopal relation did not amount to more than this modest sum. Some of the relatives had visions of immense ecclesiastical wealth to be divided in a nepotistic way among the blood relatives of the deceased. But Bishop Healy died poorer than he was when he had come to Portland. As a true father of his children, he had come to give and not to bleed them. "You'll not get off so easy when you have another bishop," he told the Cathedral congregation one day. The hand of the bishop was open for blessing and giving of blessings, not for the grasping of mammon's lucre.

To Father Patrick Healy went the disconsolate assignment of sorting through the bishop's papers, separating out his personal letters and documents from the official ones of the diocese, and putting these last remnants of the mountains of paper work into order. In accordance with the bishop's wishes, and with the formal contract he had made with Patrick, all of his diaries, journals, and personal papers were placed in the custody of the Jesuit priest.

Fortunately for the future understanding of the bishop's work and for the revelation of his inner life and personality, these documents were deposited in the archives of the College of the Holy Cross where for fifty years they held their secret in peace.

To Patrick also were directed the hundreds of telegrams and letters from prelates and poor folk, from the diocesan clergy of the

country and the members of many religious orders, from relatives, friends and well-wishers, from the laity in the United States and in Europe, and even from Rome itself, attesting the wide range of Bishop Healy's friendship and renown.

By mid-September the Healy regime at Portland was finished. Father Patrick bade farewell and returned to his assignment at St. Ignatius Church in New York. There he remained until 1905, when he was transferred to the site of his first teaching assignment as a Jesuit, St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia. His health growing worse, he was finally removed to Georgetown and put on the sick list in the college he had given his health for. There in 1910 he died piously in the Lord.

His sister Eliza, now Mother Mary Magdalene, continued her work as a superior first in Montreal, then at Villa Barlow in St. Albans, Connecticut, and finally at Staten Island in New York. She too died during the first World War at Villa Barlow. Her sister Martha died in 1920, and Eugene vanished from the family record.

The spot where Bishop James Augustine Healy's mortal remains were reverently laid to rest amid the graves of his faithful people was not allowed to remain unmarked long. Soon after the funeral, the clergy undertook to collect a special fund for a suitable monument to the dead bishop. The lists of all the names of those who contributed show that thousands wished to share in the raising of this memorial to the man they all esteemed. Some of the entries are for children's gifts of nickels and dimes, and others are for the mites of widows, but all classes of people contributed to the cause. In due time, the tall Celtic cross was placed over the simple grave of the beloved bishop. It stands there today like a finger pointing to heaven, reminding the passer-by of that strong upright man who was their bishop. It still weathers the winters of Maine even better than did the frail body of the dauntless leader. But one can be sure that the memory of that unique tower of spiritual strength that protected his people for a quarter century will endure long beyond the existence of the marble monument. The little bishop's memory is written indelibly in the folklore of the people. His figure is still

cherished in their hearts. And the ineradicable personality that impressed them with its unusual manifestations has firmly implanted itself in the collective consciousness of even the newer generations in the Catholic circles of the State of Maine.

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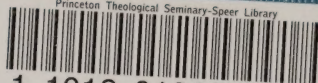
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